THE SECOND PART, OR A CONTINVANCE OF POLY-OLBION FROM THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.

Containing all the Tracts, Riuers, Mountaines, and Forreſts:

Intermixed with the moſt remarkable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleaſures, and Commodities of the Eaſt, and Northerne parts of this Iſle, lying betwixt the two famous Riuers of THAMES, and TWEED.



LONDON,
Printed by *Auguſtine Mathewes* for *Iohn Marriott*, *Iohn Griſmand*, and *Thomas Dewe*.
1622.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE, *CHARLES* Prince of WALES.

THE first Part of this Poeme (most Illustrious Prince) I dedicated to your deceased Brother of most famous Memorie, whose princely Bountie, and vsage of mee, gaue me much encouragement to goe on with this second Part, or Continuance thereof; which now as his Successor, I owe to your Highnesse. If meanes and time faile me not, being now ariued at Scotland, *I trust you shall see mee crowne her with no worse Flowers, then I haue done her two Sisters,* England, *and* Wales: *and without any partialitie, as I dare bee bold, to make the Poets of that Kingdom my Iudges therin. If I ariue at the* Orcades, *without sinking in my flight, your Highnesse cannot but say, that I had no ill Perspectiue that gaue mee things so cleerely, when I stood so farre off.*

To your Highnesse
most humbly deuoted.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

To any that will read it.

WHen I first vndertooke this Poeme, or as some very skilfull in this kind, haue pleased to tearme it, this Herculean labour. I was by some vertuous friends perswaded, that I should receiue much comfort and incouragement therein; and for these Reasons: First, that it was a new, cleere way, neuer before gone by any; then, that it contained all the Delicacies, Delights, and Rarities of this renowned Isle, interwouen with the Histories of the Britanes, Saxons, Normans, and the later English: And further that there is scarcely any of the Nobilitie, or Gentry of this land, but that he is some way or other, by his Blood interressed therein. But it hath fallen out otherwise; for instead of that comfort, which my noble friends (from the freedome of their Spirits) proposed as my due, I haue met with barbarous Ignorance, and base Detraction; such a cloud hath the Deuill drawne ouer the Worlds Iudgement, whose opinion is in few yeares fallen so farre below all Ballatry, that the Lethargy is incurable; nay some of the Stationers, that had the Selling of the first part of this Poeme, because it went not so fast away in the Sale, as some of their beastly and abominable Trash, (a shame both to our Language and Nation) haue either despightfully left out, or at least carelessely neglected the Epistles to the Readers, and so haue cousoned the Buyers with vnperfected Bookes; which these that haue vndertaken the second Part, haue beene forced to amend in the first, for the small number that are yet remaining in their hands. And some of our outlandish, vnnaturall English, (I know not how other-

wiſe to expreſſe them) ſticke not to ſay, that there is nothing in this Iſland worthy ſtudying for, and take a great pride to bee ignorant in any thing thereof; for theſe, ſince they delight in their folly, I wiſh it may be hereditary from them to their poſteritie, that their children may bee beg'd for Fooles to the fift Generation, vntill it may be beyond the memory of man to know that there was euer any other of their Families: neither can this deterre mee from going on with Scotland, if Meanes and Time doe not hinder me, to performe as much as I haue promiſed in my firſt Song:

Till to the ſleepy Maine, to Thuly *I haue gone,*
And ſeene the Frozen Iſles, the cold Deucalidon,
Amongſt whoſe Iron Rocks, grim Saturne *yet remaines,*
Bound in thoſe gloomy Caues with Adamantine Chaines.

And as for thoſe Cattell whereof I ſpake before, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*, of which I account them, bee they neuer ſo great, and ſo I leaue them. To my friends, and the louers of my Labors, I wiſh all happineſſe.

Michael Drayton.

To my Honor'd Friend Mr. DRAYTON.

ENglands braue *Genius*, raiſe thy head; and ſee,
We haue a *Muſe* in this mortalitie
Of Vertue yet ſuruiues; All met not Death,
When wee intoomb'd our deare *Elizabeth*.
Immortall *Sydney*, honoured *Colin Clout*,
Preſaging what wee feele, went timely out.
Then why liues *Drayton*, when the *Times* refuſe,
Both *Meanes* to liue, and *Matter* for a *Muſe*?
Onely without *Excuſe* to leaue vs quite,
And tell vs, Durſt we act, he durſt to write.
Now, as the people of a famiſh'd *Towne*,
Receiuing no *Supply*, ſeeke vp and downe
For mouldy Corne, and Bones long caſt aſide,
Wherewith their hunger may bee ſatiſfide:
(Small ſtore now left) we are inforc'd to prie
And ſearch the darke Leaues of Antiquitie
For ſome good *Name*, to raiſe our *Muſe* againe,
In this her *Criſis*, whoſe harmonious ſtraine
Was of ſuch compaſſe, that no other Nation
Durſt euer venture on a ſole Tranſlation;
Whilſt our full language, Muſicall, and hie,
Speakes as themſelues their beſt of *Poeſie*.
Drayton, amongſt the worthi'ſt of all thoſe,
The glorious *Laurell*, or the *Cyprian Roſe*
Haue euer crown'd, doth claime in euery Lyne,
An equall honor from the ſacred *Nyne*:
For if old *Time* could like the reſtleſſe Maine,
Roule himſelfe backe into his Spring againe,
And on his wings beare this admired *Muſe*,
For *Ouid*, *Virgil*, *Homer*, to peruſe.
They would confeſſe, that neuer happier *Pen*,
Sung of his *Loues*, his *Country*, and the *Men*.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

To

To his Noble Friend, MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire, vpon his Topo-chrono-graphicall POEME.

FRom CORNWAL'S Foreland *to the* Cliffs *of* DOVER,
O're hilly CAMBRIA, *and all* ENGLAND *ouer,*
Thy Muse *hath borne me; and (in foure dayes) shewne*
More goodly Prospects, *then I could haue knowne*
In foure yeares Trauailes; If I had not thus
Beene mounted, on thy winged PEGASVS.
The famous Riuers, *the delightsome* Fountaines,
The fruitfull Vallies, *the steepe-rising* Mountaines;
The new-built Towres, *the ancient-ruin'd* Walls;
The wholsome Baths, *the bedds of* Mineralls;
The nigh-worne Monuments *of former* Ages;
The Workes of Peace, *the Marks of* Ciuill-rages;
The Woods, *the* Forrests, *and the open* Plaines,
With whatsoe're this spacious Land *containes,*
For Profit, *or for* Pleasure: *I o're-looke,*
(*As from one* Station) *when I read thy* Booke.
Nor doe mine eyes from thence behold alone,
Such Things, *as for the present there are done;*
(*Or* Places, *as this day, they doe appeare*)
But Actions *past, and* Places *as they were*
A hundred Ages since, as well as now:
Which, he that wearies out his feet to know,
Shall neuer finde, nor yet so cheape attaine
(With so much ease and profit) halfe that gaine.
Good-speed befall Thee; who hast wag'd a Taske,
That better Censures, *and* Rewards *doth aske,*
Then these Times *haue to giue. For, those that should*
The honor of true POESY *vphold,*
Are (for the most part) such as doe preferre
The fawning Lynes of euery Pamphleter,
Before the best-writ POEMS. *And their sight*
Or cannot, or else dares not, eye the Flight
Of free-borne NVMBERS; *least bright* VIRTVE'S *fame,*
Which flies in those, reflect on Them, their shame.
Tis well; thy happy Iudgement, could deuise,
Which way, a man this Age might Poetize,

And

And not write SATYRS: *Or elſe, ſo to write*
That ſcape thou mayſt, the clutches of Deſpight.
For, through ſuch Woods, *and* Riuers, *trips thy* MVSE,
As, will or looſe, or drowne him, that purſues.
Had my Inuention (*which I know too weake*)
Enabled been, ſo braue a Flight to make;
(*Should my vnlucky* Penn *haue ouergone*
So many a Prouince, *and ſo many a* Towne)
Though I to no mans wrong had gone aſtray,
I had been pounded on the Kings *hye way.*
But thou haſt better Fortune, and haſt choſe
So braue a PATRON, *that thou canſt not loſe*
By this Aduenture. *For, in* Him, *ſuruiues*
His Brother HENRIE'S *Virtues: and hee liues*
To be that Comfort to thy MVSE, *which* Hee
Had nobly (*e're his death*) *begun to be.*
Yet, ouermuch preſume not, that theſe Times,
Will therefore value thy Heroick Rymes,
According to their Merit. For, although,
Hee, *and ſome fewe, the worth of them ſhall know:*
This is their FATE. (*And ſome vnborne, will ſay,*
I ſpake the Truth; what e're men thinke to Day)
Ages to come, ſhall hugg thy POESY,
As we our deare Friends Pictures, when they dye.
Thoſe that ſucceed vs, DRAYTONS *Name ſhall loue,*
And, ſo much this laborious PEECE *approoue;*
That ſuch as write heereafter, ſhall to trim
Their new Inuentions, *pluck it limbe from limbe.*
And our great-Grandſonnes Childrens-children may,
(*Yea ſhall*) *as in a Glaſſe, this* ISLE *ſurvay,*
As wee now ſee it: And as thoſe did to,
Who liued many hundred yeares agoe.
For, when the Seas *ſhall eat away the* Shore,
Great Woods *ſpring vp, where* Plaines *were heretofore;*
High Mountaines *leueld with low* Vallyes *lye;*
And Riuers *runne where now the ground is drie:*
This POEME *ſhall grow famous, And declare*
What old-Things *ſtood, where* new-Things *ſhall appeare.*
And hereunto his NAME ſubſcribeth He,
Who ſhall by this PRÆDICTION, liue with Thee.

George Wither.

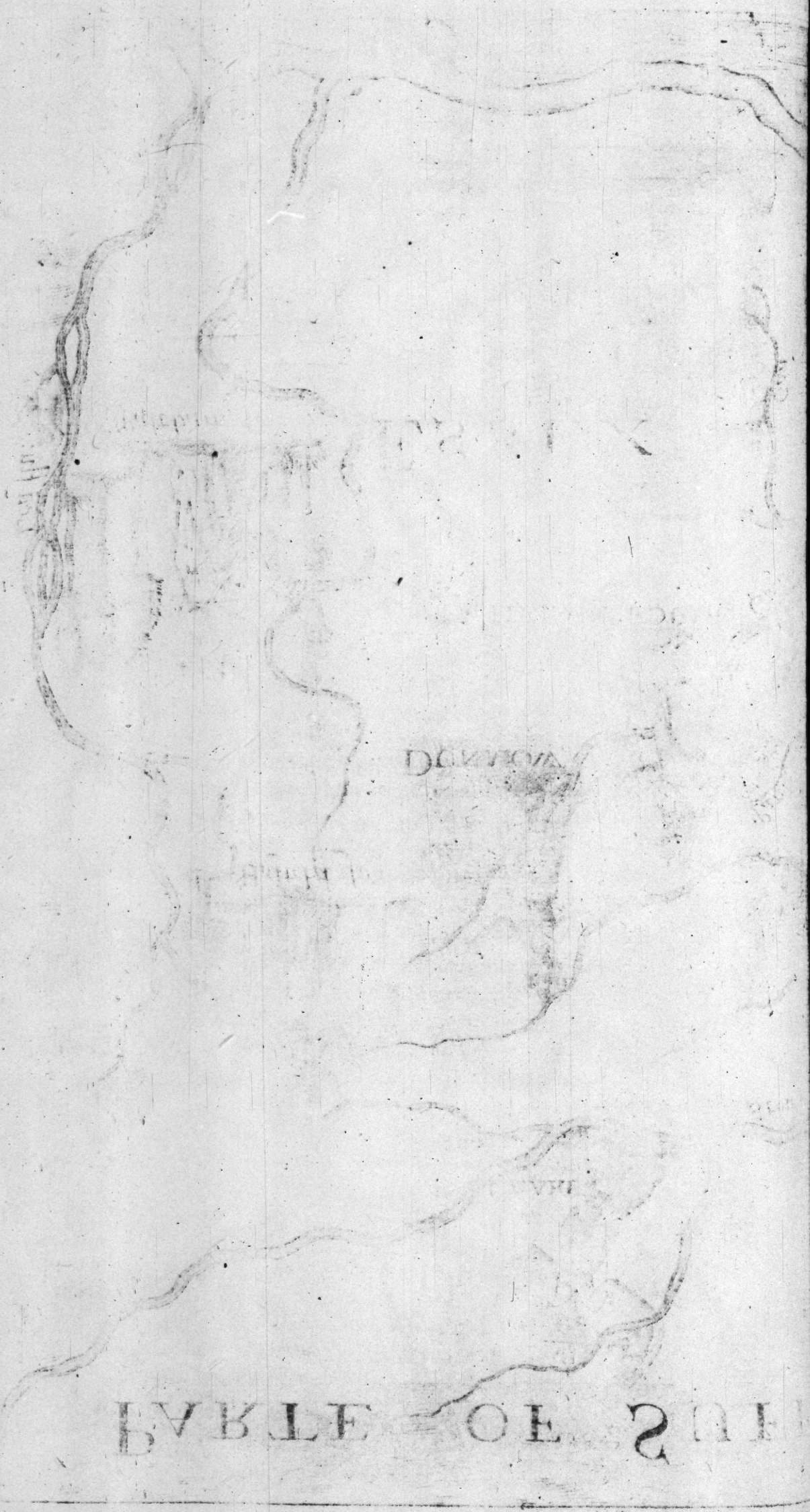
To my Worthy Friend MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire.

An Acrosticke *Sonnet* vpon his *Name*.

M *Vſt* Albion *thus bee Stellified by thee,*
I *n her full pompe, that her the world may praiſe,*
C *heerefull, Braue Iſle, yea ſhall I liue to ſee*
H *im thus to decke, and crowne thy Front with Bayes,*
A *nd ſhall I not in* Zeale, *and* Merit *too*
E *xpreſſe to thee my* Ioy, *my* Thankes *to him;*
L *eſſe (ſure) then this I may not, will not doe.*
D rayton, *ſith ſtill* Parnaſſus *thou doeſt clime,*
R *ight like thy ſelfe, whoſe Heauen-inſpired Muſe,*
A *s doth the* Phenix *ſtill her ſelfe renewing,*
Y *ee into other the like life infuſe,*
T *hou his rich Subiect, he thy* Fame *purſuing.*
O *hadſt thou lou'd him, as hee thee hath done,*
N *o Land ſuch Honor, (to all times) had wonne.*

IOHN REYNOLDS.

POLY-



PART OF SUF

PARTE OF SUFFO

CLARE

Stow

Hatfeild fo:

DUNMOW

Pant

CHELMESFORDE

Chelm

Rodin

Lea Ri.

Waltham fo:

ESSEX

FOLK

Bretton

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MALDON

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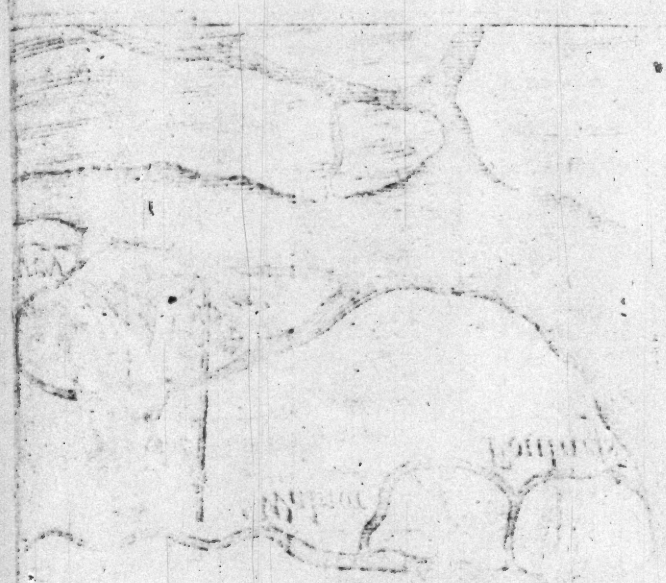
IPSWICHE

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GERMAIN

OCEAN



POLY-OLBION.

The nineteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Muſe, now ouer Thames *makes forth,*
Vpon her Progreſſe to the North,
From Cauney *with a full carrere,*
Shee vp againſt the ſtreame doth beare;
Where Waltham Forreſts *pride expreſt,*
Shee poynts directly to the Eaſt,
And ſhewes how all thoſe Riuers ſtraine
Through Eſſex, *to the* German *mayne;*
When Stoure, *with* Orwels *ayd prefers,*
Our Brittiſh braue Sea-voyagers;
Halfe Suffolke *in with them ſhee takes,*
Where of this Song an end ſhee makes.

BEare brauely vp my Muſe, the way thou went'ſt before,
And croſſe the kingly *Thames* to the *Eſſexian* ſhore,
Stem vp his tyde-full ſtreame, vpon that ſide to riſe,
Where * *Cauncy*, *Albions* child in-Iled richly lyes,
Which, though her lower ſcite doth make her ſeeme but meane,
Of him as dearly lou'd as *Sheppey* is or *Greane*,
And him as dearly lou'd; for when he would depart,
With *Hercules* to fight, ſhe tooke it ſo to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubberd face to hide,
By *Thames* ſhee welneere is ſurrounded euery tyde:
And ſince of worldly State, ſhe neuer taketh keepe,
But onely giues her ſelfe, to tend, and milke her ſheepe.
But Muſe, from her ſo low, diuert thy high-ſet ſong
To *London*-wards, and bring from *Lea* with thee along
The Forreſts, and the Floods, and moſt exactly ſhow,
How theſe in order ſtand, how thoſe directly flow:

An Iland lying in the *Thames*, on *Eſſex* ſide.

Albion fained to be the ſon of *Neptune*, going ouer into *Frãce* to fight with *Hercules*, by whom he was vanquiſhed, is ſuppoſed to leaue his children, the Iles of *Thanet*, *Sheppey*, *Greane*, and this *Cauney*, lying in the mouth of *Thames*, to the tuition of *Neptune* their grand father. See to the latter end of the 18. Song.

For in that happy ſoyle, doth pleaſure euer wonne,
Through Forreſts, where cleere Rills in wild Meanders runne;
Where daintie Summer Bowers, and Arborets are made,
Cut out of Buſſhy thicks, for cooleneſſe of the ſhade.
Fooles gaze at painted Courts, to th' countrey let me goe,
To climbe the eaſie hill, then walke, the valley lowe;
No gold-emboſſed Roofes, to me are like the woods;
No Bed like to the graſſe, nor liquor like the floods:
A Citie's but a ſinke, gay houſes gawdy graues,
The Muſes haue free leaue, to ſtarue or liue in caues:

The braue ſcituation of *VValtham* Forreſt.

But *Waltham* Forreſt ſtill in proſperous eſtate,
As ſtanding to this day (ſo ſtrangely fortunate)
Aboue her neighbour Nymphs, and holds her head aloft;
A turfe beyond them all, ſo ſleeke and wondrous ſoft,
Vpon her ſetting ſide, by goodly *London* grac'd,
Vpon the North by *Lea*, her South by *Thames* embrac'd.
Vpon her riſing point, ſhee chaunced to eſpie,
A daintie Forreſt-Nymph of her ſocietie.

Hatfield Foreſt lying lower towards the Eaſt betweene *Stortford* and *Dunmow*.

Faire *Hatfield*, which in height all other did ſurmount,
And of the *Dryades* held in very high account;
Yet in reſpect of her ſtood farre out of the way,
Who doubting of her ſelfe, by others late decay,
Her ſiſters glory view'd with an aſtoniſh'd eye,
Whom *Waltham* wiſely thus reproueth by and by.
Deare Siſter reſt content, nor our declining rue,
What thing is in this world (that we can ſay) is new;
The Ridge and Furrow ſhewes, that once the crooked Plow,
Turn'd vp the graſſy turfe, where Okes are rooted now:
And at this houre we ſee, the Share and Coulter teare
The full corne-bearing gleabe, where ſometimes forreſts were;
And thoſe but Caitifes are, which moſt doe ſeeke our ſpoyle,
Who hauing ſold our woods, doe laſtly ſell our ſoyle;
Tis vertue to giue place to theſe vngodly times,
When as the foſtred ill proceeds from others crimes;
Gainſt Lunatiks, and fooles, what wiſe folke ſpend their force;
For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the courſe:
And when God giues men vp, to wayes abhor'd and vile,
Of vnderſtanding hee depriues them quite, the while
They into errour runne, confounded in their ſinne,
As ſimple Fowles in lyme, or in the Fowlers gynne.
And for thoſe prettie Birds, that wont in vs to ſing,
They ſhall at laſt forbeare to welcome in the Spring,
When wanting where to pearch, they ſit vpon the ground,
And curſe them in their Notes, who firſt did woods confound.
Deare Siſter *Hatfield*, then hold vp thy drooping head,
We feele no ſuch decay, nor is all ſuccour fled:

For *Eſſex* is our dower, which greatly doth abound,
With euery ſimple good, that in the Ile is found:
And though we goe to wracke in this ſo generall waſte,
This hope to vs remaines, we yet may be the laſt.
When *Hatfield* taking heart, where late ſhe ſadly ſtood,
Sends little *Roding* foorth, her beſt-beloued Flood;
Which from her Chriſtall Fount, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a Village lends, her cleere and noble name,
Which as ſhe wandreth on, through *Waltham* holds her way,
With goodly Oken wreaths, which makes her wondrous gay;
But making at the laſt into the watry Marſh,
Where though the blady graſſe vnwholeſome be and harſh,
Thoſe wreaths away ſhe caſts, which bounteous *Waltham* gaue,
With Bulruſh, Flags, and Reed, to make her wondrous braue,
And her ſelues ſtrength diuides, to ſundry leſſer ſtreames,
So wantoning ſhee falls into her Soueraigne *Thames*.
From whoſe vaſt Beechy bankes a rumor ſtraight reſounds,
Which quickly ran it ſelfe through the *Eſſexian* grounds,
That *Crouch* amongſt the reſt, a Riuers name ſhould ſecke,
As ſcorning any more the nickname of a Creeke,
Well furniſht with a Streame, that from the fill to fall,
Wants nothing that a Flood ſhould be adorn'd withall.
On * *Benge's* Batfull ſide, and at her going out,
With *Walnot*, *Foulneſſe* faire, neere watred round about.
Two Iles for greater ſtate to ſtay her vp that ſtand,
Thruſt farre into the Sea, yet fixed to the land;
As Nature in that ſort them purpoſely had plac'd,
That ſhee by Sea and Land, ſhould euery way be grac'd.
Some Sea-Nymphs and beſides, her part (there were) that tooke,
As angry that their *Crouch* ſhould not be cald a Brooke;
And bad her to complaine to *Neptune* of her wrong.
But whilſt theſe grieuous ſtirres thus hapned them among,
Choice *Chelmer* comes along, a Nymph moſt neatly cleere,
Which welneere through the midſt doth cut the wealthy Sheere,
By *Dunmow* gliding downe to *Chelmsford* hold her chaſe,
To which ſhe giues the name, which as ſhe doth imbrace
Cleere *Can* comes tripping in, and doth with *Chelmer* cloſe:
With whoſe ſupply (though ſmall as yet) ſhe greater growes.
She for old * *Maldon* makes, where in her paſſing by,
Shee to remembrance calls that *Roman* Colony,
And all thoſe ominous ſignes her fall that did foregoe,
As that which moſt expres'd their fatall ouerthrow;
Crown'd Victory reuerſt, fell downe whereas ſhee ſtood,
And the vaſt greeniſh Sea, diſcoloured like to blood.
Shreeks heard like peoples cries, that ſee their deaths at hand;
The pourtratures of men imprinted in the ſand.

Many Townes that ſtand on this Riuer, haue her name as an addition: as *Kythorp Roding*, *Leaden Roding*, with many other.

The fruitfulſt Hundred of *Eſſex*.

Chelmsford (abruptly *Cheynsford*) as much to ſay, as the Ford vpon the Riuer *Che'mer*.

* Anciently called *Camo'dunũ* where theſe ominous ſignes foreran that great ouerthrow giuen to the Roman Colony by the *Britans*. See the 8. Song.

When *Chelmer* ſcarce arriues in her moſt wiſhed Bay,
But *Blakwater* comes in, through many a crooked way,
Which *Pant* was call'd of yore; but that, by Time exild,
Shee *Froſhwell* after hight, then *Blakwater* inſtil'd,
But few, ſuch titles haue the Britiſh Floods among.
When *Northey* neere at hand, and th' Ile of *Ouſey* rung
With ſhouts the Sea-Nymphs gaue, for ioy of their arriue,
As either of thoſe Iles in curteſie doe ſtriue,
To *Tethis* Darlings, which ſhould greateſt honor doe;
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.
But *Colne*, which frankly lends faire *Colecheſter* her name,
(On all the *Eſſexian* ſhore, the Towne of greateſt fame)
Perceiuing how they ſtill in Courtſhip did contend,
Quoth ſhe, wherefore the time thus idly doe you ſpend?
What is there nothing here, that you eſteeme of worth,
That our big-bellied Sea, or our rich land brings forth?
Thinke you our Oyſters here, vnworthy of your praiſe?
Pure **Walfleet*, which doe ſtill the daintieſt pallats pleaſe:
As excellent as thoſe, which are eſteemed moſt.
The *Cizic* ſhels, or thoſe on the *Lucrinian* coaſt;
Or Cheeſe, which our fat ſoyle to euery quarter ſends;
Whoſe tacke the hungry Clowne, and Plow-man ſo commends.
If you eſteeme not theſe, as things aboue the ground,
Looke vnder, where the Vrnes of ancient times are found:
The Roman Emp'rours Coynes, oft dig'd out of the duſt,
And warlike Weapons, now conſum'd with cankring ruſt:
The huge and maſſy Bones, of mighty fearefull men,
To tell the worlds full ſtrength, what creatures liued then;
When in her height of youth, the luſtie fruitfull earth
Brought foorth her big-limb'd brood, euen Gyants in their birth.
Thus ſpoke ſhee, when from Sea they ſuddenly doe heare
A ſtrong and horrid noyſe, which ſtruck the land with feare:
For with their crooked Trumps, his *Tritons*, *Neptune* ſent,
To warne the wanton Nymphs, that they incontinent
Should ſtraight repaire to *Stour*, in *Orwells* pleaſant Road;
For it had been divulg'd the Ocean all abroad,
That *Orwell* and this *Stour*, by meeting in one Bay,
Two, that each others good, intended euery way,
Prepar'd to ſing a Song, that ſhould preciſely ſhow,
That *Medway* for her life, their skill could not out-goe:
For *Stour*, a daintie flood, that duly doth diuide
Faire *Suffolke* from this Shire, vpon her other ſide;
By *Clare* firſt comming in, to *Sudbury* doth ſhow,
The euen courſe ſhe keepes; when farre ſhe doth not flow,
But *Breton* a bright Nymph, freſh ſuccour to her brings:
Yet is ſhe not ſo proud of her ſuperfluous Springs,

Walfleet Oyſters.

Cizicum is a citty of *Bythinia*. *Lucrinia* is a citie of *Apulia* vpon the Adriatick Sea; the Oyſters of which places, were reckoned for great delicates with the Romans.

The bones of Gyantlike people found in thoſe parts.

Medway in the 18. Song, reciteth the Catalogue of the Engliſh Warriors.

But *Orwell* comming in from *Ipſwitch* thinkes that ſhee,
Should ſtand for it with *Staur*, and laſtly they agree,
That ſince the *Britans* hence their firſt Diſcoueries made,
And that into the Eaſt they firſt were taught to trade.
Beſides, of all the Roads, and Hauens of the Eaſt,
This Harbor where they meet, is reckoned for the beſt.
Our Voyages by Sea, and braue diſcoueries knowne,
Their argument they make, and thus they ſing their owne;
In *Seuerns* late tun'd lay, that Empreſſe of the Weſt, See the 4. Song.
In which great *Arthurs* actes are to the life expreſt:
His Conqueſts to the North, who *Norway* did inuade,
Who *Groneland*, *Iſeland* next, then *Lapland* laſtly made
His awfull Empires bounds, the *Britans* acts among,
This God-like Heroes deeds exactly haue beene ſung:
His valiant people then, who to thoſe Countries brought,
Which many an age ſince that, our great'ſt diſcoueries thought.
This worthieſt then of ours, our * Argonauts ſhall lead. Sea-voyages.
Next *Malgo*, who againe that Conquerors ſteps to tread,
Succeeding him in Raigne, in conqueſts ſo no leſſe,
Plow'd vp the frozen Sea, and with as faire ſucceſſe,
By that great Conquerors claime, firſt *Orkney* ouerran;
Proud *Denmarke* then ſubdu'd, and ſpacious *Norway* wan,
Ceaſd *Iſeland* for his owne, and *Goteland* to each ſhore,
Where *Arthurs* full-ſaild Fleet had euer toucht before.
And when the *Britans* Raigne came after to decline,
And to the *Cambrian* hils their fate did them confine,
The *Saxon* ſwaying all, in *Alfreds* powerfull raigne,
Our Engliſh *Ocher* put a Fleet to Sea againe,
Of thruge *Norwegian* Hilles, and newes did hither bring,
Whoſe tops are hardly wrought in twelue dayes trauailing.
But leauing *Norway* then a Sterboard, forward kept,
And with our Engliſh Sayles that mightie Ocean ſwept,
Where thoſe ſterne people wonne, whom hope of gaine doth call,
In Hulkes with grapling hooks, to hunt the dreadfull Whall;
And great *Duina* downe from her firſt ſpringing place, The great riuer of *Ruſſia*.
Doth roule her ſwelling waues in churliſh *Neptunes* face.
Then *Woolſtan* after him diſcouering *Danſig* found,
Where *Wixels* mighty mouth is powrd into the Sound, The greateſt riuer of *Danske*.
And towing vp his ſtreame, firſt taught the Engliſh Oares,
The vſefull way of Trade to thoſe moſt gainefull ſhores.
And when the *Norman Stem* here ſtrong and potent grew,
And their ſucceſſefull ſonnes, did glorious acts purſue,
One *Nicholas* nam'd of *Lyn*, where firſt he breath'd the ayre,
Though *Oxford* taught him Art, and well may hold him deare:
Ith' Mathematicks learnd, (although a Fryer profeſt)
To ſee thoſe Northerne Climes, with great deſire poſſeſt,

Himſelfe

The greateſt wonder of Nature.

Himſelfe he thither ſhip'd, and skilfull in the Globe,
Tooke euery ſeuerall height with his true Aſtrolobe;
The Whirlpooles of the ſeas, and came to vnderſtand,
From the foure Card'nall winds, foure indraughts that command;
Int'any of whoſe falls, if th'wandring Barque doth light,
It hurried is away with ſuch tempeſtuous flight,
Into that ſwallowing gulfe, which ſeemes as it would draw
The very earth it ſelfe into th' infernall maw.
Foure ſuch Immeaſur'd Pooles, Phyloſophers agree,
Ith foure parts of the world vndoubtedly to bee;
From which they haue ſuppoſd, Nature the winds doth raiſe,
And from them to proceed the flowing of the Seas.
And when our Ciuill warres began at laſt to ceaſe,
And theſe late calmer times of Oliue-bearing Peace,
Gaue leaſure to great Minds, farre Regions to deſcry;
That braue aduentrous Knight, our Sir *Hugh Willoughby*,
Ship'd for the Northren Seas, mongſt thoſe congealed Piles,
Faſhioned by laſting Froſts, like Mountaines, and like Iles,
(In all her fearefulſt ſhapes ſaw Horror, whoſe great mind,
In leſſer bounds then theſe, that could not be confin'd,
Aduentured on thoſe parts, where Winter ſtill doth keepe;
When moſt the Icy cold had chaind vp all the Deepe)
In Bleake *Arzina's* Road his death neere *Lapland* tooke,
Where *Kegor* from her ſcite, on thoſe grim Seas doth looke.
Two others follow then, eternall fame that wonne,
Our *Chancellor*, and with him, compare we *Ienkinſon*:
For *Ruſsia* both imbarqu'd, the firſt ariuing there,
Entring *Duina's* mouth, vp her proud ſtreame did ſteere
To *Volgad*, to behold her pompe, the *Ruſsian* State,
Moſcouia meaſuring then: the other with like Fate,
Both thoſe vaſt Realmes ſuruay'd, then into *Bactria* paſt,
To *Boghors* bulwarkt walls, then to the liquid waſt,
Where *Oxus* roleth downe twixt his farre diſtant ſhores,
And o're the *Caſpian* Maine, with ſtrong vntyred Oares,
Aduentured to view rich *Perſias* wealth and pride,
Whoſe true report thereof, the *Engliſh* ſince haue tride.
With *Fitch*, our *Eldred* next, deſeru'dly placed is;
Both trauailing to ſee, the *Syrian Tripolis*.
The firſt of which (in this whoſe noble ſpirit was ſhowne)
To view thoſe parts, to vs that were the moſt vnknowne,
On thence to *Ormus* ſet, *Goa*, *Cambaya*, then,
To vaſt *Zelabdim*, thence to *Echubar*, agen
Croſt *Ganges* mighty ſtreame, and his large bankes did view,
To *Baccola* went on, to *Bengola*, *Pegu*;
And for *Mallacca* then, *Zeiten*, and *Cochin* caſt,
Meaſuring with many a ſtep, the great *Eaſt-Indian* waſt.

The

The other from that place, the first before had gone,
Determining to see the broad-wald *Babylon*,
Croſt *Euphrates*, and row'd against his mightie streame;
Licia, and *Gaza* saw, with great *Hierusalem*,
And our deare *Saviours* seat, blest *Bethlem* did behold,
And *Iourdan*, of whose waues, much is in Scriptures told.
Then *Macham*, who (through loue to long aduentures led)
Mederas wealthy Iles, the first discouered,
Who hauing stolne a mayd, to whom he was affi'd,
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deni'd,
Put with her foorth to Sea, where many a danger past,
Vpon an *Ile* of those, at length by tempest cast;
And putting in, to giue his tender Loue some ease,
Which very ill had brook'd, the rough and boystrous Seas;
And lingring for her health, within the quiet Bay,
The Mariners most false, fled with the Ship away,
When as it was not long, but shee gaue vp her breath;
When he whose teares in vaine bewayld her timelesse death:
That their deserued Rites her Funerall could not haue,
A homely Altar built vpon her honoured graue.
When with his folke but few, not passing two or three,
There making them a Boat, but rudely of one Tree,
Put foorth againe to Sea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themselues, scarce Mortall euer saw;
Nor miserable men could possibly sustaine,
Now swallowed with the waues, and then spu'd vp againe;
At length were on the coast of Sun-burnt *Affrick* throwne:
T'amaze that further world, and to amuse our owne.
Then *Windham* who new wayes, for vs and ours to trie,
For great *Morrocco* made, discouering *Barbarie*.
Lock, Towerson, Fenner next, vast *Guiney* forth that sought,
And of her Iuory, home in great abundance brought.
The East-Indian Voy'ger then, the valiant *Lancaster*,
To *Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber*,
To *Nicuba*, as hee to *Gomerpolo* went,
Till his strong Bottome strucke *Molluccos* Continent;
And sayling to *Brazeel* another time he tooke
Olynda's chiefest Towne, and Harbour *Farnambuke*,
And with their precious Wood, Sugar, and Cotton fraught,
It by his safe returne, into his Countrie brought.
Then *Forboſher*, whose fame flew all the Ocean o'r,
Who to the Northwest sought, huge *China's* wealthy shore,
When nearer to the North, that wandring Sea-man set,
Where hee in our hotst Mon'ths of Iune and Iuly met
With Snow, Frost, Haile, & Sleet, and found sterne Winter strong,
VVith mighty Iles of Ice, and Mountaines huge and long.

The wonderful Aduenture of *Macham*.

Where

VVhere as it comes and goes, the great eternall Light,
Makes halfe the yeare ſtill day, and halfe continuall night.
Mata Incognita. Then for thoſe Bounds vnknown, he brauely ſet againe,
As he a Sea-god were, familiar with the Maine.
The Noble *Fenton* next, and *Iackman* we preferre,
Both Voyagers, that were with famous *Forboſher*.
And *Dauies*, three times forth that for the Northweſt made;
Still ſtriuing by that courſe, t'inrich the Engliſh Trade:
And as he well deſeru'd to his eternall fame.
Mare Dauiſium. There by a mightie Sea, Imortaliz'd his Name.
With noble *Gilbert* next, comes *Hoard* who tooke in hand
To cleere the courſe ſcarſe knowne into the *New-found* Land,
And view'd the plenteous Seas, and fiſhfull Hauens, where
Our neighbouring Nations ſince haue ſtor'd them euery yeare.
Then Globe-engirdling *Drake*, the Nauall Palme that wonne,
Who ſtroue in his long Courſe to emulate the Sunne:
Of whom the *Spaniard* vs'd a Prophecie to tell,
That from the Britiſh Iſles ſhould riſe a Dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, ſhould ſtrike th'*Iberian* Maine,
And bring in after time much horror vpon *Spaine*.
This more then man (or what) this Demie-god at Sea,
Leauing behind his backe, the great *America*,
Vpon the ſurging Maine his wel-ſtretch't Tacklings ſlewd,
To fortie three Degrees of North'ly Latitude;
Vnto that Land before to th' Chriſtian world vnknowne,
VVhich in his Countries right he nam'd New *Albion*;
And in the VVeſterne *Inde*, ſpight of the power of *Spaine*,
Hee Saint *Iago* tooke, *Domingo*, *Cartagene*:
And leauing of his proweſſe, a marke in euery Bay,
Saint *Auguſtins* ſurpriz'd, in *Terra Florida*.
Then thoſe that foorth for Sea, Induſtrious *Rawleigh* wrought,
And them with euery thing, fit for diſcouery fraught;
That *Amadas*, (whoſe Name doth ſcarſely Engliſh ſound)
With *Barlow*, who the firſt *Virginia* throughly found.
As *Greenvile*, whom he got to vndertake that Sea,
Three ſundry times from hence, who touch'd *Virginia*.
(In his ſo rare a choyce, it well approou'd his wit;
That with ſo braue a Spirit, his turne ſo well could fit.
O *Greenvile*, thy great Name, for euer be renown'd,
And borne by *Neptune* ſtill, about this mightie Round;
Whoſe Nauall Conflict wanne thy Nation ſo much fame,
And in th' *Iberians* bred feare of the Engliſh name.
Nor ſhould Fame ſpeake her low'dſt, of *Lane*, ſhee could not lie,
Who in *Virginia* left, with th' Engliſh Colony,
Himſelfe ſo brauely bare, amongſt our people there,
That him they onely lou'd, when others they did feare.

And from thoſe Barbarous, brute, and wild *Virginians* wan
Such reuerence, as in him there had been more then man.
Then he which fauoured ſtill, ſuch high attempts as theſe,
Rawleigh, whoſe reading made him skil'd in all the Seas,
Imbarqu'd his worthy ſelfe, and his aduenturous crue,
And with a proſperous Sayle to thoſe faire Countries flew,
Where *Orenoque*, as he, on in his courſe doth roule,
Seemes as his greatnes meant, grim *Neptune* to controule;
Like to a puiſant King, whoſe Realmes extend ſo farre,
That many a potent Prince his Tributaries are.
So are his Branches Seas, and in the rich *Guiana*,
A Flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd *Orellana*:
And on the ſpacious firme *Manoas* mightie ſeat,
The land (by Natures power) with wonders moſt repleat.
So *Leigh*, *Cape Briton* ſaw, and *Rameas* Iles againe;
As *Tompſon* vndertooke the Voyage to *New-Spaine*:
And *Hawkins* not behind, the beſt of theſe before,
Who hoyſing ſayle, to ſeeke the moſt remoteſt ſhore,
Vpon that new-nam'd *Spaine*, and *Guinny* ſought his prize,
As one whoſe mighty mind ſmall things could not ſuffice,
The ſonne of his braue Syre, who with his furrowing Keele,
Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich *Brazeel*.
Couragious *Candiſh* then, a ſecond *Neptune* here,
Whoſe fame fild euery mouth, and tooke vp euery eare.
What man could in his time diſcourſe of any Seas,
But of braue *Candiſh* talk'd, and of his voyages;
Who through the South Seas paſt, about this earthly Ball,
And ſaw thoſe Starres, to them that onely riſe and fall,
And with his ſilken ſayles, ſtayn'd with the richeſt Ore,
Dar'd any one to paſſe where he had been before.
Count Cumberland, ſo hence to ſeeke th' *Aſores* ſent,
And to the *Weſterne-Inde*, to *Porta Ricco* went,
And with the Engliſh power it brauely did ſurprize.
Sir *Robert Dudley* then, by ſea that ſought to riſe,
Hoyſt Sayles with happy winds to th'Iles of *Trinidado*:
Paria then he paſt, the Ilands of *Granado*;
As thoſe of *Sancta Cruz*, and *Porta Ricco*: then
Amongſt the famous ranke of our Sea-ſearching men,
Is *Preſton* ſent to Sea, with *Summers* foorth to finde,
Aduentures in the parts vpon the *Weſterne-Inde*;
Port Santo who ſurpriz'd, and *Coches*, with the Fort
Of *Coro*, and the Towne, when in ſubmiſſiue ſort,
Cumana ranſome crau'd, Saint *Iames* of *Leon* ſack'd;
Iamica went not free, but as the reſt they wrack'd.
Then *Sherley*, (ſince whoſe name ſuch high renowne hath won)
That Voyage vndertooke, as they before had done:

He Saint *Iago* ſaw, *Domingo, Margarita,*
By *Terra firma* ſayl'd to th'Ilands of *Iamica,*
Vp *Rio Dolce* row'd, and with a proſperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the *New-found-land,*
Where at *Iamicas* Iles, couragious *Parker* met
With *Sherley*, and along vp *Rio Dolce* ſet,
Where bidding him adue, on his owne courſe he ran,
And tooke *Campeches* Towne, the chief'ſt of *Iucatan.*
A Freegate, and from thence did home to *Britan* bring,
With moſt ſtrange Tribute fraught, due to that *Indian* King,
At mightie *Neptunes* beck, thus ended they their Song,
VVhen as from *Harwich* all to *Louing-land* along,
Great claps and ſhouts were heard reſounding to the ſhore,
Wherewith th'*Eſſexian* Nymphs applaud their loued *Stour,*
From the *Suffolcean* ſide yet thoſe which *Stour* preferre
Their princely *Orwell* praiſe, as much as th'other her:
For though cleare *Briton* be rich *Suffolkes* from her ſpring,
Which *Stour* vpon her way to *Harwich* downe doth bring,
Yet *Deben* of her ſelfe a ſtout and ſtedfaſt friend,
Her ſuccour to that Sea, neere *Orwels* Road doth ſend.

Suffolke bounded on the South and North.

When *Waueney* to the North, rich *Suffolks* onely meere,
As *Stour* vpon the North, from *Eſſex* parts this Sheere;
Leſt *Stour* and *Orwell* thus might ſteale her Nymphes away,
In *Neptunes* name commands, that here their force ſhould ſtay:
For that her ſelfe and *Tar* in honor of the Deepe,
Were purpoſed a Feaſt in *Louing-land* to keepe.

LYNN

NOR

FOLCKE

WISBICH

THETFORDE

NORWICH

YARMOVTH

LOVENDLAND

BECKLES

BVNGAY

Blyth flu

Or flu

The twentieth Song.

The Argvment.

The Muſe that part of Suffolke *ſings,*
That lyes to Norfolke, *and then brings*
The bright Norfolcean *Nymphes, to gheſt*
To Louing-land, *to* Neptunes *Feaſt;*
To Ouze *the leſſe then dawne ſhee takes,*
Where ſhee a Flight at Riuer makes:
And thence to Marſh-land *ſhee deſcends,*
With whoſe free praiſe this Song ſhee ends.

FRom *Suffolke* roſe a ſound, through the *Norfolcean* ſhore
That ran it ſelfe, the like had not bin heard before:
For he that doth of Sea the powerful Trident weld,
His *Tritons* made proclaime, a * Nymphall to be held
In honor of himſelfe, in *Louing-land*, where he
The moſt ſelected Nymphes appointed had to be.
Thoſe Seamayds that about his ſecret walkes doe dwell,
Which tend his mightie heards of VVhales, and Fiſhes fell,
As of the Riuers thoſe, amongſt the Meadowes ranke,
That play in euery Foar'd, and ſport on euery banke,
Were ſummon'd to be there, in paine of *Neptunes* hate:
For he would haue his Feaſt, obſeru'd with god-like ſtate,
When thoſe *Suffolcean* Floods, that ſided not with *Stoure,*
Their ſtreames but of themſelues into the Ocean powre,
As *Or*, through all the coaſt a Flood of wondrous fame,
Whoſe honored fall begets a * Hauen of her name.
And *Blyth* a daintie Brooke, their ſpeedy courſe doe caſt,
For *Neptune* with the reſt, to *Louing-land* to haſt:
When *Waueney* in her way, on this *Septentriall* ſide,
That theſe two Eaſterne Shires doth equally diuide,
From * *Laphamford* leads on, her ſtreame into the Eaſt,
By *Bungey*, then along by *Beckles*, when poſſeſt

A meeting, or Feaſt of Nymphs.

Orford Hauen.

The place of her Spring.

Of *Louing-land*, 'bout which her limber Armes ſhe throwes,
VVith *Neptune* taking hands, betwixt them who incloſe,
And her an Iland make, fam'd for her ſcite ſo farre.
But leaue her Muſe awhile, and let vs on with *Yar*,
VVhich *Gariena* ſome, ſome *Hicr*, ſome *Yar* doe name;
VVho riſing from her ſpring not farre from *Walſingham*,
Through the *Norfolcean* fields ſeemes wantonly to play,
To *Norwich* comes at length, towards *Yarmouth* on her way,
VVhere *Wentſum* from the South, and *Bariden* doe beare
Vp with her, by whoſe wealth ſhe much is honored there,
To intertaine her *Yar*, that in her ſtate doth ſtand,
With Townes of high'ſt account, the fourth of all the land:
That hoſpitable place to the Induſtrious *Dutch*,
Whoſe skill in making Stuffes, and workmanſhip is ſuch,
(For refuge hither come) as they our ayd deſerue,
By labour ſore that liue, whilſt oft the *Engliſh* ſtarue;
On Roots, and Pulſe that feed, on Beefe and Mutton ſpare,
So frugally they liue, not gluttons as we are.
But from my former Theame, ſince thus I haue digreſt,
Ile borrow more of Time, vntill my Nymphs be dreſt:
And ſince theſe Foods fall out ſo fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will conuert my Lay.
The Colewort, Coliſloure, and Cabidge in their ſeaſon,
The Rouncefall, great Beanes, and early ripening Peaſon;
The Onion, Scallion, Leeke, which Houſewiues highly rate;
Their kinſman Garlicke then, the poore mans *Mithridate*;
The ſauory Parſnip next, and Carret pleaſing food;
The Skirret (which ſome ſay) in Sallats ſtirres the blood;
The Turnip, taſting well to Clownes in VVinter weather.
Thus in our verſe we put, Roots, Hearbs, and Fruits together.
The great moyſt Pumpion then, that on the ground doth lie,
A purer of his kind, the ſweet Muske-million by;
VVhich dainty pallats now, becauſe they would not want,
Haue kindly learnt to ſet, as yearely to tranſplant:
The Radiſh ſomewhat hote, yet vrine doth prouoke;
The Cucumber as cold, the heating Artichoke;
The Citrons, which our ſoyle not eaſly doth affourd;
The Rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten Gourd.
But in theſe triuiall things, Muſe, wander not too long,
But now to nimble *Yar*, turne we our actiue Song,
Which in her winding courſe, from *Norwich* to the Mayne,
By many a ſtately ſeat laſciuiouſly doth ſtraine,
To *Yarmouth* till ſhe come, her onely chriſtned Towne,
Whoſe fiſhing through the Realme, doth her ſo much renowne,
VVhere thoſe that with their nets ſtill haunt the boundles lake,
Her ſuch a ſumptuous feaſt of ſalted Herrings make,

At Gateſend not far thence.

Norvvich, in place the 4. city of *England*.

The Dutch a moſt induſtrious people.

Roots and Garden-fruits of this Iland.

So called by the falling of *Yar* into the Sea.

As

As they had rob'd the Sea of all his former ſtore,
And paſt that very howre, it could produce no more.
Her owne ſelues Harbour here, when *Tar* doth hardly win,
But kindly ſhe againe, ſaluted is by *Thrin*,
A faire *Norfolcean* Nymph, which gratifies her fall.
Now are the * *Tritons* heard, to *Louing-land* to call,
Which *Neptunes* great commaunds, before them brauely beare,
Commanding all the Nymphs of high account that were,
Which in fat *Holland* lurke amongſt the queachy plaſhes,
Or play them on the ſands, vpon the fomy waſhes,
As all the watry brood, which haunt the *German* deepes,
Vpon whoſe briny Curles, the dewy morning weepes,
To *Louing-land* to come, and in their beſt attires;
That meeting to obſerue, as now the time requires.
When *Erix*, *Neptunes* ſonne by *Venus*, to the ſhore
To ſee them ſafely brought, their Herault came before,
And for a Mace he held in his huge hand, the horne
Of that ſo much-eſteem'd, ſea-honoring Vnicorne.
Next *Proto* wondrous ſwift, led all the reſt the way,
Then ſhe which makes the calmes, the mild *Cymodice*,
With god-like *Dorida*, and *Galatea* faire,
With daintie Nets of pearle, caſt o'r their braided haire:
Analijs which the Sea doth ſalt, and ſeaſoned keepe;
And *Batheas*, moſt ſupreame and ſoueraigne in the deepe,
Brings *Cyane*, to the waues which that greene colour giues;
Then *Atmis*, which in Fogs and miſtie vapours liues:
Phrinax, the Billowes rough, and ſurges that beſtrides,
And *Rothion*, that by her on the wilde waters rides;
With *Icthias*, that of Frye the keeping doth retaine,
As *Pholoe*, moſt that rules the Monſters of the Maine:
Which brought to beare them out, if any need ſhould fall,
The *Dolphin*, *Sea-horſe*, *Gramp*, the *Wherlpoole*, and the *Whall*.
An hundred more beſides, I readily could name,
With theſe as *Neptune* wil'd, to *Louing-land* that came.
Theſe Nymphs trick'd vp in tyers, the Sea-gods to delight:
Of Currall of each kind, the blacke, the red, the white;
With many ſundry ſhels, the Scallop large, and faire;
The Cockle ſmall and round, the Periwinkle ſpare,
The Oyſter, wherein oft the pearle is found to breed,
The Muſſell, which retaines that daintie Orient ſeed:
In Chaines and Bracelets made, with linkes of ſundry twiſts,
Some worne about their waſts, their necks, ſome on the wriſts.
Great ſtore of Amber there, and Ieat they did not miſſe;
Their lips they ſweetned had with coſtly Ambergris.
Scarcely the * *Neriad's* thus arriued from the Seas,
But from the freſher ſtreames the brighter * *Niades*,

Suppoſed to be Trumpeters to *Neptune*.

The vertuall properties incident to waters, as well Seas, as Riuers, expreſſed by their name in the perſons of Nymphs, as hath bin vſed by the Ancients.

The delicacies of the Sea.

Sea-Nymphs.

Nymphs of Riuers.

To

To *Louing-land* make haſte with all the ſpeed they may,
For feare their fellow-Nymphes ſhould for their comming ſtay.
Glico the running Streames in ſweetneſſe ſtill that keepes,
And *Clymene* which rules, when they ſurround their deepes.
Spio, in hollow bankes, the waters that doth hide:
With *Opis* that doth beare them backward with the Tyde.
Semaia that for ſights doth keepe the water cleare:
Zanthe their yellow ſands, that maketh to appeare,
Then *Drymo* for the Okes that ſhaddow euery banke,
Phylodice, the boughs for Garlands freſh and ranke.
Which the cleare *Naiades* make them * Anadems withall,
When they are cald to daunſe in *Neptunes* mightie hall.
Then *Ligea*, which maintaines the Birds harmonious layes,
Which ſing on Riuers banks amongſt the ſlender ſprayes,
VVith *Rhodia*, which for them doth nurſe the Roſeat ſets;
Ioida, which preſerues the azure Violets.
Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the generall charge,
And *Syrinx* of the Reeds, that grow vpon the Marge.
Some of theſe louely Nymphes wore on their flaxen haire
Fine Chaplets made of Flaggs, that fully flowred were:
VVith Water-cans againe, ſome wantonly them dight,
VVhoſe larger leafe and flower, gaue wonderfull delight
To thoſe that wiſtly view'd their Beauties: ſome againe,
That ſoueraigne places held amongſt the watry traine,
Of Cat-tayles made them Crownes, which from the Sedge doth grow,
Which neatly wouen were, and ſome to grace the ſhow,
Of Lady-ſmocks moſt white, doe rob each neighbouring Mead,
VVherewith their looſer locks moſt curiouſly they breyd.
Now thus together com'n, they friendly doe deuiſe,
Some of light toyes, and ſome of matters graue and wiſe.
But to breake off their ſpeech, her reed when *Syrinx* ſounds,
Some caſt themſelues in Rings, and fell to Hornepipe rounds:
They ceaſing, as againe to others turnes it falls,
They luſtie Galiards tread, ſome others Iiggs, and Braules.
This done, vpon the banke together being ſet,
Proceeding in the cauſe, for which they thus were met,
In mightie *Neptunes* praiſe, theſe Sea-borne Virgins ſing:
Let earth, and ayre, ſay they with the high praiſes ring,
Of *Saturne* by his *Ops*, the moſt renowned * Sonne,
From all the gods but *Ioue*, the Diadem that wonne,
Whoſe offspring wiſe and ſtrong, deare Nymphes let vs relate,
On mountaines of vaſt waues, know he that ſits in ſtate,
And with his Trident rules, the vniuerſall ſtreame,
To be the onely ſyre of mightie *Polypheme*.
On fayre *Thooſa* got old *Phorcus* loued child,
Who in a fained ſhape that god of Sea beguild.

Coronets of Flowers.

The Song of the Sea-Nymphs in praiſe of *Neptune*.

Three thouſand princely ſonnes, and louely Nymphs as we,
Were to great *Neptune* borne, of which we ſparing be:
Some by his goodly Queene, ſome in his Lemmans bed;
Chryſor grim begot, on ſterne *Meduſas* head.
Swart *Brontes*, for his owne ſo mightie *Neptune* takes,
One of the *Cyclops* ſtrong, *Ioues* Thunder-bolts that makes.
Great *Neptune*, *Nelius* got, (if you for wiſedome ſeeke)
Who was old *Neſtors* ſyre, the grau'ſt and wiſeſt *Greeke*.
Or from this King of waues, of ſuch thou lou'ſt to heare,
Of famous Nations firſt, that mightie Founders were;
Then *Cadmus*, who the plot of ancient *Thebes* contriu'd,
From *Neptune* God of Sea, his Pedigree deriu'd,
By *Agenor* his old Syer, who rul'd *Phenicia* long:
So *Inachus*, the chiefe of *Argiues* great and ſtrong
Claim'd kinred of this King, and by ſome beautious Neece,
So did *Pelaſgus* too, who peopled ancient *Greece*.
A world of mightie Kings and Princes I could name,
From our god *Neptune* ſprung; let this ſuffice, his fame
Incompaſſeth the world; thoſe Starres which neuer riſe,
Aboue the lower South, are neuer from his eyes:
As thoſe againe to him doe euery day appeare,
Continually that keepe the Northerne Hemiſphere;
Who like a mightie King, doth caſt his Watched robe,
Farre wider then the land, quite round about the Globe.
VVhere is there one to him that may compared be,
That both the Poles at once continually doth ſee;
And Gyant-like with heauen as often maketh warres;
The Ilands (in his power) as numberleſſe as Starres,
He waſheth at his will, and with his mightie hands,
He makes the euen ſhores, oft mountainous with Sands:
Whoſe creatures, which obſerue his wide Emperiall ſeat,
Like his immeaſured ſelfe, are infinite and great.
Thus ended they their Song, and off th'aſſembly brake,
When quickly towards the weſt, the Muſe her way doth take;
Whereas the ſwelling ſoyle, as from one banke doth bring
This * *Wauency* ſung before, and * *Ouſe the leſſe*, whoſe ſpring
Towards *Ouſe the greater* poynts, and downe by *Thetford* glides,
VVhere ſhee cleere *Thet* receiues, her glory that diuides,
With her new-named Towne, as wondrous glad that ſhee,
For frequency of late, ſo much eſteemd ſhould be:
Where ſince theſe confluent Floods, ſo fit for Hauking lye,
And ſtore of Fowle intice skil'd Falkoners there to flye.
Now of a flight at *Brooke* ſhall my deſcription be:
What ſubiect can be found, that lies not faire to me.
Of ſimple Shepheards now, my Muſe exactly ſings,
And then of courtly Loues, and the affaires of Kings.

The fountaines of theſe riuers, not farre aſunder, yet one running Northward, the other to the Eaſt,

A deſcription of a flight at Riuer.

Then

Then in a Buskind ſtraine, the warlike ſpeare and ſhield,
And inſtantly againe of the diſports of Field;
What can this Ile produce, that lyes from my report,
Induſtrious Muſe, proceed then to thy Hawking ſport.
When making for the Brooke, the Falkoner doth eſpie
On Riuer, Plaſh, or Mere, where ſtore of Fowle doth lye:
Whence forced ouer land, by skilfull Falconers trade:
A faire conuenient flight, may eaſily be made.
He whiſtleth off his Hawkes, whoſe nimble pineons ſtreight,
Doe worke themſelues by turnes, into a ſtately height:
After Pigeons, Crowes, or ſuch like. And if that after * check, the one or both doe goe,
Sometimes he them the Lure, ſometimes doth water ſhow;
The trembling Fowle that heare the Iigging Hawk-bels ring,
And find it is too late, to truſt then to their wing,
Lye flat vpon the flood, whilſt the high-mounted Hawks,
Then being lords alone, in their etheriall walkes,
Aloft ſo brauely ſtirre, their bells ſo thicke that ſhake;
When they ſore as Kites doe. Which when the Falkoner ſees, that ſcarce one * plane they make:
The gallant'ſt Birds ſaith he, that euer flew on wing,
And ſweares there is a Flight, were worthy of a King.
Then making to the Flood, to force the Fowles to riſe,
The fierce and eager Hawkes, downe thrilling from the Skies,
Croſsing the ayre in their downe-come. Make ſundry * Canceleers e're they the Fowle can reach,
Which then to ſaue their liues, their wings doe liuely ſtretch.
But when the whizzing Bels the ſilent ayre doe cleaue,
And that their greateſt ſpeed, them vainly doe deceiue;
And the ſharpe cruell Hawkes, they at their backs doe view,
Lay the Fowles againe into the water. Themſelues for very feare they inſtantly * ineawe.
The Hawkes get vp againe into their former place;
And ranging here and there, in that their ayery race:
Still as the fearefull Fowle attempt to ſcape away,
With many a ſtouping braue, them in againe they lay.
But when the Falkoners take their Hawking-poles in hand,
And croſſing of the Brooke, doe put it ouer land:
The Hawke giues it a ſouſe, that makes it to rebound,
Well neere the height of man, ſometime aboue the ground;
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from necke to tayle, the backe in two doth ſhread.
With many a Wo ho ho, and iocond Lure againe,
When he his quarry makes vpon the graſſy plaine.
But to my Floods againe: when as this *Ouze the leſſe*
Hath taken in cleere *Thet*, with farre more free acceſſe
To *Ouze the great* ſhee goes, her Queene that commeth crown'd,
As ſuch a Riuer fits, ſo many miles renown'd;
And poynting to the North, her Chriſtall front ſhe daſhes
Againſt the ſwelling ſands of the ſurrounded Waſhes;

And *Neptune* in her Armes, ſo amply doth imbrace,
As ſhe would rob his Queene, faire *Thetis* of her place.
Which when rich *Marſh-land* ſees, leaſt ſhe ſhould looſe her ſtate,
With that faire Riuer thus, ſhee gently doth debate.
Diſdaine me not, deare Flood, in thy exceſſiue pride,
There's ſcarcely any ſoyle that ſitteth by thy ſide,
Whoſe Turfe ſo batfull is, or beares ſo deepe a ſwath;
Nor is there any *Marſh* in all *Great Britaine*, hath
So many goodly ſeats, or that can truely ſhow
Such Rarities as I: ſo that all *Marſhes* owe
Much honor to my name, for that exceeding grace,
Which they receiue by me, ſo ſoueraigne in my place.
Though *Rumney*, as ſome ſay, for fineneſſe of her graſſe,
And for her daintie ſcite, all other doth ſurpaſſe:
Yet are thoſe Seas but poore, and Riuers that confine
Her greatneſſe but meane Rills, be they compar'd with mine.
Nor hardly doth ſhee tyth th'aboundant Fowle and Fiſh,
Which Nature giues to me, as I my ſelfe can wiſh.
As *Amphitrite* oft, calls me her ſweet and faire,
And ſends the Northrene winds to curle my braided haire,
And makes the * *Waſhes* ſtand, to watch and ward me ſtill,
Leſt that rough god of Sea, on me ſhould worke his will.
Old *Wisbitch* to my grace, my circuit ſits within,
And neere my banks I haue the neighbourhood of *Lyn*.
Both Townes of ſtrength and ſtate, my profits ſtill that vent:
No *Marſh* hath more of Sea, none more of continent.
Thus *Marſh-land* ends her ſpeech, as one that throughly knew,
What was her proper praiſe, and what was *Ouzes* due.
With that the zealous Muſe, in her Poetique rage,
To *Walſingham* would needs haue gone a Pilgrimage,
To view thoſe fartheſt ſhores, whence little *Niger* flowes
Into the Northrene Maine, and ſee the gleabe where growes
That Saffron, (which men ſay) this land hath not the like,
All *Europe* that excels: but here ſhe ſayle doth ſtrike.
For that *Apollo* pluckt her eaſly by the eare;
And told her in that part of *Norfolke*, if there were
Ought worthy of reſpect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater *Ouze*, her wing ſhe doth diſplay.

The Waſhes, lying betweene Marſhland, and the Sea.

PARTE OF

HVNTINGDON

SHIRE

THE ISLE OF

The new leame

Waterfleame

Whitelsey mere

Ramsey mere

The vale of Ringdale

Melborne

The old Podrick

The new Podrick

ELY

The fenn

CAMBRIDGE

ELY

Reche

Dumb dich

Cowlidge

NEW MARKET HEATHE

Ditton

Flendiche

Balsham

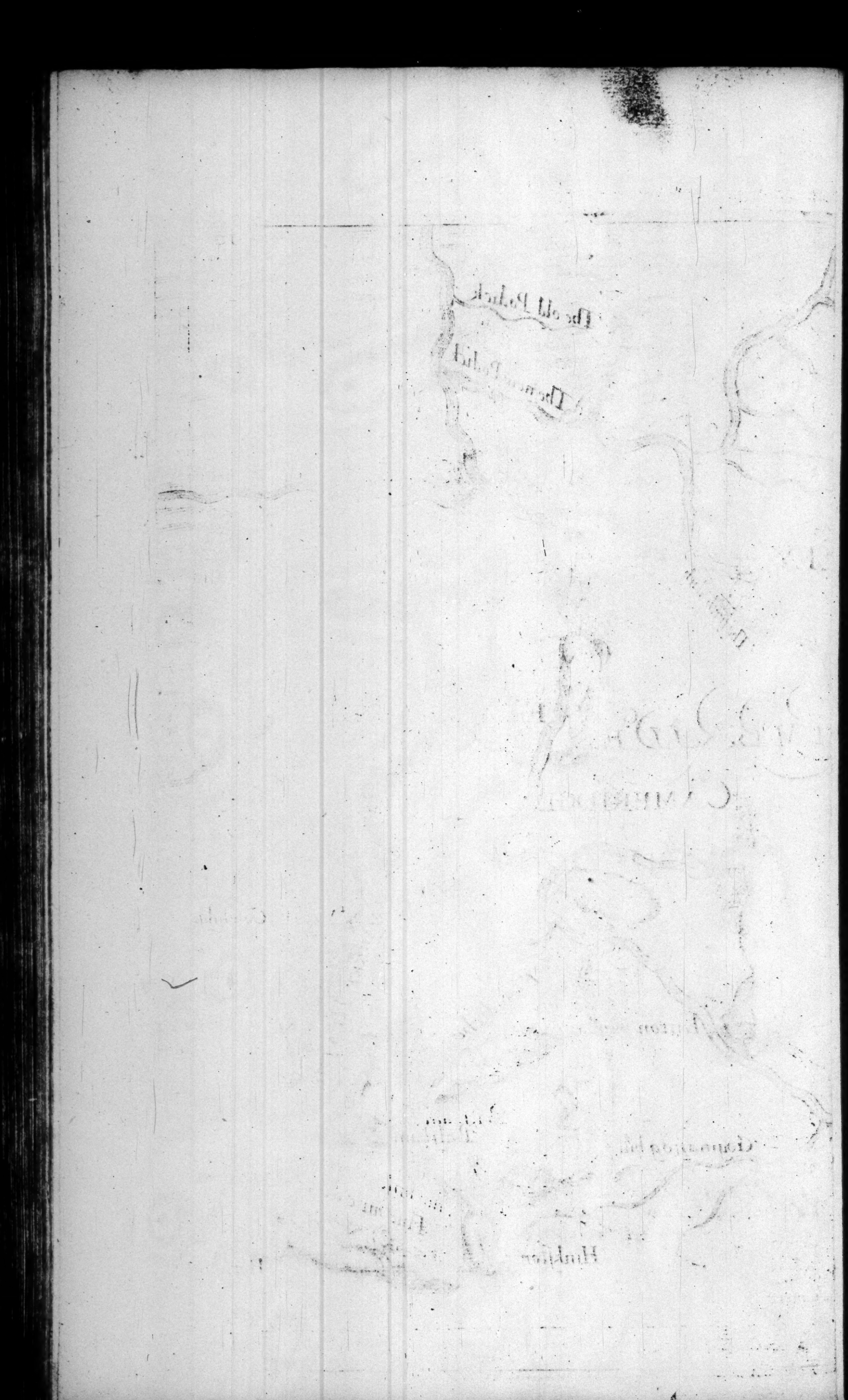
Gogmagog hills

Fiue mile diche

Hinkston

Horseheathe

Fulmere



The one and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Now from New-market *comes the Muſe,*
Whoſe ſpacious Heath, ſhee wiſtly viewes,
Thoſe Ancient Ditches and ſurueyes,
Which our firſt Saxons *here did raiſe:*
To Gogmagog *then turnes her tale,*
And ſhewes you Ring-tailes *pleaſant vale.*
And to doe Cambridge *all her Rites,*
The Muſes to her Towne inuites.
And laſtly, Elies *praiſe ſhee ſings,*
An end which to this Canto brings.

BY this our little reſt, thus hauing gotten breath,
And fairely in our way, vpon *Newmarket-Heath:*
That great and ancient * Ditch, which vs expected long,
Inſpired by the Muſe, at her arriuall ſong:
O Time, what earthly thing with thee it ſelfe can truſt,
When thou in thine owne courſe, art to thy ſelfe vniuſt!
Doſt thou contract with death, and to obliuion giue
Thy glories, after them, yet ſhamefully dar'ſt liue?
O Time, hadſt thou preſeru'd, what labouring man hath done,
Thou long before this day, mightſt to thy ſelfe haue wonne
A Deitie with the gods, and in thy Temple plac'd,
But ſacriligious thou, haſt all great workes defac'd;
For though the things themſelues haue ſuffered by thy theft,
Yet with their Ruines, thou, to ages mightſt haue left,
Thoſe Monuments who rear'd, and not haue ſuffred thus
Poſteritie ſo much, t'abuſe both thee and vs.
I, by th' *Eaſt Angles* firſt, who from this Heath aroſe,
The long'ſt and largeſt Ditch, to check their *Mercian* foes;
Becauſe my depth, and breadth, ſo ſtrangely doth exceed,
Mens low and wretched thoughts, they conſtantly decreed,

The Diuels Ditch.

The great ditch cutting *Newmarket Heath*, beginneth at *Reche*, & endeth at *Couvlidge*.

That by the Deuils helpe, I needs muſt raiſed be,
Wherefore the *Deuils-Ditch* they baſely named me:
When ages long before, I bare Saint *Edmonds* name,
Becauſe vp to my ſide, (ſome haue ſuppoſed) came
The Liberties bequeath'd to his more ſacred Shrine.
Therefore my fellow *Dykes*, ye ancient friends of mine,
That out of earth were raiſd, by men whoſe minds were great,
It is no maruaile, though Obliuion doe you threat.
First, * *Flemditch* next my ſelfe, that art of greateſt ſtrength,
That doeſt extend thy courſe full ſeauen large mile in length:
And thou the * *Fiuemile* cald, yet not leſſe deare to me;
With * *Brenditch*, that againe is ſhorteſt of the three,
Can you ſuppoſe your ſelues at all to be reſpected,
When you may ſee my truth's bely'd, and ſo neglected:
Therefore deare *Heath*, liue ſtill in proſperous eſtate,
And let thy wel-fleec'd Flocks, from morne to euening late,
(By carefull Shepheards kept) reioyce thee with their praiſe;
And let the merry Larke, with her delicious layes,
Giue comfort to thy plaines, and let me onely lye,
(Though of the world contemn'd) yet gracious in thine eye.
Thus ſaid, theſe ancient *Dykes* neglected in their ground,
Through the ſad aged earth, ſent out a hollow ſound,
To gratulate her ſpeech; when as we met againe,
With one whoſe conſtant heart, with cruell loue was ſlaine:
Old *Gogmagog*, a Hill of long and great renowne,
Which neere to *Cambridge* ſet, o'rlookes that learned Towne.
Of *Balſhams* pleaſant hilles, that by the name was knowne,
But with the monſtrous times, he rude and barbarous growne,
A Gyant was become; for man hee cared not,
And ſo the fearefull name of *Gogmagog* had got:
Who long had borne good will to moſt delicious *Grant:*
But doubting leſt ſome god his greatneſſe might ſupplant.
For as that daintie Flood by *Cambridge* keepes her courſe,
He found the Muſes left their old *Beotian* ſource,
Reſorting to her banks, and euery little ſpace,
He ſaw bright *Phœbus* gaze vpon her Chriſtall face,
And through th'exhaled Fogs, with anger looked red,
To leaue his loued Nymph, when he went downe to bed.
Wherefore this Hill with loue, being fouly ouergone:
And one day as he found the louely Nymph alone,
Thus wooes her; Sweeting mine, if thou mine owne wilt be,
C'haue many a pretty gaud, I keepe in ſtore for thee.
A neſt of broad-fac'd Owles, and goodly Vrchins too;
Nay Nymph take heed of me, when I begin to wooe:
And better yet then this, a Bulchin twa yeares old,
A curld-pate Calfe it is, and oft could haue beene ſold:

And

Alias, Seuen mile ditch, being ſo much in length from the Eaſt ſide of the riuer *Grant* to *Balsham*. From *Hinxſton* to *Horsheath* fiue miles. From *Melburne* to *Fulmer*, the ſhorteſt of the foure.

And yet beſide all this, c'haue goodly Beare-whelps twa,
Full daintie for my Ioy, when ſhee's diſpos'd to play,
And twentie Sowes of Lead, to make our wedding Ring;
Bezides, at *Sturbridge Fayre*, chill buy thee many a thing:
Chill zmouch thee euery morne, before the Sunne can riſe,
And looke my manly face, in thy ſweet glaring eyes.
Thus ſaid, he ſmug'd his Beard, and ſtroked vp his hayre,
As one that for her loue he thought had offered fayre:
Which to the Muſes, *Grant* did preſently report,
Wherewith they many a yeare ſhall make them wondrous ſport.
When *Ringdale* in her ſelfe, a moſt delicious Dale,
Who hauing heard too long the barbarous Mountaines tale,
Thus thinketh in her ſelfe, Shall I be ſilenc'd, when
Rude Hills, and Ditches, digg'd by diſcontented men,
Are ayded by the Muſe; their Mind's at large to ſpeake:
Beſides my ſiſter Vales ſuppoſing me but weake,
Iudge meanly of my ſtate, when ſhe no longer ſtayd,
But in her owne behalfe, thus to the other ſaid.
What though betwixt two Sheeres, I be by Fortune throwne,
That neither of them both can challenge me her owne,
Yet am I not the leſſe, nor leſſe my Fame ſhall be:
Your Figures are but baſe, when they are ſet by me;
For Nature in your ſhapes, notoriouſly did erre,
But skillfull was in me, caſt pure Orbiculer.
Nor can I be compar'd ſo like to any thing,
By him that would expreſſe my ſhape, as to a Ring:
For Nature bent to ſport, and various in her trade,
Of all the *Britiſh* Vales, of me a circle made:
For in my very midſt, there is a ſwelling ground,
About which *Ceres* Nymphs dance many a wanton Round.
The friſking Fairy there, as on the light ayre borne,
Oft runne at Barley-breake vpon the eares of Corne;
And catching drops of dew in their laſciuious chaſes,
Doe caſt the liquid pearle in one anothers faces.
What they in largeneſſe haue, that beare themſelues ſo hie,
In my moſt perfect forme, and delicacie, I,
For greatneſſe of my graine, and fineneſſe of my graſſe;
This Ile ſcarce hath a Vale, that *Ringdale* doth ſurpaſſe.
When more ſhe would haue ſaid, but ſuddenly there ſprung,
A confident report, that through the Countrey rung,
That *Cam* her daintieſt Flood, long ſince entituled *Grant*,
Whoſe fountaine *Aſhwell* crown'd, with many a vpright plant.
In ſallying on for *Ouze*, determin'd by the way,
To intertaine her friends the Muſes with a Lay.
Wherefore to ſhew her ſelfe er'e ſhe to *Cambridge* came,
Moſt worthy of that Towne to which ſhe giues the name,

The Vale of *Ringdale*, of the vulgar falſly called *Ringtai'e*.

This Vale ſtandeth part in *Hartfordſhire*, part in *Cambridgeſhire*.

A famous Village in the confines of *Hartfordſhire*.

Take

Takes in her ſecond head, from *Linton* comming in,
By *Shelford* hauing ſlid, which ſtraightway ſhe doth win:
Then which, a purer Streame, a delicater Brooke,
Bright *Phœbus* in his courſe, doth ſcarcely ouerlooke.
Thus furniſhing her bankes; as ſweetly ſhe doth glide
Towards *Cambridge*, with rich Meads layd forth on either ſide;
And with the Muſes oft, did by the way conuerſe:
Wherefore it her behooues, that ſomething ſhe reherſe,
The Siſters that concern'd, who whiſpered in her eare,
Such things as onely ſhee, and they themſelues ſhould heare,
A wondrous learned Flood; and ſhe that had been long,
(Though ſilent, in her ſelfe, yet) vexed at the wrong
Done to *Apollo's* Prieſts, with heauenly fire infuſed,
Oft by the worthleſſe world, vnworthily abuſed:
With whom, in their behalfe, hap ill, or happen well,
Shee meant to haue a bout, euen in deſpight of Hell,
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
Thus like a *Satyre* ſhee, deliberatly begun.

My Inuectiue, thus quoth ſhe, I onely ayme at you,
(Of what degree ſoe'r), ye wretched worldly crue,
In all your brainleſſe talke, that ſtill direct your drifts
Againſt the Muſes ſonnes, and their moſt ſacred gifts,
That hate a Poets name, your vilenеſſe to aduance,
For euer be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
Slaue, he whom thou doſt thinke, ſo meane and poore to be,
Is more then halfe diuine, when he is ſet by thee.
Nay more, I will avow, and iuſtifie him then,
He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
His braue and noble heart, here in a heauen doth dwell,
Aboue thoſe worldly cares, that ſinks ſuch ſots to hell:
A caitife if there be more viler then thy ſelfe,
If he through baſeneſſe light vpon this worldly pelfe,
The Chimney-ſweepe, or he that in the dead of night,
Doth emptie lothſome vaults, may purchaſe all your right;
When not the greateſt King, ſhould he his treaſure raine,
The Muſes ſacred gifts, can poſſibly obtaine;
No, were he Monarch of the vniuerſall earth,
Except that gift from heauen, be breath'd into his birth.
How tranſitory be thoſe heaps of rotting mud,
Which onely to obtaine, yee make your chiefeſt good?
Perhaps to your fond ſonnes, your ill-got goods yee leaue,
You ſcarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceiue.
Haue I not knowne a wretch, the purchaſe of whoſe ground,
Was valued to be ſould, at threeſcore thouſand pound;
That in a little time, in a poore threed-bare coat,
Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a ſilly groat?

When

When nothing hath of yours, or your baſe broods been left,
Except poore widdowes cries, to memorize your theft.
That curſe the Serpent got in Paradiſe for hire,
Deſcend vpon you all, from him your deuilliſh Sire,
Groueling vpon the earth, to creepe vpon your breaſt,
And licke the lothſome duſt, like that abhorred beaſt.
But leaue theſe hatefull heards, and let me now declare,
In th'*Helliconian* Fount, who rightly chriſtned are:
Not ſuch as baſely ſooth the Humour of the Time,
And ſlubberingly patch vp ſome ſlight and ſhallow Rime,
Vpon *Pernaſſus* top, that ſtriue to be inſtal'd,
Yet neuer to that place were by the Muſes call'd.
Nor yet our Mimick Apes, out of their bragging pride,
That faine would ſeeme to be, what nature them denide;
Whoſe Verſes hobling runne, as with diſioynted bones,
And make a viler noyſe, then carts vpon the ſtones;
And theſe forſooth muſt be, the Muſes onely heires,
When they but Baſtards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
Inforcing things in Verſe for Poeſie vnfit,
Mere filthy ſtuffe, that breakes out of the ſores of wit:
What Poet reckes the praiſe vpon ſuch Anticks heap'd,
Or enuies that their lines, in Cabinets are kept?
Though ſome fantaſticke foole promoue their ragged Rymes,
And doe tranſcribe them o'r a hundred ſeuerall times,
And ſome fond women winnes, to thinke them wondrous rare,
When they lewd beggery traſh, nay very gibbriſh are.
Giue me thoſe Lines (whoſe touch the skilfull eare to pleaſe)
That gliding flow in ſtate, like ſwelling *Euphrates*,
In which things naturall be, and not in falſely wrong:
The Sounds are fine and ſmooth, the Senſe is full and ſtrong,
Not bumbaſted with words, vaine tickliſh eares to feed;
But ſuch as may content the perfect man to read.
What is of Paynters ſaid, is of true Poets rife,
That he which doth expreſſe things neereſt to the life,
Doth touch the very poynt, nor needs he adde thereto:
For that the vtmoſt is, that Art doth ſtriue to doe.
Had *Orpheus*, whoſe ſweet Harpe (ſo muſically ſtrung)
Intiſed Trees, and Rocks, to follow him along:
Th' moralitie of which, is that his knowledge drew
The ſtony, blockiſh rout, that nought but rudeneſſe knew,
T'imbrace a ciuill life, by his inticing Layes.
Had he compos'd his lines, like many of theſe dayes,
Which to be vnderſtood, doe take in it diſdaine:
Nay, *Oedipus* may fayle, to know what they would meane.
If *Orpheus* had ſo play'd, not to be vnderſtood,
Well might thoſe men haue thought the Harper had been wood;

Who might haue ſit him downe, the trees and rockes among,
And been a veryer blocke, then thoſe to whom he ſung.
O noble *Cambridge* then, my moſt beloued Towne,
In glory flouriſh ſtill, to heighten thy renowne:
The Embleme of *Cambridge*. In womans perfect ſhape, ſtill be thy Embleme right,
Whoſe one hand holds a Cup, the other beares a Light.
Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from *Pernaſſus* fall,
Let *Cirrha* ſeeke to her, nor be you leaſt of all,
Yee faire *Beotian Thebes*, and *Theſpia* ſtill to pay
My *Cambridge* all her Rites: *Cirrhea* ſend this way.
O let the thrice-three Maids, their dewes vpon thee raine,
From *Aganippa's* fount, and hoofe-plow'd *Hyppocrene*.
Mount *Pindus*, thou that art the Muſes ſacred place
In *Theſſaly*; and thou, O *Pimpla*, that in *Thrace*
They choſe for their owne hill, then thou *Pernaſſus* hye,
Vpon whoſe by-clift top, the ſacred company
About *Apollo* ſit; and thou O Flood, with theſe
Pure *Hellicon*, belou'd of the *Pierides*.
With *Tempe*, let thy walks, and ſhades, be brought to her,
And all your glorious gifts vpon my Towne conferre.
This ſaid, the louely *Grant* glides eaſ'ly on along,
To meet the mighty *Ouze*, which with her watry throng,
The *Cantabrigian* fields had entred, taking in
Th'in-Iled *Elies* earth, which ſtrongly ſhe doth win
From *Grants* ſoft-neighbouring grounds, when as the fruitfull Ile,
Much wondring at her ſelfe, thought ſurely all this while,
That by her ſilence ſhee had ſuffred too much wrong.
Wherefore in her ſelfe praiſe, loe thus the Iland ſung.
Of all the *Marſhland* Iles, I *Ely* am the Queene:
For Winter each where ſad, in me lookes freſh and greene.
The Horſe, or other beaſt, o'rway'd with his owne maſſe,
Lies wallowing in my Fennes, hid ouer head in graſſe:
Fuell cut out of the earth in ſquares, like Brickes. And in the place where growes ranke Fodder for my Neat;
The Turffe which beares the Hay, is wondrous needfull Peat:
My full and batning earth, needs not the Plowmans paines;
The Rils which runne in me, are like the branched vaines
In humane Bodies ſeene; thoſe Ditches cut by hand,
From the ſurrounding *Meres*, to winne the meaſured land,
To thoſe choyce waters, I moſt fitly may compare,
Wherewith nice women vſe to blanch their Beauties rare.
Famous Ditches, or Water-draughts in the Iſle. Hath there a man beene borne in me, that neuer knew
Of *Waterſey* the *Leame*, or th'other cal'd the *New*.
The *Frithdike* neer'ſt my midſt, and of another ſort,
Who euer fiſh'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make report
Of ſundry *Meres* at hand, vpon my Weſterne way,
As *Ramſey mere*, and *Vg*, with the great *Whittelſey*:

Of the aboundant ſtore of Fiſh and Fowle there bred,
Which whilſt of *Europes* Iles Great *Britaine* is the Head.
No *Meres* ſhall truely tell, in them, then at one draught,
More ſtore of either kinds hath with the Net been caught:
Which though ſome pettie Iles doe challenge them to be
Their owne, yet muſt thoſe Iles likwiſe acknowledge me
Their ſoueraigne. Nor yet let that Iſlet *Ramſey* ſhame,
Although to *Ramſey-Mere* ſhee onely giues the name;
* Nor *Huntingdon*, to me though ſhe extend her grounds,
Twit me that I at all vſurpe vpon her Bounds.
Thoſe *Meres* may well be proud, that I will take them in,
Which otherwiſe perhaps forgotten might haue bin.
Beſides my towred *Phane*, and my rich Citied ſeat,
With Villages, and Dorpes, to make me moſt compleat.
Thus broke ſhe off her ſpeech, when as the Muſe awhile,
Deſirous to repoſe, and reſt her with the Ile,
Here conſumates her Song, and doth freſh courage take,
With warre in the next Booke, the Muſes to awake.

Though *Ely* be in part of *Cambridge* Shire, yet are thoſe *Meres* for the moſt part in *Huntingdon* Shire.

The Towne and Church of *Ely*.

BEDFORDE

SHIRE

Shefforde

Bygleswade

Bedfo

Hatlw

PART
CAMBRID

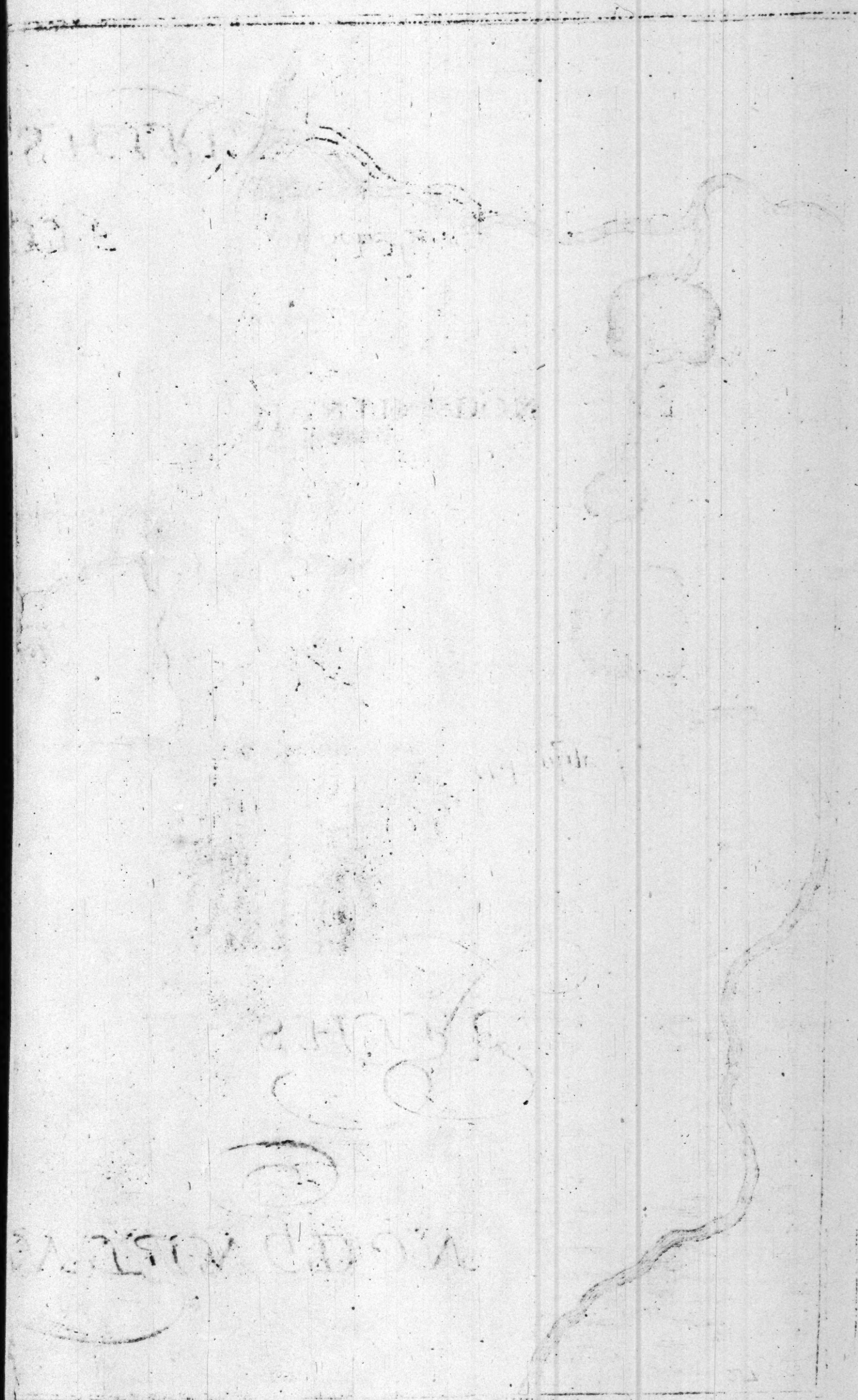
NTINGDON

SHIRE

Wabridge forest

HVNTINGDON

St Ives



The two and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Muſe, Ouze *from her Fountaine brings*
Along by Buckingham, *and ſings:*
The Earth that turneth wood to ſtone,
And t'holy Wells of Harlweſton:
Then ſhewes wherefore the Fates doe grant,
That ſhee the Ciuill warres ſhould chant:
By Huntingdon *ſhee* Waybridge *meetes,*
And thence the German *Ocean greetes.*

INuention as before, thy high-pitcht pinions rouze,
Exactly to ſet downe how the far-wandring *Ouze,*
Through the *Bedfordian* fields deliciouſly doth ſtrain,
As holding on her courſe, by *Huntingdon* againe,
How brauely ſhee her ſelfe betwixt her Bankes doth beare,
E'r *Ely* ſhee in-Ile, a Goddeſſe honored there;
From *Brackley* breaking forth, through ſoiles moſt heauenly ſweet,
By *Buckingham* makes on, and croſſing *Watling-Street,*
Shee with her leſſer *Ouze,* at *Newport* next doth twin,
Which from proud *Chiltern* neere, comes eas'ly ambling in.
The Brooke which on her banke doth boaſt that earth alone:
(Which noted) of this Ile, conuerteth wood to ſtone.
That little *Aſpleyes* earth we anciently inſtile,
Mongſt ſundry other things, A wonder of the Ile:
Of which the leſſer *Ouze* oft boaſteth in her way,
As ſhee her ſelfe with Flowers doth gorgeouſly aray.
Ouze hauing *Outney* paſt, as ſhee were waxed mad,
From her firſt ſtayder courſe immediatly doth gad;
And in Meandred Gyres doth whirle herſelfe about,
That, this way, here, and there, backe, forward, in, and out,
And like a wanton Girle, oft doubling in her gate,
In Labyrinth-like turnes, and twinings intricate,

The Progreſſe of the Riuer of *Ouze* to the *German* Sea.

One of the wonders of this Iland.

After this riuer hath entred *Bedford* Shire, there is ſcarce any Riuer in this Iland, that runneth with ſo many intricate Gyres and turnings as this *Ouze.*

Through thoſe rich fields doth runne, till laſtly in her pride,
The Shires Hoſpitious towne, ſhee in her courſe diuide,
Where ſhee her ſpacious breaſt in glorious bredth diſplayes;
And varying her cleere forme a thouſand ſundry wayes,
Streakes through the verdant Meads; but farre ſhe hath not gone,
When *Ivell* a cleare Nymph from *Shefford* ſallying on,
Comes deftly dauncing in through many a daintie Slade,
Crown'd with a goodly Bridge, arriu'd at *Bickleſwade*,
Encouraged the more her Miſtris to purſue,
In whoſe cleere face the Sunne delights himſelfe to view:
To mixe her ſelfe with *Ouze*, as on ſhe thus doth make,
And louingly at laſt hath hapt to ouertake;
Shee in her Chryſtall Armes her ſoueraigne *Ouze* doth cling,
Which Flood in her Allie, as highly glorying,
Shoots forward to *Saint Neots*, into thoſe nether grounds,
Towards *Huntingdon*, and leaues the lou'd *Bedfordian* bounds.

The holy Springs of *Harlweſton*.

Scarce is ſhe entred yet vpon this ſecond Sheere,
Of which ſhe ſoueraigne is, but that two Fountaines cleere,
At *Harlweſton* neere hand, th'one ſalt, the other ſweet,
At her firſt entrance, thus her greatneſſe gently greet.
Once were we two faire Nymphs, who fortunatly prou'd,
The pleaſures of the Woods, and faithfully belou'd
Of two ſuch *Syluan* gods, by hap that found vs here;
For then their *Syluan* kind moſt highly honoured were,
When this whole Countries face was Forreſty, and we
Liu'd looſely in the Weilds, which now thus peopled be.
Oft interchang'd we ſighs, oft amorous lookes we ſent,
Oft whiſpering our deare loues, our thoughts oft did we vent
Amongſt the ſecret ſhades, oft in the groues did play,
And in our ſports our ioyes, and ſorrowes did bewray.
Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then imbrac't,
Still languiſh'd in deſire, yet liu'd we euer chaſt.
And quoth the ſaltiſh Spring, as one day mine and I,
Set to recount our loues, from his more tender eye
The briniſh teares drop'd downe, on mine impearced breaſt,
And inſtantly therein ſo deeply were impreſt,
That brackiſh I became: he finding me depriu'd
Of former freſhneſſe quite, the cauſe from him deriu'd,
On me beſtow'd this gift, my ſweetneſſe to requite,
That I ſhould euer cure the dimneſſe of the ſight.
And, quoth the freſher Spring, the Wood-god me that woo'd,
As one day by my brim, ſurpriz'd with loue he ſtood,
On me beſtow'd this gift, that euer after I
Should cure the painfull Itch, and lothſome Leproſie.
Held on with this diſcourſe, ſhee on not farre hath runne,
But that ſhee is ariu'd at goodly *Huntingdon*;

Where

Where ſhee no ſooner viewes her darling and delight,
Proud *Portholme*, but became ſo rauiſh'd with the ſight,
That ſhee her limber armes laſciuouſly doth throw
About the Iſlets waſte, who b'ing imbraced ſo,
Her Flowry boſome ſhewes to the inamored Brooke;
On which when as the *Ouze* amazedly doth looke
On her braue Damask'd breaſt, bedeck'd with many a flowre
(That grace this goodly Mead) as though the Spring did powre
Her full aboundance downe, whoſe various dyes ſo thicke,
Are intermixt as they by one another ſticke,
That to the gazing eye that ſtandeth farre, they ſhow
Like thoſe made by the Sunne in the Celeſtiall Bow.
But now t'aduaunce this Flood, the Fates had brought to paſſe,
As ſhee of all the reſt the onely Riuer was:
That but a little while before that fatall warre,
Twixt that diuided Blood of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
Neere *Harleſwood*, aboue in her *Bedfordian* trace,
By keeping backe her ſtreame, for neere three furlongs ſpace,
Laying her Boſome bare vnto the publique view,
Apparantly was prou'd by that which did enſue,
In her Prophetique ſelfe, thoſe troubles to foreſee:
Wherefore (euen as her due) the Deſtinies agree,
Shee ſhould the glory haue our ciuill fights to ſing,
When ſwelling in her bankes, from her aboundant Spring,
Her ſober ſilence ſhee now reſolutely breakes,
In language fitting warre, and thus to purpoſe ſpeakes.
With that moſt fatall field, I will not here begin,
Where Norman *William* firſt the Conqueror, did win
The day at * *Haſtings*, where the valiant *Harold* ſlaine,
Reſign'd his Crowne, whoſe ſoyle the colour doth retaine,
Of th'Engliſh blood there ſhed, as th'earth ſtill kept the skarre:
Which ſince not ours begot, but an inuaſiue warre,
Amongſt our home-fought fields, hath no diſcription here:
In *Normandy* nor that, that ſame day fortie yeare,
That Baſtard *William* brought a Conqueſt on this Ile,
Twixt *Robert* his eld'ſt ſonne, and *Henry*, who the while,
His Brothers warlike tents in *Paleſtine* were pight,
In *England* here vſurp'd his eld'ſt borne brothers right;
Which ſince it forraine was, not ſtrucke within this land,
Amongſt our ciuill fights here numbred ſhall not ſtand.
But *Lincolne* Battell now we as our firſt will lay,
Where *Maud* the Empreſſe ſtood to trie the doubtfull day,
With *Stephen*, when he here had welneere three yeares raign'd,
Where both of them their right couragiouſly maintain'd,
And marſhalling their Troups, the King his perſon put,
Into his well-arm'd Maine, of ſtrong and valiant Foot:

The

A little Iland made by this Riuer, lying neere *Huntingdon*.

Prodigious ſignes fore-running the wars betwixt the houſes of *Lancaſter* and *Yorke* in this Riuer of *Ouze*.

In *Suſſex*, neere the Sea.

The Battell at *Lincolne*.

The Wings that were his Horſe, in th'one of them he plac'd
Young *Alan* that braue Duke of *Britaine*, whom he grac'd
VVith th'Earles of *Norfolke*, and *Northampton*, and with thoſe,
He *Mellent* in that wing, and *Warren* did diſpoſe.
The other no whit leſſe, that this great day might ſted;
The Earle of *Aubemerle*, and valiant *Ipres* led.
The Empreſſe powers again, but in two Squadrons were:
The Vaward *Cheſter* had, and *Glouceſter* the Reare;
Then were there valiant *Welſh*, and deſperate men of ours,
That when ſupplies ſhould want, might reinforce their powers.
The Battels ioyne, as when two aduerſe Seas are daſht
Againſt each others waues, that all the plaines were waſht
With ſhowers of ſweltring blood, that downe the furrowes ran,
Ere it could be diſcern'd which either loſt or wan.
Earle *Baldwin*, and *Fitzvrſe* thoſe valiant Knights, were ſeene
To charge the Empreſſe Horſe, as though dread *Mars* had beene
There in two ſundry ſhapes; the day that beautious was,
Twinckled as when you ſee the Sunne-beames in a glaſſe,
That nimbly being ſtirr'd, flings vp the trembling flame
At once, and on the earth reflects the very ſame.
With their reſplendent ſwords, that gliſtred gainſt the Sunne;
The honour of the day, at length the Empreſſe wonne.
King *Stephen* priſoner was, and with him many a Lord,
The common Souldiers put together to the ſword.

The Battell at Saint *Edmunds Bury*. *Henry* the ſecond.

The next, the Battell neere Saint *Edmundsbury* fought,
By our **Fitz-Empreſſe* force, and *Flemings* hither brought
By th'Earle of *Leiſter*, bent to moue inteſtine ſtrife,
For yong King *Henries* cauſe, crown'd in his fathers life;
Which to his kingly Syre much care and ſorrow bred,
In whoſe defiance then that Earle his Enſignes ſpred,
Back'd by *Hugh Bigots* power, the Earle of *Norfolke* then,
By bringing to his ayd the valiant *Norfolke* men.
Gainſt *Bohun*, *Englands* great high Conſtable that ſwayd
The Royall forces, ioyn'd with *Lucy* for his ayd
Chiefe Iuſtice, and with them the *German* powers, to expell
The Earles of *Cornewall* came, *Gloſter*, and *Arundell*,
From *Bury*, that with them Saint *Edmonds* Banner bring,
Their Battels in aray; both wiſely ordering
The Armies chanc'd to meet vpon the Marſhy ground,
Betwixt Saint *Edmunds* towne, and *Fornham* (fitly found)
The bellowing Drummes beat vp a thunder for the charge,
The Trumpets rend the ayre, the Enſignes let at large,
Like wauing flames farre off, to either hoſte appeare:
The briſtling Pykes doe ſhake, to threat their comming neere;
All clouded in a miſt, they hardly could them view,
So ſhaddowed with the Shafts from either ſide that flew.

The Wings came wheeling in, at ioyning of whoſe forces,
The either part were ſeene to tumble from their horſes,
Which emptie put to rout, are paunch'd with Gleaues and Pyles,
Leſt elſe by running looſe, they might diſranke their Fyles.
The Bilmen come to blowes, that with the cruell thwacks,
The ground lay ſtrew'd with Male, and ſhreds of tatterd Iacks:
The playnes like to a ſhop, lookt each where to behold,
VVhere limbes of mangled men on heaps lay to be ſold;
Sterne diſcontented Warre did neuer yet appeare
With a more threatning brow, then it that time did there.
O *Leiceſter* (alas) in ill time waſt thou wonne
To ayd this graceleſſe youth, the moſt ingratefull ſonne
Againſt his naturall Syre, who crown'd him in his dayes,
VVhoſe ill-requited loue did him much ſorrow raiſe,
As *Le'ſter* by this warre againſt King *Henry* ſhow'd,
Vpon ſo bad a cauſe, O courage ill beſtow'd;
VVho had thy quarrell beene, as thou thy ſelfe was skild
In braue and martiall feats, thou euermore hadſt fild
This Ile with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field:
But *Bigot* and this Lord, inforc'd at length to yeeld
Them to the other part, when on that fatall plaine,
Of th'*Engliſh* and the *Dutch*, ten thouſand men lay ſlaine.
As for the ſecond Fight at *Lincolne*, betwixt thoſe
VVho ſided with the *French*, by ſeeking to depoſe
Henry the ſonne of *Iohn*, then young, and to aduaunce
The *Daulphin Lewes*, ſonne to *Philip* King of *France*,
VVhich *Lincolne* Caſtle, then moſt ſtraightly did beſiege;
And *William Marſhall* Earle of *Pembroke* for his Liege,
(Who led the faithfull Lords) although ſo many there,
Or in the conflict ſlaine, or taken priſoners were;
Yet for but a ſurprize, no field appointed fight,
Mongſt our ſet Battels here, may no way claime a right,
The Field at *Lewes* then, by our third *Henry* fought, The Battell of *Lewes*.
VVho *Edward* his braue ſonne vnto that Conflict brought;
VVith *Richard* then the King of *Almaine*, and his ſonne
Young *Henry*, with ſuch Lords as to his part he wonne,
VVith him their Soueraigne Liege, their liues that durſt engage.
And the rebellious league of the proud Barronage,
By *Symon Mounford* Earle of *Le'ſter* their chiefe Head,
And th'Earle of *Gloſter*, *Clare*, againſt King *Henry* led;
For th'ancient Freedomes here that bound their liues to ſtand,
The Aliens to expulſe, who troubled all the land,
Whilſt for this dreadfull day, their great deſignes were meant;
From *Edward* the young *Prince*, defiances were ſent
To *Mountfords* valiant ſonnes, Lord *Henry*, *Sim*, and *Guy*,
And calling vnto him a Herauld, quoth he, Flie

To th'Earle of *Leiſters* Tents, and publikely proclame
Defiance to his face, and to the *Montfords* name,
And ſay to his proud ſonnes, ſay boldly thus from me;
That if they be the ſame, that they would ſeeme to be,
Now let them in the field be by their Band-roules knowne,
Where as I make no doubt, their valour ſhall be ſhowne.
Which if they dare to doe, and ſtill vphold their pride,
There will we vent our ſpleenes, where ſwords ſhall it decide.
To whom they thus replide, Tell that braue man of Hope,
He ſhall the *Mountfords* find in t'head of all their Troupe,
To anſwere his proud braues; our Bilbowes be as good
As his, our Armes as ſtrong; and he ſhall find our blood
Sold at as deare a rate as his; and if we fall,
Tell him weele hold ſo faſt, his Crowne ſhall goe withall.
The King into three fights his forces doth diuide,
Of which his princely * ſonne the Vaward had to guide:
The ſecond to the King of *Almaine*, and his ſonne,
Young *Henry* he betooke, in the third Legion
Of Knights, and Men of Armes, in perſon he appeares.
Into foure ſeuerall Fights, the deſperate Barons theirs.
I'th firſt thoſe valiant youths, the ſonnes of *Leiſter* came,
Of leading of the which, Lord *Henry* had the name:
The Earle of *Gloſter* brought the ſecond Battell on,
And with him were the Lords *Mountchency*, and *Fitz-Iohn*:
The third wherein alone the *Londoners* were plac'd,
The ſtout Lord *Segraue* led; the greateſt, and the laſt,
Braue *Leiceſter* himſelfe, with courage vndertooke.
The day vpon the hoſt affrightedly doth looke,
To ſee the dreadfull ſhocke, their firſt encounter gaue,
As though it with the rore, the Thunder would out-braue.
Prince *Edward* all in gold, as he great *Ioue* had beene:
The *Mountfords* all in Plumes, like Eſtriges were ſeene,
To beard him to his teeth, toth' worke of death they goe;
The crouds like to a Sea ſeemd wauing to and fro.
Friend falling by his friend, together they expire:
He breath'd, doth charge afreſh; he wounded, doth retyre.
The *Mountfords* with the Prince vye valour all the day,
Which ſhould for Knightly deeds excell, or he, or they,
To them about his head, his gliſtring blade he throwes,
They waft him with their ſwords, as long with equall ſhowes:
Now *Henry*, *Simon* then, and then the youngeſt *Guy*,
Kept by his brothers backe, thus ſtoutly doth reply,
What though I be but young, let death me ouerwhelme,
But I will breake my ſword vpon his plumed helme.
The younger *Bohun* there, to high atchiuements bent,
With whom two other Lords, *Lucy*, and *Haſtings* went,

Which

A he anſwers,

Prince *Edvvard* after called *Edvvard* the firſt.

Which charging but too home, all ſorely wounded were,
VVhom liuing from the field, the Barons ſtroue to beare,
Being on their partie fixd; whilſt ſtill Prince *Edward* ſpurres,
To bring his Forces vp to charge the Londoners,
T'whom cruell hate he bare, and ioyning with their Force,
Of heauy-armed Foot, with his light Northerne Horſe,
He putting them to flight, foure miles in chaſe them ſlew:
But ere he could returne, the conqueſt wholly drew
To the ſtout Barons ſide: his father fled the field,
Into the Abbay there, conſtrained thence to yeeld.
The Lords *Fitz-warren* ſlaine, and *Wilton* that was then
Chiefe Iuſtice (as ſome ſay) with them fiue thouſand men;
And *Bohun* that great Earle of *Her'ford* ouerthrowne,
With *Bardolfe*, *Somery*, *Patſhull*, and *Percie* knowne.
By their Coat-armours then, for Barons, priſoners ta'n;
Though *Henry* ware the Crowne, great *Le'ſter* yet did raigne.
Now for the Conflict next, at *Cheſterfield* that chanc'd
Gainſt *Robert* that proud Earle of *Darby*, who aduanc'd
His Enſignes gainſt the King, (contrary to his oath)
Vpon the Barons part, with the Lord *Deuell*, both
Surpriz'd by *Henry* Prince of *Almain* with his power,
By comming at ſo ſtrange an vnexpected hower:
And taking them vnarmd; ſince meerely a defeat,
With our well-ordered fights, we will not here repeat.
The fatall Battell then at fertile *Euſham* ſtruck, The Battell at *Eusham*.
Though with the ſelfe ſame hands, not with the ſelfe ſame luck:
For both the King and Prince at *Lewes* priſoners taken,
By fortune were not yet ſo vtterly forſaken;
But that the Prince was got from *Le'ſter*, and doth gather
His friends, by force of Armes yet to redeeme his father;
And th'Earle of *Glo'ſter* wonne, who through the *Mountfords* pride
Diſgrac'd, came with his power to the Emperiall ſide.
When now thoſe Lords, which late at *Lewes* wonne the day,
The Sacrament receiu'd, their Armes not downe to lay,
Vntill the King ſhould yeeld th'old Charter to maintaine.
King *Henry* and his ſonne Prince *Edward* ſwore againe,
They would repeale thoſe Lawes that were at *Oxford* made,
Or through this bloody warre to their deſtruction wade.
But ſince the King remain'd in puiſſant *Lei'ſters* power,
The remnant of his friends, whom death did not deuoure
At *Lewes* Battell late, and durſt his part partake.
The Prince excites againe, an Armie vp to make,
Whom *Roger Bigot*, Earle of *Norfolke* doth aſſiſt,
Englands high Marſhall then, and that great Martialiſt,
Old *Henry Bohun*, Earle of *Her'ford*, in this warre,
Gray, *Baſſet*, *and Saint-Iohn*, *Liſle*, *Percie*, *Latimer*,

All Barons, which to him their vtmoſt ſtrengths doe lay,
VVith many a Knight for power their equall euery way;
And *William Valence*, Earle of *Pembroke*, who had fled
From *Lewes* field, to *France*, thence with freſh ſuccour ſped.
Young *Humphrey Bohun* ſtill, doth with great *Le'ſter* goe,
VVho for his Countries cauſe becomes his fathers foe.
Fitz-Iohn, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Roſſe, Segraue, Veſſey, Gifford, Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Haſtings, Clifford.
In that blacke night before his ſad and diſmall day,
VVere apparitions ſtrange, as drad Heauen would bewray
The horrors to enſue, O moſt amazing ſight!
Two Armies in the Ayre, diſcerned were to fight,
VVhich came ſo neere to earth, that in the morne they found
The prints of horſes feet remaining on the ground,
Which came but as a ſhow, the time to entertaine,
Till th'angry Armies ioyn'd, to act the bloody Sceane.
Shrill ſhouts, and deadly cries, each way the ayre do fill,
And not a word was heard from either ſide, but kill:
The father gainſt the ſonne, the brother gainſt the brother,
With Gleaues, Swords, Bills, and Pykes, were murthering one ano-
The full luxurious earth, ſeemes ſurfitted with blood, (ther.
VVhilſt in his Vnckles gore th' vnnaturall Nephew ſtood;
VVhilſt with their charged Staues, the deſperate horſmen meet,
They heare their kinſmen groane vnder their Horſes feet.
Dead men, and weapons broke, doe on the earth abound;
The Drummes bedaſh'd with braines, doe giue a diſmall ſound.
Great *Le'ſter* there expir'd, with *Henry* his braue ſonne,
VVhen many a high exployt they in that day had done.
Scarce was there noble Houſe, of which thoſe times could tell,
But that ſome one thereof, on this, or that ſide fell;
Amongſt the ſlaughtered men, that there lay heap'd on pyles:
Bohuns, and *Beauchamps* were, *Baſets*, and *Mandeviles:*
Segraues, and *Saint-Iohns* ſeeke, vpon the end of all,
To giue thoſe of their names their Chriſtian buriall.
Ten thouſand on both ſides were ta'n and ſlaine that day:
Prince *Edward* gets the gole, and beares the Palme away.

The Conflicts at *Burton* and *Burrough Bridge* in the ſecond Barons warres

All *Edward Long-ſhankes* time, her ciuill warres did ceaſe,
Who ſtroue his Countries bounds by Conqueſt to increaſe.
But in th'inſuing raigne of his moſt riotous ſonne,
As in his fathers dayes, a ſecond warre begun;
When as the ſtubborne heires of the ſtout Barons dead,
Who for their Countries cauſe, their blood at *Euſham* ſhed,
Not able to endure the *Spencers* hatefull pride,
The father and the ſonne, whoſe counſels then did guide
Th'inconſiderate King, conferring all his graces,
On them who got all gifts, and bought and ſold all places,

Them

Them raiſing, to debaſe the Baronage the more
For *Gauaſton*, whom they had put to death before.
Which vrg'd too farre, at length to open Armes they brake,
And for a ſpeedy warre, they vp their powers doe make.
Vpon King *Edwards* part, for this great Action bent,
His brother *Edmund* came, the valiant Earle of *Kent*,
With *Richmount*, *Arundell*, and *Pembroke*, who engage,
Their powers, (three powerfull Earles) againſt the Baronage.
And on the Barons ſide, great maſter of the warre,
Was *Thomas* (of the Blood) the Earle of *Lancaſter*,
With *Henry Bohun*, Earle of *Hereford*, his Peere,
With whom (of great command and Martialiſts) there were
Lyle, *Darcy*, *Denvile*, *Teis*, *Beach*, *Bradburne*, *Bernvile*, *Knovile*,
With *Badleſmer*, and *Bercks*, *Fitz-william*, *Leyburne*, *Louell*,
Tuchet, and *Talbot* ſtout, doe for the Barons ſtand,
Mandute, and *Mowbray*, with great *Clifford* that command
Their Tenants to take Armes, that with their Landlords runne;
With theſe went alſo *Hugh*, and *Henry Willington*;
Redoubted *Damory*, as *Audley*, *Elmesbridge*, *Wither*,
Earles, Barons, Knights, Eſquiers, embodied all together,
At *Burton* vpon *Trent* who hauing gathered head,
Towards them with all his power the King in perſon ſped;
Who at his neere approach (vpon his March) diſcri'd,
That they againſt his power the Bridge had fortifi'd:
Which he by ſtrong aſſault, aſſayes from them to win,
Where as a bloody fight doth inſtantly begin,
When he to beat them off, aſſayes them firſt by ſhot;
And they to make that good, which they before had got,
Defend them with the like, like Hayleſtones from the skie,
From Groſſe-bowes, and the Long, the light-wingd arrowes flie:
But friended with the Flood, the Barons hold their ſtrength,
Forcing the King by Boats, and pyles of wood at length,
T'attempt to land his force vpon the other ſide.
The Barons, that the more his ſtratagems deſide,
Withſtand them in the ſtreame, when as the troubled flood,
(With in a little time) was turned all to blood;
And from the Boats and Bridge, the mangled bodies feld,
The poore affrighted Fiſh, their watry walks expeld.
VVhile at the Bridge the fight ſtill ſtrongly doth abide,
The King had learnt to know, that by a skilfull guide,
He by a Fourd not farre might paſſe his power of Horſe,
VVhich quickly he performes, which draws the Barons force
From the defended Bridge, t'affront th'approching foe,
Imbattelling themſelues, when to the ſhocke they goe,
(On both ſides ſo aſſaild) till th'water, and the ſhore
Of one complexion were, diſtaind with equall gore.

Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driuen from their ground,
That when by their much loſſe, too weake themſelues they found,
Th'afflicted Barons flie, yet ſtill together keepe.
The King his good ſucceſſe, not ſuffring ſo to ſleepe,
Purſues them with his power, which Northward ſtill doe beare;
And ſeldome ſcapes a day, but he doth charge their Reare:
Till come to *Burrough* Bridge, where they too ſoone were ſtaid
By *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of *Carleill*, with freſh ayd
Being lately thither come, King *Edwards* part to take.
The Barons range their fights, ſtill good their ground to make;
But with long Marches tyerd, their wearied breath they draw,
After the deſperat'ſt fight the Sunne yet euer ſaw,
Braue *Bohun* there was ſlaine, and *Lancaſter* forſaken
Of Fortune, is ſurpriz'd; the Barons priſoners taken.

Richard the ſecond, borne at *Burdeux.*

For thoſe Rebellions, Stirres, Commotions, Vprores, here
In *Richard Burdeaux* raigne, that long ſo vſuall were;
As that the firſt by *Straw*, and *Tyler*, with their Rout
Of Rebels brought from *Kent*, moſt inſolent and ſtout,
By entring *London*, thought the the Iland to ſubdue:

Jack Strevv, kild by the Maior of *London* with his dagger.

*The firſt of which, the Maior of *London* brauely ſlew;
Walworth, which wonne his name much honour by the deed:

John Litſtar, a Dyer of *Norvvich.*

As they of *Suffolke* next, thoſe Raſcals that ſucceed,
By * *Litſter* led about, their Captaine who enſtil'd
Himſelfe the Commons King, in hope to haue exil'd
The Gentry from thoſe parts, by thoſe that were his owne,

Henry Spencer, the warlike Biſhop of *Norvvich.*

By that braue Biſhop (then) of *Norwitch* ouerthrowne.
By ſuch vnruly Slaues, and that in *Eſſex* rais'd
By *Thomas* that ſtout Duke of *Glo'ſter*, ſtrongly * ceaz'd,
As that at *Radcot* bridge, where the laſt named Peere,
With foure braue * Earles his friends, encountred *Robert Vere*
Then Duke of *Ireland* cald, by *Richard* ſo created,
And gainſt thoſe Lords maintain'd, whom they moſt deadly hated;
Since they but Garboyles were, in a deformed maſſe,
Not ordered fitting warre, we lightly ouerpaſſe.

At Hatfield.

VVarvvicke, Darby, Arundell, & Nottingham.

The Battell of *Shrevvsbury.*

I chuſe the Battell next of *Shrewsbury* to chant,
Betwixt *Henry* the fourth, the ſonne of *John* of *Gant*,
And the ſtout *Percies*, *Henry Hotſpurre* and his Eame
The Earle of *Wor'ſter*, who the rightfull Diademe
Had from King *Richard* reft, and heau'd vp to his Seat
This *Henry*, whom (too ſoone) they found to be too great,
Him ſeeking to depoſe, and to the Rule preferre
Richards proclaimed Heire, their coſen *Mortimer*,
Whom *Owen Glendour* then in *Wales* a priſoner ſtaid,
Whom to their part they wonne, and thus their plot they laid,
That *Glendour* ſhould haue *Wales*, along as *Seuerne* went,
The *Percies* all the North, that lay beyond the *Trent*;

And *Mortimer* from thence the South to be his ſhare;
Which *Henry* hauing heard, doth for the warre prepare,
And down to *Cheſhire* makes, (where gathering powers they were)
At *Shrewsbury* to meet, and doth affront them there:
With him his peereleſſe ſonne, the princely *Henry* came,
With th'Earle of *Stafford*, and of Gentlemen of name,
Blunt, *Shyrley*, *Clifton*, men that very powerfull were,
VVith *Cockayne*, *Caluerly*, *Maſſy*, and *Mortimer*,
Gauſell, and *Wendſley*, all in Friends and Tenants ſtrong,
Reſorting to the King ſtill as he paſt along;
Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
He with his warlike Sonne, there dub'd his Mayden Knights.
Th'Earle *Dowglaſſe* for this day doth with the *Percies* ſtand,
To whom they *Berwicke* gaue, and in *Northumberland*
Some Seigniories and Holds, if they the Battell got,
Who brought with him to Field full many an angry *Scot*,
At *Holmdon* Battell late that being ouerthrowne,
Now on the King and Prince hop'd to regaine their owne;
With almoſt all the power of *Cheſhire* got together,
By *Venables*, (there great) and *Vernon* muſtred thether.
The Vaward of the King, great *Stafford* tooke to guide.
The Vaward of the Lords vpon the other ſide,
Conſiſted moſt of *Scots*, which ioyning, made ſuch ſpoyle,
As at the firſt conſtrain'd the *Engliſh* to recoyle,
And almoſt brake their Rankes, which when King *Henry* found,
Bringing his Battell vp, to reinforce the ground,
The *Percies* bring vp theirs, againe to make it good.
Thus whilſt the either Hoſt in oppoſition ſtood,
Braue *Dowglaſſe* with his ſpurres, his furious Courſer ſtrake,
His Lance ſet in his reſt, when deſperatly he brake
In, where his eye beheld th'Emperiall Enſigne pight,
Where ſoone it was his chance, vpon the King to light,
Which in his full carreere he from his Courſer threw;
The next *Sir Walter Blunt*, he with three other ſlew,
All armed like the King, which he dead ſure accounted;
But after when hee ſaw the King himſelfe remounted:
This hand of mine, quoth he, foure Kings this day hath ſlaine,
And ſwore out of the earth he thought they ſprang againe,
Or Fate did him defend, at whom he onely aym'd.
When *Henry Hotſpurre*, ſo with his high deeds inflam'd,
Doth ſecond him againe, and through ſuch dangers preſſe,
That *Dowglaſſe* valiant deeds he made to ſeeme the leſſe,
As ſtill the people cryed, *A Percy Eſpirance.*
The King which ſaw then time, or neuer to aduance
His Battell in the Field, which neere from him was worne,
Ayded by that braue Prince, his moſt couragious ſonne,

The high courage of *Dowglaſſe* wan him that addition of *Doughty Dowglaſſe*, which after grew to a Prouerbe.

Who

Who brauely comming on, in hope to giue them chaſe,
It chanc'd he with a ſhaft was wounded in the face;
Whom when out of the fight, his friends would beare away,
He ſtrongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to ſay,
Time neuer ſhall report, Prince *Henry* left the field,
When *Harry Percy* ſtaid, his traytrous ſword to weeld.
Now rage and equall wounds, alike inflame their bloods,
And the maine Battels ioyne, as doe two aduerſe floods
Met in ſome narrow Arme, ſhouldring as they would ſhoue
Each other from their path, or would their bankes remoue.
The King his traytrous foes, before him downe doth hew,
And with his hands that day, neere fortie perſons ſlue:
When conqueſt wholly turnes to his victorious ſide,
His power ſurrounding all, like to a furious tyde;
That *Henry Hotſpurre* dead vpon the cold earth lyes,
Stout *Wor'ſter* taken was, and doughtie *Douglaſſe* flyes.
Fiue thouſand from both parts left dead vpon the ground,
Mongſt whō the kings faſt friend, great *Staffords* coarſe was found;
And all the Knights there dub'd the morning but before,
The euenings Suune beheld there ſweltred in their gore.
Here I at *Bramham More*, the Battell in ſhould bring,
Of which Earle *Percie* had the greateſt managing,
With the Lord *Bardolfe* there, againſt the Counties power,
Faſt cleauing to his friend, euen to his vtmoſt houre:
In *Flanders*, *France*, and *Wales*, who hauing been abroad
To raiſe them preſent powers, intending for a Road
On *England*, for the hate he to King *Henry* bore;
His ſonne and brothers blood augmenting it the more,
Which in his mightie ſpirit ſtill rooted did remaine,
By his too much default, whom he imputed ſlaine
At *Shrewsbury* before, to whom if he had brought
Supplies, (that bloody field, when they ſo brauely fought)
They ſurely it had wonne; for which to make amends,
Being furniſhed with men, amongſt his forraine friends,
By *Scotland* entred here, and with a violent hand
Vpon thoſe Caſtles ceaz'd within *Northumberland*
His Earledome, (which the King, who much his truth did doubt,
Had taken to himſelfe, and put his people out)
Toward *Yorkſhire* comming on, where (ſoone repaid his owne)
At *Bramhams* fatall *More*, was fowly ouerthrowne:
Which though it were indeed a long and mortall fight,
Where many men were maim'd, and many ſlaine outright:
Where that couragious Earle, all hopes there ſeeing paſt,
Amongſt his murthered troups (euen) fought it to the laſt:
Yet for it was atchieu'd by multitudes of men,
Which with *Ralfe Roksby* roſe, the Shreefe of *Yorkſhire* then,

No well proportion'd fight, we of deſcription quit,
Amongſt our famous fields; nor will we here admit
That of that Rakehel *Cades*, and his rebellious crue,
In *Kent* and *Suſſex* raiſd, at *Senok* fight that ſlue
The *Staffords* with their power, that thither him purſu'd,
VVho twice vpon *Black heath*, back'd with the Commons rude,
Incamp'd againſt the King: then goodly *London* tooke,
There ranſoming ſome rich, and vp the priſons broke,
His ſenſuall beaſtly will, for Law that did preferre,
Beheaded the Lord *Say*, then *Englands* Treaſurer,
And forc'd the King to flight, his perſon to ſecure,
The Muſe admits not here, a rabble ſo impure.
But brings that Battell on of that long dreadfull warre,
Of thoſe two Houſes nam'd of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
In faire Saint *Albans* fought, moſt fatally betwixt
Richard then Duke of *Yorke*, and *Henry* cald the ſixt,
For that ill-gotten Crowne, which him his * Grandſire left,
That likewiſe with his life, he from King *Richard* reft,
When vnderhand the Duke doth but promoue his claime,
Who from the elder ſonne, the Duke of *Clarence* came,
For which he raiſed Armes, yet ſeem'd but to abet
The people, to plucke downe the Earle of *Somerſet*,
By whom (as they gaue out) we *Normandy* had loſt,
And yet he was the man that onely rul'd the roaſt.
With *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, (into his faction wonne)
Salsbury and *Warwicke* came, the father and the ſonne;
The *Neuils* nobler name, that haue renown'd ſo farre.
So likewiſe with the King in this great action are,
The Dukes of *Somerſet*, and *Buckingham*, with theſe
Were thrice ſo many Earles, their ſtout accomplices,
As *Pembroke* great in power, and *Stafford* with them ſtand
With *Deuonſhire*, *Dorſet*, *Wilt*, and fierce *Northumberland*,
VVith *Sidley*, *Bernes*, and *Roſſe*; three Barons with the reſt,
VVhen *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, then marching from the weſt;
Towards whom, whilſt with his power King *Henry* forward ſet,
Vnluckily as't hapt, they at *Saint Albans* met;
Where taking vp the Street, the buildings them encloſe,
Where Front doth anſwer Front, & ſtrength doth ſtrength oppoſe;
Whilſt like two mightie walls, they each to other ſtand,
And as one ſinketh downe vnder his enemies hand,
Another thruſting in, his place doth ſtill ſupply,
Betwixt them whilſt on heaps the mangled bodies lie:
The Sraules are ouerthrowne with the vnweldy thruſt,
The windowes with the ſhot, are ſhiuered all to duſt.
The Winters Sleet or Hayle was neuer ſeene ſo thicke,
As on the houſes ſides the bearded arrowes ſticke,

The firſt Battell of *Saint Albans*.

Henry the fourth.

Where

Where *Warwicks* courage firſt moſt Comet-like appeard,
Who with words full of Spirit, his fighting Souldiers cheerd;
And euer as he ſaw the ſlaughter of his men,
He with freſh forces fil'd the places vp agen.
Men brought out of the Marches of *VVales.* The valiant * *Marchmen* thus the battell ſtill maintaine,
That when King *Henry* found on heaps his Souldiers ſlaine,
His great Commanders cals, who when they ſadly ſaw,
The honour of the day would to the *Yorkiſts* draw,
Their perſons they put in, as for the laſt to ſtand;
The Duke of *Somerſet*, *Henry Northumberland*,
Of thoſe braue warlike Earles, the ſecond of that name,
The Earle of *Stafford*, ſonne to th' Duke of *Buckingham*,
And *Iohn* Lord *Clifford* then, which ſhed their noble gore
Vnder the Caſtles ſigne, (of which not long before,
A Prophet bad the Duke of *Somerſet* beware)
With many a valiant Knight, in death that had his ſhare:
So much great *Engliſh* blood, for others lawleſſe guilt,
Vpon ſo little ground before was neuer ſpilt.
Proud *Yorke* hath got the gole, the King of all forſaken,
Into a cottage got, a wofull priſoner taken.
The Battell of *Blore heath.* The Battell of *Blore-heath*, the place doth next ſupply,
Twixt *Richard Neuill*, that great Earle of *Salisbury*,
Who with the Duke of *Yorke*, had at Saint *Albans* late,
That glorious Battell got with vncontrouled Fate:
And *Iames* Lord *Audley* ſtir'd by that reuengefull Queene,
To ſtop him on his way, for the inueterate ſpleene
Shee bare him, for that ſtill he with the *Yorkiſts* held,
Who comming from the North, (by ſundry wrongs compeld
To parley with the King) the Queene that time who lay
In *Staffordſhire*, and thought to ſtop him on his way,
That valiant *Tuchet* ſtir'd, in *Cheſhire* powerfull then,
T'affront him in the field, where *Cheſhire* Gentlemen
Diuided were, th'one part made valiant *Tuchet* ſtrong,
The other with the Earle roſe as he came along,
Incamping both their powers, diuided by a Brooke,
Whereby the prudent Earle, this ſtrong aduantage tooke:
For putting in the field his Army in aray,
Then making as (with ſpeed) he meant to march away,
He caus'd a flight of Shafts to be diſcharged firſt.
The enemy who thought that he had done his worſt,
And cowardly had fled in a diſordred Rout,
Attempt to wade the Brooke, he wheeling (ſoone) about,
Set fiercely on that part, which then were paſſed ouer;
Their Friends then in the Reare, not able to recouer
The other riſing banke, to lend the Vaward ayd.
The Earle who found the plot take right that he had layd,

On thoſe that forward preſt, as thoſe that did recoyle,
As hungry in reuenge, there made a rauenous ſpoyle:
There *Dutton, Dutton* kils; A *Done* doth kill a *Done*;
A *Booth*, a *Booth*; and *Leigh* by *Leigh* is ouerthrowne;
A *Venables*, againſt a *Venables* doth ſtand;
And *Troutbeck* fighteth with a *Troutbeck* hand to hand;
There *Molineux* doth make a *Molineux* to die,
And *Egerton*, the ſtrength of *Egerton* doth trie.
O *Cheſhire* wert thou mad, of thine owne natiue gore
So much vntill this day thou neuer ſhedſt before!
Aboue two thouſand men vpon the earth were throwne,
Of which the greateſt part were naturally thine owne.
The ſtout Lord *Audley* ſlaine, with many a Captaine there;
To *Salsbury* it ſorts the Palme away to beare.

Then faire *Northampton* next, thy Battell place ſhall take, The Battell of *Northampton.*
Which of th'Emperiall warre, the third fought Field doth make,
Twixt *Henry* cald our ſixt, vpon whoſe partie came
His neere and deare Allies, the Dukes of *Buckingham*,
And *Somerſet*, the Earle of *Shrewsbury* of account,
Stout Vicount *Beaumount*, and the yong Lord *Egremount*,
Gainſt *Edward* Earle of *March*, ſonne to the Duke of *Yorke*,
With *Warwicke*, in that warre, who ſet them all at worke,
And *Falkonbridge* with him, not much vnlike the other;
A *Neuill* nobly borne, his puiſant fathers brother,
Who to the *Yorkiſts* claime, had euermore been true,
And valiant *Bourcher*, Earle of *Eſſex*, and of *Eau*.

The King from out the towne, who drew his Foot and Horſe,
As willingly to giue full field-roomth to his Force,
Doth paſſe the Riuer *Nen*, neere where it downe doth runne
From his firſt fountaines head, is neere to *Harſington*,
Aduiſed of a place, by Nature ſtrongly wrought,
Doth there encampe his power: the Earle of *March* who ſought
To prooue by dint of ſword, who ſhould obtaine the day,
From *Tawceſter* traynd on his powers in good aray.
The Vaward *Warwicke* led, (whom no attempt could feare;
The Middle *March* himſelfe, and *Falkonbridge* the Reare.

Now Iuly entred was, and ere the reſtleſſe Sunne,
Three houres aſcent had got, the dreadfull fight begun
By *Warwicke*, who a ſtraight from Vicount *Beaumont* tooke,
Defeating him at firſt, by which hee quickly brooke
In, on th'Emperiall hoſt, which with a furious charge,
He forc'd vpon the field, it ſelfe more to enlarge.
Now *Engliſh* Bowes, and Bills, and Battle-axes walke,
Death vp and downe the field in gaſtly ſort doth ſtalke.
March in the flower of Youth, like *Mars* himſelfe doth beare;
But *Warwicke* as the man, whom Fortune ſeem'd to feare,

Did for him what he would, that whereſoere he goes,
Downe like a furious ſtorme, before him all he throwes:
So *Shrewsbury* againe of *Talbots* valiant ſtraine,
(That fatall Scourge of *France*) as ſtoutly doth maintaine,
The party of the King, ſo princely *Somerſet*,
Whom th'others knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whet,
Beares vp with them againe: by *Somerſet* oppoſd
At laſt King *Henries* hoſt being on three parts encloſd,
Aud ayds ſtill comming in vpon the *Yorkiſts* ſide,
The Summer being then at height of all her pride,
The Husbandman, then hard vpon his Harueſt was:
But yet the cocks of Hay, nor ſwaths of new-ſhorne graſſe,
Strew'd not the Meads ſo thick, as mangled bodies there,
When nothing could be ſeene, but horror euery where:
The River running by *Northampton.* So that vpon the bancks, and in the ſtreame of * *Nen*,
Ten thouſand well reſolu'd, ſtout, natiue Engliſh men
Left breathleſſe, with the reſt great *Buckingham* is ſlaine,
And *Shrewsbury* whoſe loſſe thoſe times did much complaine,
Egremont, and *Beaumont*, both found dead vpon the Field,
The miſerable King, inforc'd againe to yeeld.

The Battell of *VVakefield.* Then *VVakefield* Battell next, we in our Bedroule bring,
Fought by Prince *Edward*, ſonne to that oft-conquered King,
And *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, ſtill ſtrugling for the Crowne,
Whom *Salsbury* aſſiſts, the man with whoſe renowne,
The mouth of Fame ſeem'd fild, there hauing with them then
Some few ſelected *Welſh*, and Southerne Gentlemen:
A handfull to thoſe powers, with which Prince *Edward* came;
Of which amongſt the reſt, the men of nobleſt name,
Were thoſe two great-borne Dukes, which ſtill his right preferre
His coſen *Somerſet*, and princely *Exceſter*,
The Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtill, that on his part ſtucke cloſe:
With thoſe two valiant Peeres, Lord *Clifford*, and Lord *Roſſe*,
Who made their March from *Yorke* to *VVakefield*, on their way
To meet the Duke, who then at *Sandall* Caſtle lay,
Whom at his (very) gate, into the Field they dar'd,
Whoſe long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,
That *March* his valiant ſonne, ſhould to his ſuccours bring.
Wherefore that puiſſant Lord, by ſpeedy muſtring
His Tenants and ſuch friends, as he that time could get,
Fiue thouſand in fiue dayes, in his Battalion ſet
Gainſt their twice doubled ſtrength; nor could the Duke be ſtayd,
Till he might from the South be ſeconded with ayd;
As in his martiall pride, diſdaining his poore foes,
So often vs'd to winne, he neuer thought to loſe.
The Prince, which ſtill prouok'd th'incenſed Duke to fight,
His maine Battalion rang'd in *Sandals* loftie ſight,

In

In which he, and the Dukes, were ſeene in all their pride:
And as *Yorkes* powers ſhould paſſe, he had on either ſide
Two wings in ambuſh laid, which at the place aſſign'd
His Rereward ſhould incloſe, which as a thing diuin'd,
Iuſt caught as he forecaſt; for ſcarſe his armie comes
From the deſcending banks, and that his ratling Drummes
Excites his men to charge; but *Wiltſhire* with his force,
Which were of light-arm'd Foot, and *Roſſe* with his light Horſe,
Came in vpon their backes, as from a mountaine throwne,
In number to the Dukes, by being foure to one.
Euen as a Rout of wolues, when they by chance haue caught
A Beaſt out of the Heard, which long time they haue ſought;
Vpon him all at once couragiouſly doe ſet,
Him by the Dewlaps ſome, ſome by the flanke doe get:
Some climbing to his eares, doe neuer leaue their hold,
Till falling on the ground, they haue him as they would,
With many of his kind, which, when he vs'd to wend,
VVhat with their hornes & hooſes, could then themſelues defend.
Thus on their foes they fell, and downe the *Yorkiſts* fall;
Red Slaughter in her armes encompaſſeth them all.
The firſt of all the fights in this vnnaturall warre,
In which blind Fortune ſmild on wofull *Lancaſter*.
Heere *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, downe beaten, breath'd his laſt, 11.
And *Salsbury* ſo long with conqueſt ſtill that paſt,
Inforced was to yeeld; *Rutland* a younger ſonne
To the deceaſed Duke, as he away would runne,
(A child ſcarſe twelue yeares old) by *Clifford* there ſurpriz'd,
Who whilſt he thought with teares his rage to haue ſuffiz'd,
By him was anſwered thus, Thy father hath ſlaine mine,
And for his blood (young Boy) Ile haue this blood of thine,
And ſtab'd him to the heart: thus the *Lancaſtrians* raigne,
The *Yorkiſt* in the field on heaps together ſlaine.
The Battell at that Croſſe, which to this day doth beare — The Battell at *Mortimers Croſſe*
The great and ancient name of th' *Engliſh Mortimer*,
The next ſhall heare haue place, betwixt that *Edward* fought,
Entitled Earle of *March*, (reuengefully that ſought
To wreake his fathers blood, at *Wakefield* lately ſhed
But then he Duke of *Yorke*, his father being dead)
And *Iaſper Tudor* Earle of *Pembroke*, in this warre,
That ſtood to vnderprop the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Halfe brother to the King, that ſtroue to hold his Crowne,
With *Wiltſhire*, whoſe high proweſſe had brauely beaten downe
The *Yorkiſts* ſwelling pride in that ſucceſſefull warre
At *Wakefield*, whoſe greatſt power of *Welſh* and *Iriſh* are.
The Dukes were *Marchers* moſt, which ſtill ſtucke to him cloſe,
And meeting on the plaine, by that forenamed Croſſe;

As either Generall there for his aduantage found,
(For wiſely they ſurueyd the faſhion of the ground)
They into one maine fight their either Forces make,
When to the Duke of *Yorke* (his ſpirits as to awake)
Three ſonnes at once appear'd, all ſeuerally that ſhone,
Which in a little ſpace were ioyned all in one.
Auſpicious to the Duke, as after it fell out,
Who with the weaker power, (of which he ſeem'd to doubt)
The proud *Lancaſtrian* part had quickly put to chaſe,
Where plainly it ſhould ſeeme, the *Genius* of the place,
The very name of *March* ſhould greatly fauour there,
A Title to this Prince deriu'd from *Mortimer:*
To whom this Trophy rear'd, much honored had the ſoyle.
The *Yorkiſts* here enrich'd with the *Lancaſtrian* ſpoyle,
Are Maſters of the day; foure thouſand being ſlaine,
The moſt of which were thoſe, there ſtanding to maintaine
The title of the King. Where *Owen Tudors* lot
Was to be taken then; who this young Earle begot
On *Katherin* the bright Queene, the fift King *Henries* Bride,
Who too vntimely dead, this *Owen* had affide.
But he a Priſoner then, his ſonne and *Ormond* fled,
At *Hereford* was made the ſhorter by the head;
When this moſt warlike Duke, in honour of that ſigne,
Which of his good ſucceſſe ſo rightly did diuine,
And thankfull to high heauen, which of his cauſe had care,
Three Sunnes for his deuice ſtill in his Enſigne bare.

The ſecond Battell of *Saint Albans.*

Thy ſecond Battell now, *Saint Albans* I record,
Struck twixt Queene *Margrets* power, to ranſome backe her Lord,
Ta'n priſoner at that towne, when there thoſe factions fought,
Whom now the part of *Yorke* had thither with them brought,
Whoſe force conſiſted moſt of Southerne men, being led
By *Thomas Howard* Duke of *Norfolke*, and the head
Of that proud faction then, ſtout *Warwicke* ſtill that ſwayd,
In euery bloody field (the *Yorkiſts* onely ayd)
When eithers power approch'd, and they themſelues had fixt,
Vpon the South and North, the towne them both betwixt,
Which firſt of all to take, the *Yorkiſts* had forecaſt,
Putting their Vaward on, and their beſt Archers plac'd
The Market-ſted about, and them ſo fitly layd,
That when the foe came vp, they with ſuch terror playd
Vpon them in the Front, as forc'd them to retreit.
The Northerne mad with rage vpon the firſt defeat,
Yet put for it againe, to enter from the North,
Which when great *Warwicke* heard, he ſent his Vaward forth,
T'oppoſe them in what place ſo ere they made their ſtand,
Where in too fit a ground, a Heath too neere at hand,

Adioyning

Adioyning to the towne, vnluckily they light,
Where preſently began a fierce and deadly fight.
But thoſe of *Warwicks* part, which ſcarce foure thouſand were,
To th' Vaward of the Queenes, that ſtood ſo ſtoutly there,
Though ſtill with freſh ſupplies from her maine Battell fed;
When they their courage ſaw ſo little them to ſted,
Deluded by the long expectance of their ayd,
By paſſages too ſtraight, and cloſe ambuſhments ſtayd:
Their ſuccours that forſlow'd, to flight themſelues betake,
When after them againe, ſuch ſpeed the Northerne make,
Being followed with the force of their maine Battell ſtrong,
That this diſordred Rout, theſe breathleſſe men among,
They entred *Warwicks* Hoſte, which with ſuch horrour ſtrooke
The Southerne, that each man began about to looke
A way how to eſcape, that when great *Norfolke* cri'd,
Now as you fauour *Yorke*, and his iuſt cauſe, abide.
And *Warwicke* in the Front euen offred to haue ſtood,
Yet neither of them both, ſhould they haue ſpent their blood,
Could make a man to ſtay, or looke vpon a foe:
Where Fortune it ſhould ſeeme, to *Warwicke* meant to ſhow,
That ſhee this tide of his could turne, when ere ſhe would.
Thus when they ſaw the day was for ſo little ſould;
The King, which (for their ends) they to the field had brought,
Behind them there they leaue, but as a thing of naught,
Which ſeru'd them to no vſe: who when his Queene and ſonne,
There found in *Norfolkes* tent, the Battell being done,
With many a ioyfull teare, each other they imbrace;
And whilſt blind Fortune look'd with ſo well pleas'd a face:
Their ſwords with the warme blood of *Yorkiſts* ſo inbrude,
Their foes but lately fled, couragiouſly purſude.

Now followeth that blacke Sceane, borne vp ſo wondrous hie, The Battell of *Towton.*
That but a poore dumbe ſhew before a Tragedie,
The former Battels fought, haue ſeem'd to this to be;
O *Towton*, let the blood Palme-Sunday ſpent on thee,
Affright the future times, when they the Muſe ſhall heare,
Deliuer it ſo to them; and let the aſhes there
Of fortie thouſand men, in that long quarrell ſlaine,
Ariſe out of the earth, as they would liue againe,
To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were wrought
In that moſt fatall field, (with various fortunes fought)
Twixt *Edward* Duke of *Yorke*, then late proclaimed King,
Fourth of that royall name, and him accompanying,
The *Nevills*, (of that warre maintaining ſtill the ſtreame)
Great *Warwicke*, and with him his moſt couragious Eame,
Stout *Falconbridge*, the third, a firebrand like the other,
Of *Salisbury* ſurnam'd, that *Warwicks* baſtard brother.

Lord

Lord *Fitzwater*, who ſtill the *Yorkiſts* power aſſiſts,
Blount, *Vvenlock*, *Dinham*, Knights approued Martialiſts.
And *Henry* the late King, to whom they ſtill durſt ſtand,
His true as powerfull friend, the great *Northumberland*,
VVith *VVeſtmerland*, his claime who euer did preferre
His kinſman *Somerſet*, his coſen *Exceſter*,
Dukes of the Royall line, his faithfull friends that were,
And little leſſe then thoſe, the Earle of *Deuonſhire*,
Th'Lord *Dacres*, and Lord *VVels*, both wiſe and warlike wights,
With him of great command, *Neuill* and *Trolop*, Knights.
Both armies then on foot, and on their way ſet forth,
King *Edward* from the South, King *Henry* from the North.
The later crowned King doth preparation make,
From *Pomfret* (where he lay) the paſſage firſt to take
O'r *Aier* at *Ferybridge*, and for that ſeruice ſends
A moſt ſelected troupe of his well-choſen friends,
To make that paſſage good, when inſtantly began
The dire and ominous ſignes, the ſlaughter that foreran.
For valiant *Clifford* there, himſelfe ſo brauely quit,
That comming to the Bridge (ere they could ſtrengthen it)
From the *Lancaſtrian* power, with his light troupe of Horſe,
And early in the morne defeating of their force,
The Lord *Fitzwater* ſlew, and that braue Baſtard ſonne
Of *Salsbury*, themſelues who into danger runne:
For being in their beds, ſuſpecting nought at all;
But hearing ſudden noyſe, ſuppos'd ſome broyle to fall
Mongſt their miſgouern'd troups, vnarmed ruſhing out,
By *Cliffords* Souldiers ſoone incompaſſed about,
Were miſerably ſlaine: which when great *Warwicke* heares,
As he had felt his heart tranſperſed through his eares,
To *Edward* mad with rage, imediatly he goes,
And with diſtracted eyes, in moſt ſterne manner ſhowes
The ſlaughter of thoſe Lords; this day alone, quoth he,
Our vtter ruine ſhall, or our ſure riſing be.
When ſoone before the Hoſt, his glittering ſword he drew,
And with relentleſſe hands his ſprighly Courſer ſlew.
Then ſtand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not to flie;
This day ſhall *Edward* winne, or here ſhall *VVarwicke* die.
Which words by *VVarwicke* ſpoke, ſo deeply ſeem'd to ſting
The much diſtempered breaſt of that couragious King,
That ſtraight he made proclaim'd, that euery fainting heart,
From his reſolued hoſt had lice[illegible]e to depart:
And thoſe that would abide the hazard of the fight,
Rewards and titles due to their deſerued right:
And that no man, that day, a priſoner there ſhould take;
For this the vpſhot was, that all muſt marre or make.

A hun-

A hundred thouſand men in both the Armies ſtood,
That natiue Engliſh were: O worthy of your Blood
What conqueſt had there been? But Enſignes flie at large,
And trumpets euery way ſound to the dreadfull charge.
Vpon the *Yorkiſts* part, there flew the irefull Beare:
On the *Lancaſtrian* ſide, the Creſſant wauing there.
The Southerne on this ſide, for *Yorke* a *Warwicke* crie,
A *Percy* for the right, the Northerne men reply.
The two maine Battels ioyne, the foure large Wings doe meet;
What with the ſhouts of men, and noyſe of horſes feet,
Hell through the troubled earth, her horrour ſeem'd to breath;
A thunder heard aboue, an earth-quake felt beneath:
As when the Euening is with darkneſſe ouerſpread,
Her Star-befreckled face with Clouds inuelloped,
You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning flie,
VVhich ſuddenly againe, but turning of your eye,
Is vaniſhed away, or doth ſo ſwiftly glide,
That with a trice it touch't'Horizons either ſide;
So through the ſmoke of duſt, from wayes, and fallowes raiſd,
And breath of horſe and men, that both together ceaſd
The ayre one euery part, ſent by the glimmering Sunne,
The ſplendor of their Armes doth by reflection runne:
Till heapes of dying men, and thoſe already dead,
Much hindred them would charge, and letted them that fled.
Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage ſo farre extends,
That ſullen night begins, before their fury ends.
Ten howers this fight endur'd, whilſt ſtill with murthering hands,
Expecting the next morne, the weak'ſt vnconquered ſtands;
Which was no ſooner come, but both begin againe
To wrecke their friends deare blood, the former euening ſlaine.
New Battels are begun, new fights that newly wound,
Till the *Lancaſtrian* part, by their much leſning found
Their long expected hopes were vtterly forlorne,
When laſtly to the foe, their recreant backs they turne.
Thy Channell then, O * *Cock*, was filld vp with the dead,
Of the *Lancaſtrian* ſide, that from the *Yorkiſts* fled,
That thoſe of *Edwards* part, that had the Reare in chaſe,
As though vpon a Bridge, did on their bodies paſſe.
That *Wharfe* to whoſe large banks thou contribut'ſt thy ſtore,
Had her more Chriſtall face diſcoloured with the gore
Of fortie thouſand men, that vp the number made,
Northumberland the great, and *Weſtmerland* there layd
Their bodies: valiant *Wels*, and *Dacres* there doe leaue
Their carkaſes, (whoſe hope too long) did them deceiue.
Trolop and *Neuill* found maſſacred in the field,
The Earle of *VViltſhire* forc'd to the ſterne foe to yeeld.

A little Riuilet neere to *Touuton*, running into *VVharfe*.

King

King *Henry* from fayre *Yorke*, vpon this ſad miſchance
To *Scotland* fled, the Queene ſayld ouer into *France*,
The Duke of *Somerſet*, and *Exceſter* doe flie,
The reſt vpon the earth together breathleſſe lie.

The Battell at *Hexam*.

Muſe, turne thee now to tell the Field at *Hexam* ſtruck,
Vpon the *Yorkiſts* part, with the moſt proſp'rous luck
Of any yet before, where to themſelues they gain'd
Moſt ſafetie, yet their powers leaſt damage there ſuſtain'd,
Twixt *Iohn* Lord *Mountacute*, that *Neuill*, who to ſtand
For *Edward*, gathered had out of *Northumberland*
A ſort of valiant men, conſiſting moſt of Horſe,
Which were againe ſuppli'd with a moſt puiſant force,
Sent thither from the South, and by King *Edward* brought
In perſon downe to *Yorke*, to ayd if that in ought
His Generall ſhould haue need, for that he durſt not truſt
The Northerne, which ſo oft to him had been vniuſt:
Whilſt he himſelfe at *Yorke*, a ſecond power doth hold,
To heare in this rough warre, what the *Lancaſtrians* would.
And *Henry* with his Queene, who to their powers had got,
The liuely daring *French*, and the light hardy *Scot*,
To enter with them here, and to their part doe get,
Their faithfull lou'd Allie, the Duke of *Somerſet*,
And Sir *Ralfe Percie*, then moſt powerfull in thoſe parts,
Who had beene reconcil'd to *Edward*, but their hearts
Still with King *Henry* ſtay'd, to him and euer true,
To whom by this reuolt, they many Northerne drew:
Sir *William Taylboys*, (cald of moſt) the Earle of *Kime*,
With *Hungerford*, and *Roſſe*, and *Mullins*, of that time
Barons of high account, with *Neuill*, *Tunſtall*, *Gray*,
Huſſy, and *Finderne*, Knights, men bearing mighty ſway.
As forward with his force, braue *Mountacute* was ſet,
It hap'd vpon his way at *Hegly More* he met
With *Hungerford*, and *Roſſe*, and Sir *Ralph Percy*, where,
In ſigne of good ſucceſſe (as certainly it were)
They and their vtmoſt force were quickly put to ſlight;
Yet *Percy* as he was a moſt couragious Knight,
Ne'r boudg'd till his laſt breath, but in the field was ſlaine.
Proud of this firſt defeat, then marching forth againe,
Towards *Liuells*, a large Waſte, which other plaines out-braues,
Whoſe Verge freſh **Dowell* ſtill is watring with her waues,

A little Riuer neere *Hexam*.

Whereas his poſting Scouts, King *Henries* power diſcri'd,
Tow'rds whom with ſpeedy march, this valiant Generall hied,
Whoſe haſte there likewiſe had ſuch proſperous euent,
That luckleſſe *Henry* yet, had ſcarcely cleer'd his Tent,
His Captaines hardly ſet his Battels, nor enlarg'd
Their Squadrons on the field, but this great *Neuill* charg'd:

Long

Long was this doubtfull fight on either ſide maintain'd,
That riſing whilſt this falls, this looſing whilſt that gain'd:
The ground which this part got, and there as Conquerors ſtood,
The other quickly gaine, and firmely make it good,
To either as blind Chance, her fauors will diſpoſe;
So to this part it eb'd, and to that ſide it flowes.
At laſt, till whether 'twere that ſad and horrid ſight,
At *Saxton* that yet did their fainting ſpirits affright,
With doubt of ſecond loſſe, and ſlaughter, or the ayd
That *Mountacute* receau'd; King *Henries* power diſmayd:
And giuing vp the day, diſhonourably fled,
Whom with ſo violent ſpeed the *Yorkiſts* followed,
That had not *Henry* ſpur'd, and had a Courſer ſwift,
Beſides a skilfull guide, through woods and hilles to ſhift,
He ſure had been ſurpriz'd, as they his Hench-men tooke,
With whom they found his Helme; with moſt diſaſtrous lucke,
To ſaue themſelues by flight, ne'r more did any ſtriue,
And yet ſo many men ne'r taken were aliue.

Now *Banbury* we come thy Battell to report,
And ſhow th'efficient cauſe, as in what wondrous ſort
Great *Warwicke* was wrought in to the *Lancaſtrian* part,
When as that wanton King ſo vex'd his mightie heart:
Whilſt in the Court of *France*, that Warriour he beſtow'd,
(As potent here at home, as powerfull elſe abroad)
A marriage to intreat with *Bona* bright and ſheene,
Of the *Sauoyan* Blood, and ſiſter to the Queene,
Which whilſt this noble Earle negotiated there,
The widdow Lady *Gray*, the King eſpouſed here.
By which the noble Earle in *France* who was diſgrac'd,
(In *England* his reuenge doth but too quickly haſt)
T'excite the Northerne men doth ſecretly begin,
(With whom he powerfull was) to riſe, that comming in,
He might put in his hand, (which onely he deſir'd)
Which riſing before *Yorke* were likely to haue fierd
The Citie, but repuls'd, and *Holdorn* them that led,
Being taken, for the cauſe made ſhorter by the head.
Yet would not they diſiſt, but to their Captaines drew
Henry the valiant ſonne of *Iohn* the Lord *Fitz-Hugh*,
With *Coniers* that braue Knight, whoſe valour they preferre,
With *Henry Neuill*, ſonne to the Lord *Latimer*,
By whoſe Allies and friends, they euery day grew ſtrong,
And ſo in proud aray tow'rds *London* march along.
Which when King *Edward* ſaw the world began to ſide
With *Warwicke*, till himſelfe he might of power prouide,
To noble *Pembroke* ſends, thoſe Rebels to withſtand.
Six thouſand valiant *Welſh*, who muſtring out of hand,

The Battell of *Banbury*.

The Citie of *Yorke* like to haue bin fired by *Warwicks* faction.

By *Richard Harberts* ayd, his brother them doth bring,
And for their greater ſtrength (appointed by the King)
Th'Lord *Stafford* (of his houſe) of *Powick* named then,
Eight hundred Archers brought, the moſt ſelected men
The Marches could make out: theſe hauing *Seuerne* croſt,
And vp to *Cotſwould* clome, they heard the Northern hoſt,
Being at *Northampton* then, it ſelfe tow'rds *Warwicke* wayd,
When with a ſpeedy march, the *Harberts* that forlayd
Their paſſage, charg'd their Reare with neere two thouſand horſe,
That the *Lancaſtrian* part ſuſpecting all their force
Had followed them againe, their armie bring about,
Both with ſuch ſpeed and skill, that e're the *Welſh* got out,
By hauing charg'd too farre, ſome of their Vaward loſt,
Beat to their armie backe; thus as theſe Legions coaſt,
On *Danemore* they are met, indifferent for this warre,
Whereas three eaſie hils that ſtand Trianguler,
Small *Edgcoat* ouerlooke; on that vpon the Weſt
The *Welſh* encampe themſelues; the Northerne them poſſeſt
Of that vpon the South, whilſt, (by warres ſtrange euent)
Yong *Neuill*, who would braue the *Harberts* in their Tent,
Leading a troupe of Youth, (vpon that fatall plaine)
Was taken by the *VVelſh*, and miſerably ſlaine;
Of whoſe vntimely death, his friends the next day tooke
A terrible reuenge, when *Stafford* there forſooke
The army of the *Welſh*, and with his Archers bad
Them fight that would for him; for that proud *Pembroke* had
Diſplac'd him of his Inne, in *Banbury* where he
His Paramore had lodg'd; where ſince he might not be,
He backward ſhapes his courſe, and leaues the *Harberts* there,
T'abide the brunt of all: with outcries euery where
The clamorous Drummes & Fifes to the rough charge do ſound,
Together horſe and man come tumbling to the ground:
Then limbs like boughs were lop'd, from ſhoulders armes doe flie;
They fight as none could ſcape, yet ſcape as none could die.
The ruffling Northern Lads, and the ſtout Welſhmen tri'd it;
Then Head-pieces hold out, or braines muſt ſore abide it.
The Northern men Saint *George* for *Lancaſter* doe crie:
A *Pembroke* for the King, the luſtie *VVelſh* replie;
When many a gallant youth doth deſperatly aſſay,
To doe ſome thing that might be worthy of the day:
Where *Richard Harbert* beares into the Northern preaſe,
And with his Poleaxe makes his way with ſuch ſucceſſe,
That breaking through the Rankes, he their maine Battell paſt,
And quit it ſo againe, that many ſtood aghaſt,
That from the higher ground beheld him wade the crowd,
As often ye behold in tempeſts rough and proud,

O'rtaken

O'rtaken with a ſtorme, ſome Shell or little Crea,
Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working Sea,
Seemes now as ſwallowed vp, then floating light and free
O'th top of ſome high waue; then thinke that you it ſee
Quite ſunke beneath that waſte of waters, yet doth cleere
The Maine, and ſafely gets ſome Creeke or Harbor neere:
So *Harbert* cleer'd their Hoſt; but ſee th'euent of warre,
Some Spialls on the hill diſcerned had from farre
Another Armie come to ayd the Northerne ſide,
When they which *Claphams* craft ſo quickly not eſpide,
Who with fiue hundred men about *Northampton* raiſd,
All diſcontented ſpirits, with *Edwards* rule diſpleaſd,
Diſplaying in the field great *Warwicks* dreaded Beare:
The *Welſh* who thought the Earle in perſon had been there,
Leading a greater power (diſheartened) turne the backe
Before the Northerne hoſt, that quickly goe to wracke.
Fiue thouſand valiant *VVelſh* are in chaſe o'rthrowne,
Which but an houre before had thought the day their owne.
Their Leaders (in the flight) the high-borne *Harberts* t'ane,
At *Banbury* muſt pay for *Henry Neuill* ſlaine.

Now *Stamford* in due courſe, the Muſe doth come to tell,
Of thine owne named field, what in the fight befell,
Betwixt braue youthfull *Wells*, from *Lincolnſhire* that led
Neere twentie thouſand men, tow'rd *London* making head,
Againſt the *Yorkiſts* power, great *VVarwicke* to abet,
Who with a puiſant force prepared forth to ſet,
To ioyne with him in Armes, and ioyntly take their chance.
And *Edward* with his friends, who likewiſe doe aduance
His forces, to refell that deſperate daring foe;
Who for he durſt himſelfe in open Armes to ſhow,
Nor at his dread command them downe againe would lay.
His father the Lord *Wells*, who he ſuppos'd might ſway
His ſo outragious ſonne, with his lou'd law-made brother,
Sir *Thomas Dymock*, thought too much to rule the other,
He ſtrangely did to die, which ſo incens'd the ſpleene
Of this couragious youth, that he to wreake his teene
Vpon the cruell King, doth euery way excite
Him to an equall field, that com'n where they might ſmite
The Battell: on this plaine it chanc'd their Armies met:
They rang'd their ſeuerall fights, which once in order ſet,
The loudly-brawling Drummes, which ſeemed to haue feard
The trembling ayre at firſt, ſoone after were not heard,
For out-cries, ſhreekes, and ſhowts, whilſt noyſe doth noyſe con-
No accents touch the eare, but ſuch as death doe ſound: (found.
In thirſting for reuenge, whilſt fury them doth guide:
As ſlaughter ſeemes by turnes to ſeaſe on either ſide.

The Battell of *Stamford*, or *Looſe-coat* field.

The Southerne expert were, in all to warre belong,
And exerciſe their skill, the Marchmen ſtout and ſtrong,
Which to the Battell ſticke, and if they make retreat,
Yet comming on againe, the foe they backe doe beat,
And *Wels* for *Warwicke* crie, and for the rightfull Crowne;
The other call a *Yorke*, to beat the Rebels downe:
The worſt that warre could doe, on either ſide ſhe ſhowes,
Or by the force of Bils, or by the ſtrength of Bowes;
But ſtill by freſh ſupplies, the *Yorkiſts* power encreaſe:
And *Wels*, who ſees his troups ſo ouerborne with preaſe,
By hazarding too farre into the boyſtrous throng,
Incouraging his men the aduerſe troupes among,
With many a mortall wound, his wearied breath expir'd:
Which ſooner knowne to his, then his firſt hopes deſir'd,
Ten thouſand on the earth before them lying ſlaine,
No hope left to repaire their ruin'd ſtate againe,
Caſt off their Countries coats, to haſt their ſpeed away,
(Of them) which *Looſe-coat* field is cald (euen) to this day.

The Battell of *Barnet*.

Since needſly I muſt ſticke vpon my former text,
The bloody Battell fought, at *Barnet* followeth next,
Twixt *Edward*, who before he ſetled was to raigne,
By *VVarwicke* hence expuls'd; but here ariu'd againe,
From *Burgundy*, brought in munition, men and pay,
And all things fit for warre, expecting yet a day.

George Duke of *Clarence*.

Whoſe brother * *George* came in, with *VVarwicke* that had ſtood,
Whom nature wrought at length t'adhere to his owne blood:
His brother *Richard* Duke of *Gloſter*, and his friend;
Lord *Haſtings*, who to him their vtmoſt powers extend;
And *VVarwick*, whoſe great heart ſo mortall hatred bore
To *Edward*, that by all the Sacraments he ſwore,
Not to lay downe his Armes, vntill his ſword had rac'd,
That proud King from his Seat, that ſo had him diſgrac'd:
And Marqueſſe *Mountacute*, his brother, that braue ſtem
Of *Neuils* noble Stock, who ioyned had to them,
The Dukes of *Somerſet*, and *Exceſter*, and take
The Earle of *Oxford* in; the Armies forward make,
And meeting on the plaine, to *Barnet* very neere,
That to this very day, is called *Gladmore* there.
Duke *Richard* to the field, doth *Edwards* Vaward bring;
And in the middle came that moſt couragious King,
With *Clarence* his reclaim'd, and brother then moſt deare;
His friend Lord *Haſtings* had the guiding of the Reare,
(A man of whom the King moſt highly did repute.)
On puiſant *Warwicks* part, the Marqueſſe *Mountacute*
His brother, and his friend the Earle of *Oxford* led
The right wing; and the left which moſt that day might ſted,

The Duke of *Exceſter*; and he himſelfe doe guide
The middle fight (which was the Armies onely pride)
Of Archers moſt approu'd, the beſt that he could get,
Directed by his friend, the Duke of *Somerſet*.
O Sabboth ill beſtow'd, O drery *Eaſter* day,
In which (as ſome ſuppoſe) the Sunne doth vſe to play,
In honour of that God for ſinfull man that dy'd,
And roſe on that third day, that Sunne which now doth hide
His face in foggy miſts; nor was that morning ſeene,
So that the ſpace of ground thoſe angry hoſts betweene,
Was ouerſhadowed quite with darkneſſe, which ſo caſt
The armies on both ſides, that they each other paſt,
Before they could perceiue aduantage, where to fight;
Beſides the enuious miſt ſo much deceiu'd their ſight,
That where eight hundred men, which valiant *Oxford* brought,
Ware Comets on their coats: great *Warwicks* force which thought
They had King *Edwards* beene, which ſo with Sunnes were dreſt,
Firſt made their ſhot at them, who by their friends diſtreſt,
Conſtrayned were to flie, being ſcattered here and there.
But when this direfull day at laſt began to cleere,
King *Edward* then beholds that height of his firſt hopes,
Whoſe preſence gaue freſh life to his oft-fainting troupes,
Prepar'd to ſcourge his pride, there daring to defie
His mercie, to the hoſt proclaiming publikely
His hatefull breach of faith, his periury, and ſhame,
And what might make him vile; ſo *VVarwicke* heard that name
Of *Yorke*, which in the field he had ſo oft aduanc'd,
And to that glorious height, and greatneſſe had inhanc'd,
Then cried againſt his power, by thoſe which oft had fled,
Their ſwift purſuing foe, by him not brauely led,
Vpon the enemies backe, their ſwords bath'd in the gore
Of thoſe from whom they ran, like heartleſſe men before,
Which *Warwicks* nobler name iniuriouſly defide,
Euen as the irefull hoſt then ioyned ſide to ſide.
Where cruell *Richard* charg'd the Earles maine battell, when
Proud *Somerſet* therein, with his approoued men
Stood ſtoutly to the ſhocke, and flang out ſuch a flight
Of ſhafts, as welneere ſeem'd t'eclipſe the welcom'd light,
Which forc'd them to fall off, on whoſe retreit againe,
That great Battalion next approcheth the fayre plaine,
Wherein the King himſelfe in perſon was to trie,
Proud *VVarwicks* vtmoſt ſtrength: when *Warwicke* by and by,
With his left wing came vp, and charg'd ſo home and round,
That had not his light horſe by diſuantagious ground
Been hindred, he had ſtrucke the heart of *Edwards* hoſt:
But finding his defeat, his enterpriſe ſo loſt,

He

He his ſwift Currers ſends, to will his valiant brother,
And *Oxford*, in command being equall to the other,
To charge with the right wing, who brauely vp doe beare;
But *Haſtings* that before raught thither with his Reare,
And with King *Edward* ioynd, the hoſt too ſtrongly arm'd.
When euery part with ſpoyle, with rape, with fury charm'd,
Are prodigall of blood, that ſlaughter ſeemes to ſwill
It ſelfe in humane gore, and euery one cries kill.
So doubtfull and ſo long the battell doth abide,
That thoſe, which to and fro, twixt that and *London* ride,
That *Warwicke* winnes the day for certaine newes doe bring,
Thoſe following them againe, ſayd certainly the King,
Vntill great *VVarwicke* found his armie had the worſe,
And ſore began to faint, alighting from his horſe,
In with the formoſt puts, and wades into the throng;
And where he ſaw death ſtern'ſt, the murthered troupes among,
He ventures, as the Sunne in a tempeſtuous day,
With darkneſſe threatned long, yet ſometimes doth diſplay
His cheerefull beames, which ſcarce appeare to the cleere eye,
But ſuddenly the clouds, which on the winds doe flie,
Doe muffle him againe within them, till at length,
The ſtorme (preuailing ſtill with an vnuſuall ſtrength)
His cleereneſſe quite doth cloſe, and ſhut him vp in night:
So mightie *Warwicke* fares in this outragious fight.
The cruell Lyons thus incloſe the dreaded Beare,
Whilſt *Montacute*, who ſtriues (if any helpe there were)
To reſcue his belou'd and valiant brother, fell:
The loſſe of two ſuch ſpirits at once, time ſhall not tell;
The Duke of *Somerſet*, and th'Earle of *Oxford* fled,
And *Exceſter* being left for one amongſt the dead,
At length recouering life, by night eſcap'd away,
Yorke neuer ſafely ſat, till this victorious day.
Thus Fortune to his end this mightie *Warwicke* brings
This puiſant ſetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings.
He who thoſe battels wonne, which ſo much blood had coſt,
At *Barnets* fatall fight, both Life and Fortune loſt.

The Battell at *Tevvxbury.*

Now *Tewksbury* it reſts, thy ſtorry to relate,
Thy ſad and dreadfull fight, and that moſt direfull Fate
Of the *Lancaſtrian* Line, which hapned on that day,
Fourth of that fatall Month, that ſtill-remembred *May*:
Twixt *Edmund* that braue Duke of *Somerſet*, who fled
From *Barnets* bloody field, (againe there gathering head)
And Marqueſſe *Dorſet* bound in blood to ayd him there,
With *Thomas Courtney* Earle of powerfull *Deuonſhire*:
With whom King *Henries* ſonne, young *Edward* there was ſeene,
To claime his doubtleſſe right, with that vndaunted Queene

His

His mother, who from *France* with ſuccours came on land
That day, when *Warwicke* fell at *Barnet*, which now ſtand,
Their fortune yet to trie, vpon a ſecond fight.
And *Edward* who imploy'd the vtmoſt of his might,
The poore *Lancaſtrian* part (which he doth eas'ly feele,
By *Warwicks* mightie fall, already faintly reele)
By Battell to ſubuert, and to extirpe the Line;
And for the preſent act, his army doth aſſigne
To thoſe at *Barnet* field ſo luckily that ſped;
As *Richard* late did there, he here the Vaward led,
The Maine the King himſelfe, and *Clarence* tooke to guide;
The Rearward as before by *Haſtings* was ſupplide.
The Army of the Queene, into three Battels caſt,
The firſt of which the Duke of *Somerſet*, and (faſt
To him) his brother *Iohn* doe happily diſpoſe;
The ſecond, which the Prince for his owne ſafety choſe
The Barons of *Saint Iohn*, and *Wenlocke*; and the third,
To *Courtney* that braue Earle of *Deuonſhire* referd.
Where in a ſpacious field they ſet their Armies downe;
Behind, hard at their backes, the Abbey, and the Towne,
To whom their foe muſt come, by often banks and ſteepe,
Through quickſet narrow Lanes, cut out with ditches deepe,
Repulſing *Edwards* power, conſtraining him to prooue
By thundring Cannon ſhot, and Culuering to remooue
Them from that choſen ground, ſo tedious to aſſayle;
And with the ſhot came ſhafts, like ſtormy ſhowres of Hayle:
The like they ſent againe, which beat the other ſore,
Who with the Ordnance ſtroue the *Yorkiſts* to outrore,
And ſtill make good their ground, that whilſt the Peeces play,
The *Yorkiſts* haſting ſtill to hand-blowes, doe aſſay,
In ſtrong and boyſtrous crowds to ſcale the combrous Dykes;
But beaten downe with Bills, with Poleaxes, and Pykes,
Are forced to fall off; when *Richard* there that led
The Vaward, ſaw their ſtrength ſo little them to ſted,
As he a Captaine was, both politique and good,
The ſtratagems of warre, that rightly vnderſtood,
Doth ſeeme as from the field his forces to withdraw.
His ſudden, ſtrange retire, proud *Somerſet* that ſaw,
(A man of haughtie ſpirit, in honour moſt preciſe;
In action yet farre more aduenturous then wiſe)
Suppoſing from the field for ſafetie he had fled,
Straight giueth him the chaſe; when *Richard* turning head,
By his incounter let the deſperate Duke to know,
Twas done to traine him out, when ſoone began the ſhow
Of ſlaughter euery where; for ſcarce their equall forces
Began the doubtfull fight, but that three hundred horſes,

That

That out of ſight this while on *Edwards* part had ſtayd,
To ſee that neere at hand no ambuſhes were layd,
Soone charg'd them on the ſide, diſordring quite their Ranks,
Whilſt this moſt warlike King had wonne the climing Banks,
Vpon the equall earth, and comming brauely in
Vpon the aduerſe power, there likewiſe doth begin
A fierce and deadly fight, that the *Lancaſtrian* ſide,
The firſt and furious ſhocke not able to abide
The vtmoſt of their ſtrength, were forced to beſtow,
To hold what they had got; that *Somerſet* below,
Who from the ſecond force, had ſtill expected ayd,
But fruſtrated thereof, euen as a man diſmaid,
Scarce ſhifts to ſaue himſelfe his Battell ouerthrowne;
But faring as a man that frantique had beene growne,
With *Wenlock* hap'd to meet (preparing for his flight)
Vpbraiding him with tearmes of baſeneſſe and deſpight,
That cow'rdly he had faild to ſuccour him with men:
Whilſt *Wenlock* with like words requiteth him agen,
The Duke (to his ſterne rage, as yeelding vp the raines)
With his too pondrous Axe paſht out the Barons braines.
The partie of the Queene in euery place are kild,
The Ditches with the dead, confuſedly are fild,
And many in the flight, i'th neighbouring Riuers drown'd,
Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering *Yorkiſts* crownd.
Three thouſand of thoſe men, on *Henries* part that ſtood,
For their preſumption paid the forfeit of their blood.
Iohn Marqueſſe *Dorſet* dead, and *Deuonſhire* that day
Drew his laſt vitall breath, as in that bloody fray,
Delues, Hamden, Whittingham, and *Leuknor,* who had there,
Their ſeuerall braue commands, all valiant men that were,
Found dead vpon the earth. Now all is *Edwards* owne,
And through his enemies tents he march'd into the towne,
Where quickly he proclaimes, to him that foorth could bring
Young *Edward,* a large Fee, and as he was a King,
His perſon to be ſafe. Sir *Richard Crofts* who thought
His priſoner to diſcloſe, before the King then brought
That faire and goodly Youth; whom when proud *Yorke* demands,
Why thus he had preſum'd by helpe of traytrous hands
His kingdome to diſturbe, and impiouſly diſplay'd
His Enſignes: the ſtout Prince, as not a iot diſmay'd,
With confidence replies, To claime his ancient right,
Him from his Grandſires left; by tyranny and might,
By him his foe vſurp'd: with whoſe ſo bold reply,
Whilſt *Edward* throughly vext, doth ſeeme to thruſt him by;
The murther of Prince *Edvvard.* His ſecond brother *George,* and *Richard* neere that ſtood,
With many a cruell ſtab let out his princely blood;

In

In whom the Line direct of *Lancaſter* doth ceaſe,
And *Somerſet* himſelfe ſurprized in the preaſe;
With many a worthy man, to *Gloſter* priſoners led,
There forfeited their liues: Queene *Margaret* being fled
To a religious Cell, (to *Tewksbury*, too neere)
Diſcouerd to the King, with ſad and heauy cheere,
A priſoner was conuey'd to *London*, wofull Queene,
The laſt of all her hopes, that buried now had ſeene.
But of that outrage here, by that bold Baſtard ſonne
Of *Thomas Neuill*, nam'd Lord *Falkonbridge*, which wonne
A rude rebellious Rout in *Kent* and *Eſſex* rais'd,
Who *London* here beſieg'd, and *Southwarke* hauing ſeas'd,
Set fire vpon the Bridge: but when he not preuaild,
The Suburbs on the Eaſt he furiouſly aſſayl'd;
But by the Cities power was laſtly put to flight:
Which being no ſet Field, nor yet well ordred fight,
Amongſt our Battels here, may no way reckoned be.
Then *Boſworth* here the Muſe now laſtly bids for thee,
Thy Battell to deſcribe, the laſt of that long warre,
Entit'led by the name of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*;
Twixt *Henry Tudor* Earle of *Richmond* onely left
Of the *Lancaſtian* Line, who by the *Yorkiſts* reft
Of libertie at home, a baniſh'd man abroad,
In *Britany* had liu'd; but late at *Milford* Road,
Being proſperouſly ariu'd, though ſcarce two thouſand ſtrong,
Made out his way through *Wales*, where as he came along.
Firſt *Griffith* great in Blood, then *Morgan* next doth meet
Him, with their ſeuerall powers, as offring at his feet
To lay their Lands, and liues; Sir *Rice ap Thomas* then,
With his braue Band of *Welſh*, moſt choyce and expert men,
Comes laſtly to his ayd; at *Shrewsbury* ariu'd,
(His hopes ſo faint before, ſo happily reuiu'd)
He on for *England* makes, and neere to *Newport* towne,
The next enſuing night ſetting his Army downe,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot* ſtill for *Lancaſter* that ſtood,
(To *Henry* neere Alli'd in friendſhip as in Blood)
From th'Earle of *Shrewsbury* his Nephew (vnder age)
Came with two thouſand men, in warlike Equipage,
Which much his power increas'd; when eaſily ſetting on,
From *Lichfield*, as the way leads foorth to *Atherſton*,
Braue *Bourcher* and his friend ſtout *Hungerford*, whoſe hopes
On *Henry* long had laine, ſtealing from *Richards* troups,
(Wherewith they had been mix'd) to *Henry* doe appeare,
Which with a high reſolue, moſt ſtrangely ſeem'd to cheere,
His oft-appauled heart, but yet the man which moſt,
Gaue ſayle to *Henries* ſelfe, and freſh life to his hoſt,

A briefe paſſage of the Baſtard *Falkonbridge* his Rebellion.

The Battell of *Boſworth*.

The ſtout Lord *Stanley* was, who for he had affide
The mother of the Earle, to him ſo neere allide:
The King who fear'd his truth, (which he to haue, compeld)
The yong Lord *Strange* his ſonne, in hoſtage ſtrongly held,
Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could finde,
His ſonne in law to meet; yet he with him combinde
Sir *William Stanley*, knowne to be a valiant Knight,
T'aſſure him of his ayd. Thus growing tow'rds his hight,
A moſt ſelected Band of *Cheſhire* Bow-men came,
By Sir *Iohn Sauage* led, beſides two men of name:
Sir *Brian Sanford*, and Sir *Simon Digby*, who
Leauing the tyrant King, themſelues expreſly ſhow
Faſt friends to *Henries* part, which ſtill his power increaſt:
Both Armies well prepar'd, towards *Boſworth* ſtrongly preaſt,
And on a ſpacious Moore, lying Southward from the towne;
Indifferent to them both, they ſet their Armies downe
Their Souldiers to refreſh, preparing for the fight:
Where to the guiltie King, that black fore-running night,
Richards feare-full Dreames the night before the Battell.
Appeare the dreadfull ghoſts of *Henry* and his ſonne,
Of his owne brother *George*, and his two nephewes done
Moſt cruelly to death; and of his wife and friend,
Lord *Haſtings*, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
Him peece-meale; at which oft he roreth in his ſleepe.
No ſooner gan the dawne out of the Eaſt to peepe,
But Drummes and Trumpets chide, the Souldiers to their Armes,
And all the neighboring fields are couered with the ſwarmes
Of thoſe that came to fight, as thoſe that came to ſee,
(Contending for a Crowne) whoſe that great day ſhould be.
Firſt, *Richmond* rang'd his fights, on *Oxford*, and beſtowes
The leading, with a Band of ſtrong and Sinewy Bowes
Out of the Army pick'd; the Front of all the field,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot* next, he wiſely tooke to weeld,
The right Wing, with his ſtrengths, moſt Northern men that were.
And Sir *Iohn Sauage*, with the power of *Lancaſhire*,
And *Cheſhire* (Chiefe of men) was for the left Wing plac'd:
The Middle Battell he in his faire perſon grac'd,
With him the noble Earle of *Pembroke*, who commands
Their Countrey-men the *VVelſh*, (of whom it mainly ſtands,
For their great numbers found to be of greateſt force)
Which but his guard of Gleaues, conſiſted all of Horſe.
Into two ſeuerall fights the King contriu'd his ſtrength,
And his firſt Battell caſt into a wondrous length,
In faſhion of a wedge, in poynt of which he ſet
His Archery, thereof and to the guidance let
Of *Iohn* the noble Duke of *Norfolke*, and his ſonne
Braue *Surrey*: he himſelfe the ſecond bringing on,

Which

Which was a perfect ſquare; and on the other ſide,
His Horſemen had for wings, which by extending wide,
The aduerſe ſeem'd to threat; with an vnequall power.
The vtmoſt poynt ariu'd of this expected hower,
He to Lord *Stanley* ſends, to bring away his ayd;
And threats him by an Oath, if longer he delayd
His eldeſt ſonne young *Strange* imediatly ſhould die,
To whom ſtout *Stanley* thus doth careleſſely reply:
Tell thou the King Ile come, when I fit time ſhall ſee,
I loue the Boy, but yet I haue more ſonnes then he.
The angry Armies meet, when the thin ayre was rent,
With ſuch re-ecchoing ſhouts, from eithers Souldiers ſent,
That flying o'r the field the Birds downe trembling dropt.
As ſome old building long that hath been vnderpropt,
When as the Timber fayles, by the vnweldy fall,
Euen into powder beats, the Roofe, and rotten wall,
And with confuſed clouds of ſmouldring duſt doth choke
The ſtreets and places neere; ſo through the miſtie ſmoke,
By Shot and Ordnance made, a thundring noyſe was heard.
VVhen *Stanley* that this while his ſuccours had deferd,
Both to the cruell King, and to the Earle his ſonne,
When once he doth perceiue the Battell was begun,
Brings on his valiant Troups, three thouſand fully ſtrong,
Which like a cloud farre off, that tempeſt threatned long,
Falls on the Tyrants hoſt, which him with terrour ſtrooke,
As alſo when he ſees, he doth but vainly looke
For ſuccours from the great *Northumberland*, this while,
That from the Battell ſcarce three quarters of a mile,
Stood with his power of Horſe, nor once was ſeene to ſtirre:
VVhen *Richard* (that th'euent no longer would deferre,
The two maine Battels mix'd, and that with wearied breath,
Some laboured to their life, ſome laboured to their death,
(There for the better fought) euen with a Spirit elate,
As one that inly ſcorn'd the very worſt that Fate
Could poſſibly impoſe, his Launce ſet in his Reſt,
Into the thick'ſt of Death, through threatning perill preſt,
To where he had perceiu'd the Earle in perſon drew,
Whoſe Standard-Bearer he, Sir *William Brandon* ſlew,
The pile of his ſtrong ſtaffe into his arme-pit ſent;
VVhen at a ſecond ſhocke, downe Sir *Iohn Cheney* went,
Which ſcarce a Launces length before the Earle was plac'd,
Vntill by *Richmonds* Guard, inuironed at laſt,
VVith many a cruell wound, was through the body gride.
Vpon this fatall field, *Iohn* Duke of *Norfolke* dide;
The ſtout Lord *Ferrers* fell, and *Ratcliffe*, that had long
Of *Richards* counſels been, found in the field among

11: by this it should seem that there were great gunns

A thouſand Souldiers that on both ſides were ſlaine,
O *Red-more*, it then ſeem'd, thy name was not in vaine,
When with a thouſands blood the earth was coloured red.
Whereas th'Emperiall Crowne was ſet on *Henries* head,
Being found in *Richards* Tent, as he it there did winne;
The cruell Tyrant ſtript to the bare naked skin,
Behind a Herauld truſs'd, was backe to *Le'ſter* ſent,
From whence the day before he to the Battell went.

The Battell of *Stoke*.

The Battell then at *Stoke*, ſo fortunatly ſtrucke,
(Vpon King *Henries* part, with ſo ſucceſſefull lucke,
As neuer till that day he felt his Crowne to cleaue
Vnto his temples cloſe, when *Mars* began to leaue
His fury, and at laſt to ſit him downe was brought)
I come at laſt to ſing, twixt that ſeuenth *Henry* fought;
With whom, to this braue Field the Duke of *Bedford* came,
With *Oxford* his great friend, whoſe praiſe did him inflame
To all Atchieuements great, that fortunate had bin
In euery doubtfull fight, ſince *Henries* comming in,
With th'Earle of *Shresbury*, a man of great command,
And his braue ſonne Lord *George*, for him that firmly ſtand.
And on the other ſide, *Iohn* Duke of *Suffolks* ſonne,
(*Iohn* Earle of *Lincolne* cald) who this ſterne warre begun,
Subborning a lewd Boy, a falſe Impoſter, who
By *Simonds* a worſe Prieſt, inſtructed what to doe;
Vpon him tooke the name of th'Earle of *Warwicke*, heire
To *George* the murthered Duke of *Clarence*, who (for feare
Leſt ſome that fauoured *Yorke*, might vnder hand maintaine)
King *Henry* in the Tower, did at that time detaine.

The Dutcheſſe of *Burgundy* was ſiſter to *Edward* the 4. and ſo was this Earles mother.

*Which practiſe ſet on foot, this Earle of *Lincolne* ſayld
To *Burgundy*, where he with *Margaret* preuayld,
Wife to that warlike *Charles*, and his moſt loued Aunt,
Who vexed that a proud *Lancaſtrian* ſhould ſupplant
The lawfull Line of *Yorke*, whence ſhe her blood deriu'd;
Wherefore for *Lincolnes* ſake ſhee ſpeedily contriu'd,

The Lord *Francis Louell*.

And *Louell*, that braue Lord, before him ſent to land
Vpon the ſame pretence, to furniſh them a Band
Of *Almanes*, and to them for their ſtout Captaine gaue
The valiant *Martin Swart*, the man thought ſcarce to haue
His match for Martiall feats, and ſent them with a Fleet
For *Ireland*, where ſhee had appoynted them to meet,
With *Simonds* that lewd Clerke, and *Lambert*, whom they there
The Earle of *Warwicke* cald, and publiſh'd euery where
His title to the Crowne, in *Diuelin*, and proclaime
Him *Englands* lawfull King, by the fift *Edwards* name:

The Lord *Thomas Geraldine*

Then ioyning with the Lord *Fitz-Gerald*, to their ayd
Who many *Iriſh* brought, they vp their Ankres wayd,

And

And at the rocky Pyle of* *Fowdray* put to ſhore
In *Lancaſhire*; their power increaſing more and more,
By Souldiers ſent them in from *Broughton* (for ſupply)
A Knight that long had been of their confederacy;
Who making thence, direct their marches to the South.
When *Henry* ſaw himſelfe ſo farre in dangers mouth,
From *Couentry* he came, ſtill gathering vp his Hoſt,
Made greater on his way, and doth the Countrey coaſt,
Which way he vnderſtood his enemies muſt paſſe:
When after ſome few dayes (as if their Fortunes was)
At *Stoke*, a village neere to *Newarke* vpon *Trent*,
Each in the others ſight pitcht downe their warlike Tent.
Into one Battell ſoone, the *Almans* had diſpoſd
Their Army, in a place vpon two parts incloſd
With Dells, and fenced Dykes, (as they were expert men.)
And from the open fields King *Henries* Hoſt agen,
In three faire ſeuerall fights came equally deuided;
The firſt of which, and fitſt, was giuen to be guided
By *Shrewsbury*, which moſt of Souldiers choice conſiſted:
The others plac'd as Wings, which euer as they liſted,
Came vp as need requir'd, or fell backe as they found
Iuſt cauſe for their retire; when ſoone the troubled ground,
On her black boſome felt the thunder, which awooke
Her Genius, with the ſhock that violently ſhooke
Her intrayles; this ſad day when there ye might haue ſeene
Two thouſand *Almains* ſtand, of which each might haue beene
A Leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,
That they could hardly ſee the very Sunne for ſhot,
Yet they that motion kept that perfect Souldiers ſhould;
That moſt couragious *Swart* there might they well behold,
With moſt vnvſuall skill, that deſperate fight maintaine,
And valiant *De la Poole*, moſt like his princely ſtraine,
Did all that courage could, or nobleſſe might befit;
And *Louell* that braue Lord, behind him not a whit,
For martiall deeds that day: ſtout *Broughton* that had ſtood
With *Yorke* (euen) from the firſt, there laſtly gaue his blood
To that well-foughten Field: the poore Trowz'd *Iriſh* there,
Whoſe Mantles ſtood for Mayle, whoſe skinns for Corſlets were,
And for their weapons had but *Iriſh* Skaines and Darts,
Like men that ſcorned death, with moſt reſolued hearts,
Giue not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewen,
Where firſt they fought, they fell; with them was ouerthrowne
The Leader *Geralds* hope, amidſt his men that fought,
And tooke ſuch part as they, whom he had thither brought.
This of that field be told, There was not one that fled,
But where he firſt was plac'd, there found aliue or dead.

On the coaſt of *Lancaſhire*.

Sir Thomas Broughton.

A Field braue-ly fought.

If

If in a foughten field, a man his life ſhould looſe,
To dye as theſe men did, who would not gladly chooſe,
Which full foure thouſand were. But in this tedious Song,
The too laborious Muſe hath taried all too long.

Michael Joſeph with the Cornish Rebels.

As for the *Black-Smiths* Rout, who did together riſe,
Encamping on *Blackheath*, t'annull the Subſidies
By Parliment then giuen, or that of *Cornwall* call'd,
Incloſures to caſt downe, which ouermuch enthrald
The Subiect: or proud *Kets*, who with the ſame pretence
In *Norfolke* rais'd ſuch ſtirres, as but with great expence
Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in *Lent*
By *Wyat* and his friends, the Mariage to preuent,
That *Mary* did intend with *Philip* King of *Spaine*:
Since theſe but Ryots were, nor fit the others ſtraine,
Shee here her Battels ends: and as Shee did before,
So trauelling along vpon her ſilent ſhore,
Waybridge a neighbouring Nymph, the onely remnant left
Of all that Forreſt kind, by Times iniurious theft
Of all that tract deſtroy'd, with wood which did abound,
And former times had ſeene the goodlieſt Forreſt ground,
This Iland euer had: but ſhe ſo left alone,
The ruine of her kind, and no man to bemoane.
The deepe intranced Flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her ſhady Bower ſhee ſilently beſpake.

O Flood in happy plight, which to this time, remainſt,
As ſtill along in ſtate to *Neptunes* Court thou ſtrainſt;
Reuiue thee with the thought of thoſe forepaſſed howers,
When the rough Wood-gods kept, in their delightfull Bowers
On thy embroydered bankes, when now this Country fild,
With villages, and by the labouring plowman tild,
Was Forreſt, where the Firre, and ſpreading Poplar grew.
O let me yet the thought of thoſe paſt times renew,
When as that woody kind, in our vmbragious Wyld,
Whence euery liuing thing ſaue onely they exild,
In this their world of waſt, the ſoueraigne Empire ſwayd.
O who would ere haue thought, that time could haue decayd
Thoſe trees whoſe bodies ſeem'd by their ſo maſſie weight,
To preſſe the ſolid earth, and with their wondrous height
To climbe into the Clouds, their Armes ſo farre to ſhoot,
As they in meaſuring were of Acres, and their Root,
With long and mightie ſpurnes to grapple with the land,
As Nature would haue ſayd, that they ſhould euer ſtand:
So that this place where now this *Huntingdon* is ſet,
Being an eaſie hill where mirthfull Hunters met,
From that firſt tooke the name. By this the Muſe ariues
At *Elies* Iled Marge, by hauing paſt *Saint Ives*,

Sir *Thomas Wyat.*

Vnto

Vnto the *German* Sea ſhee haſteth her along,
And here ſhee ſhutteth vp her two and twentieth Song,
In which ſhee quite hath ſpent her vigor, and muſt now,
As Workmen often vſe, a while ſit downe and blow;
And after this ſhort pauſe, though leſning of her height,
Come in another Key, yet not without delight.

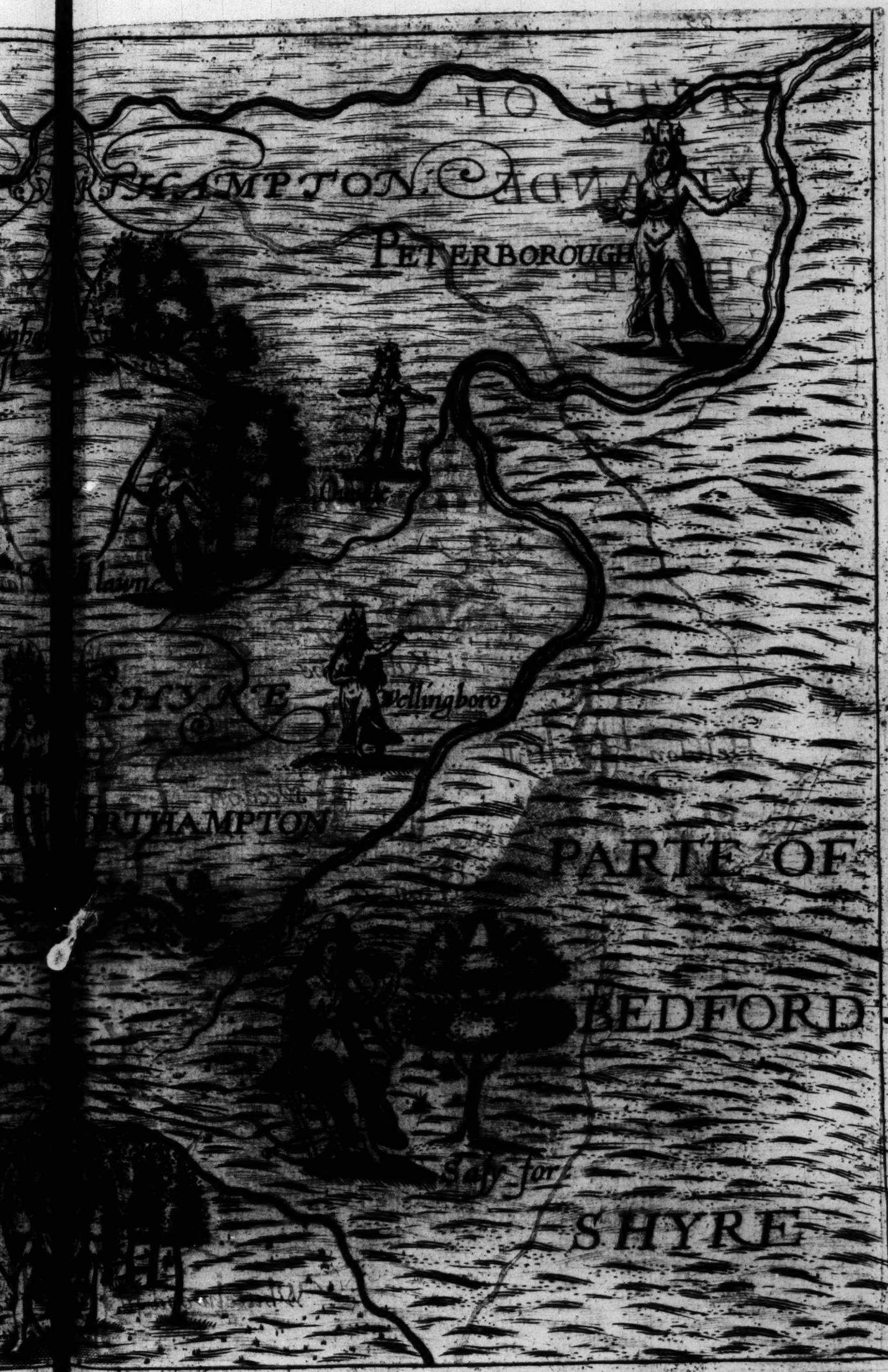
The

PARTE OF RVTLANDE SHYRE

Helidon Hill

Weedon

Whitelwood fo


PETERBOROUGH
Oundle
Wellingboro
PARTE OF
BEDFORD
SHYRE

The three and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

From furious Fights Inuention comes,
Deafned with noyſe of ratling Drummes,
And in the Northamptonian *bounds,*
Shewes Whittlewoods, *and* Sacies *grounds;*
Then to Mount Hellidon *doth goe,*
(Whence Charwell, Leame, *and* Nen *doe flow)*
The Surface, *which of* England *ſings,*
And Nen *downe to the* Waſhes *brings;*
Then whereas Welland *makes her way,*
Shewes Rockingham, *her rich aray:*
A Courſe at Kelmarſh *then ſhee takes,*
Where ſhee Northamptonſhire *forſakes.*

ONe tow'ds the Mid-lands now, th'induſtrious Muſe doth make,
The *Northamptonian* earth, and in her way doth take;
As fruitfull euery way, as thoſe by Nature, which
The Husbandman by Art, with Compoſt doth inrich,
This boaſting of her ſelfe; that walke her Verge about,
And view her well within, her breadth, and length throughout:
The worſt foot of her earth, is equall with their beſt,
With moſt aboundant ſtore, that highlieſt thinke them bleſt.
When *Whittlewood* betime th'vnwearied Muſe doth win
To talke with her awhile; at her firſt comming in,
The Forreſt thus that greets: With more ſucceſſefull Fate,
Thriue then thy fellow Nymphs, whoſe ſad and ruinous ſtate
We euery day behold, if any thing there be,
That from this generall fall, thee happily may free,
'Tis onely for that thou doſt naturally produce
More Vnder-wood, and Brake, then Oke for greater vſe:
But when this rauenous Age, of thoſe hath vs bereft,
Time wanting this our ſtore, ſhall ſeaſe what thee is left.

For what baſe Auerice now inticeth men to doe,
Neceſſitie in time ſhall ſtrongly vrge them too;
Which each diuining Spirit moſt cleerely doth foreſee.
Whilſt at this ſpeech perplext, the Forreſt ſeem'd to be,
A Water-nymph, neere to this goodly Wood-nymphs ſide,
(As tow'rds her ſoueraigne *Ouze*, ſhee ſoftly downe doth ſlide)
Tea, her delightſome ſtreame by *Tawceſter* doth lead;
And ſporting her ſweet ſelfe in many a daintie Mead,
Shee hath not ſallied farre, but *Sacy* ſoone againe
Salutes her; one much grac'd amongſt the Syluan traine:
One whom the Queene of Shades, the bright *Diana* oft
Hath courted for her lookes, with kiſſes ſmooth and ſoft,
On her faire Boſome lean'd, and tenderly imbrac't,
And cald her, her Deare heart, moſt lou'd, and onely chaſt:
Yet *Sacie* after *Tea*, her amourous eyes doth throw,
Till in the bankes of *Ouze* the Brooke her ſelfe beſtow.
Where in thoſe fertill fields, the Muſe doth hap to meet
Vpon that ſide which ſits the Weſt of *VVatling-ſtreet*,
A hill not farre From *Dauentry* With * *Helidon* a Hill, which though it bee but ſmall,
Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our Mountaines call;
Yet hath three famous Floods, that out of him doe flow,
That to three ſeuerall Seas, by their aſſiſtants goe;
Of which the nobleſt, *Nen*, to fayre *Northampton* hies,
By *Owndle* ſallying on, then *Peterborough* plyes
The ancient name of Peterborough. Old * *Medhamſted*: where her the Sea-mayds intertaine,
To lead her through the *Fen* into the *German* Maine,
The ſecond, *Charwell* is, at *Oxford* meeting *Thames*,
Is by his King conuayd into the * *Celtick* ſtreames.
The French Sea. Then *Leame* as leaſt, the laſt, to mid-land *Auon* haſts,
Which Flood againe it ſelfe, into proud *Seuerne* caſts:
The Spaniſh Sea. As on * th' *Iberian* Sea, her ſelfe great *Seuerne* ſpends;
So *Leame* the Dower ſhe hath, to that wide Ocean lends.
But *Helidon* wax'd proud, the happy Sire to be
To ſo renowned Floods, as theſe fore-named three,
Beſides the Hill of note, neere *Englands* midſt that ſtands,
Whence from his Face, his backe, or on his either hands,
The Land extends in bredth, or layes it ſelfe in length.
Wherefore, this Hill to ſhew his ſtate and naturall ſtrength,
The ſurface of this part determineth to ſhow,
Which we now *England* name, and through her tracts to goe.
But being plaine and poore, profeſſeth not that hight,
As Falkon-like to ſore, till leſning to the ſight.
But as the ſundry ſoyles, his ſtyle ſo altring oft,
As full expreſſions fit, or Verſes ſmooth and ſoft,
Vpon their ſeuerall Scites, as naturally to ſtraine,
And wiſheth that theſe Floods, his tunes to entertaine,

The ayre with *Halcion* calmes, may wholly haue poſſeſt,
As though the rough winds tyerd, were eas'ly layd to reſt.
Then on the worth'eſt tract vp tow'rds the mid-dayes Sun,
His vndertaken taske, thus *Hellidon* begun.

From where the kingly *Thames* his ſtomacke doth diſcharge,
To *Deuonſhire*, where the land her boſome doth inlarge;
And with the In-land ayre, her beauties doth releeue,
Along the *Celtick* Sea, cald oftentimes the Sleeue:
Although vpon the coaſt, the Downes appeare but bare,
Yet naturally within the Countries wooddy are.

A diſcription of the Surface of the ſundrie Tracts of *England*.

Then *Cornwall* creepeth out into the weſterne Maine,
As (lying in her eye) ſhee poynted ſtill at *Spaine*:
Or as the wanton ſoyle, diſpoſd to luſtfull reſt,
Had layd her ſelfe along on *Neptunes* amorous breaſt.

With *Denſhire*, from the firme, that Beake of land that fils,
What Landskip lies in Vales, and often riſing hils,
So plac'd betwixt the *French*, and the *Sabrinian* Seas,
As on both ſides adorn'd with many harborous Bayes,
Who for their Trade to Sea, and wealthy Mynes of Tinne,
From any other Tract, the praiſe doth clearely winne.

From *Denſhire* by thoſe ſhores, which *Seuerne* oft Surrounds,
The Soyle farre lower ſits, and mightily abounds
With ſundry ſort of Fruits, as well-growne Graſſe and Corne,
That *Somerſet* may ſay, her batning Mores doe ſcorne
Our *Englands* richeſt earth, for burthen ſhould them ſtaine;
And on the ſelfe ſame Tract, vp *Seuerns* ſtreame againe,
The Vale of *Euſham* layes her length ſo largely forth,
As though ſhee meant to ſtretch her ſelfe into the North,
Where ſtill the fertill earth depreſſed lyes and low,
Till her rich Soyle it ſelfe to *VVarwickſhire* doe ſhow.

Hence ſomewhat South by Eaſt, let vs our courſe incline,
And from theſe ſetting ſhores ſo meerely Maratine,
The Iles rich In-land parts, lets take with vs along,
To ſet him rightly out, in our well-ordred Song;
Whoſe proſpects to the Muſe their ſundry ſcites ſhall ſhow,
Where ſhee from place to place, as free as ayre ſhall flow,
Their ſuperficies ſo exactly to deſcry,
Through *VViltſhire*, poynting how the Plaine of *Salisbury*
Shootes foorth her ſelfe in length, and layes abroad a traine
So large, as though the land ſeru'd ſcarſely to containe
Her vaſtneſſe, North from her, himſelfe proud *Cotſwould* vaunts,
And caſts ſo ſterne a looke, about him that he daunts,
The lowly Vales, remote that ſit with humbler eyes.

In *Barckſhire*, and from thence into the *Orient* lies
That moſt renowned Vale of *VVhite-horſe*, and by her,
So *Buckingham* againe doth *Alsbury* preferre,

With any *Engliſh* Earth, along vpon whoſe pale,
That mounting Countrie then, which maketh her a Vale,
The chaulky *Chilterne*, runnes with Beeches crown'd about,
Through *Bedfordſhire* that beares, till his bald front he ſhoot,
Into that foggy earth towards *Ely*, that doth grow
Much Fenny, and ſurrounds with euery little flow.
So on into the Eaſt, vpon the In-land ground,
The Riuer running by *Vxbridge*, falling into the *Thames* at *Colebrooke*.
From where that Chriſtall *Colne* moſt properly doth bound,
Rough *Chilterne*, from the ſoyle, where in rich *London* ſits,
As being faire and flat it naturally befits
Her greatneſſe euery way, which holdeth on along
To the *Eſſexian* earth, which lik-ewiſe in our Song,
Since in one Tract they lye, we here together take,
Although the ſeuerall Shires, by ſundry ſoyles doe make
It different in degrees; for *Middleſex* of Sands
Her ſoyle compoſeth hath; ſo are th' *Eſſexian* lands,
Adioyning to the ſame, that ſit by *Iſis* ſide,
Which *London* ouer-lookes: but as ſhe waxeth wide,
So *Eſſex* in her Tydes, her deepe-growne *Marſhes* drownds,
And to Incloſures cuts her drier vpland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilſt men thoſe woods did prize;
Whence thoſe fayre Countries lie, vpon the pleaſant riſe,
(Betwixt the mouth of *Thames*, and where *Ouze* roughly daſhes
Her rude vnweildy waues, againſt the queachy Waſhes)
Suffolke and *Norfolke* neere, ſo named of their Scites,
Adorned euery way with wonderfull delights,
To the beholding eye, that euery where are ſeene,
Abounding with rich fields, and paſtures freſh and greene,
Faire *Hauens* to their ſhores, large Heaths within them lie,
As Nature in them ſtroue to ſhew varietie.
From *Ely* all along vpon that Eaſterne Sea,
Then *Lincolneſhire* her ſelfe, in ſtate at length doth lay,
Which for her fatning Fennes, her Fiſh, and Fowle may haue
Preheminence, as ſhe that ſeemeth to out-braue
All other Southerne Shires, whoſe head the Waſhes feeles,
Till wantonly ſhe kicke proud *Humber* with her heeles.
Vp tow'rds the Nauell then, of *England* from her Flanke,
Which *Lincolneſhire* we call, ſo leuelled and lanke.
Northampton, *Rutland* then, and *Huntingdon*, which three
Doe ſhew by their full Soyles, all of one piece to be,
Of *Nottingham* a part, as *Leſter* them is lent,
From *Beuers* batning Vale, along the banks of *Trent*.
So on the other ſide, into the Ser againe,
Where *Seuerne* tow'rds the Sea from *Shrewsbury* doth ſtraine,
See to the 13. Song.
Twixt which and *Auons* banks (where *Arden* when of old,
Her buſhy curled front, ſhe brauely did vphold,

In ſtate and glory ſtood) now of three ſeuerall Shires,
The greateſt portions lie, vpon whoſe earth appeares
That mightie Forreſts foot, of *Worſterſhire* a part,
Of *Warwickeſhire* the like, which ſometime was the heart
Of *Arden* that braue Nymph, yet woody here and there,
Oft intermixt with Heaths, whoſe Sand and Grauell beare,
A Turfe more harſh and hard, where *Stafford* doth partake,
In qualitie with thoſe, as Nature ſtroue to make
Them of one ſelfe ſame ſtuffe, and mixture, as they lye,
Which likewiſe in this Tract, we here together tye.
From theſe recited parts to th'North, more high and bleake,
Extended ye behold, the *Mooreland* and the *Peake*,
From eithers ſeuerall ſcite, in eithers mightie waſte,
A ſterner lowring eye, that euery way doe caſt
On their beholding Hills, and Countries round about;
Whoſe ſoyles as of one ſhape, appearing cleane throughout.
For *Moreland* which with Heath moſt naturally doth beare,
Her Winter liuery ſtill, in Summer ſeemes to weare;
As likewiſe doth the *Peake*, whoſe dreadfull Cauerns found,
And Lead-mines, that in her, doe naturally abound,
Her ſuperficies makes more terrible to ſhow:
So from her naturall fount, as *Seuerne* downe doth flow,
The high *Sallopian* hills lift vp their riſing ſayles;
Which Country as it is the near'ſt alli'd to *Wales*,
In Mountaines, ſo it moſt is to the ſame alike.
Now tow'rds the *Iriſh* Seas a little let vs ſtrike,
Where *Cheſhire*, (as her choyce) with *Lancaſhire* doth lie
Along th'vnleuel'd ſhores; this former to the eye,
In her complexion ſhowes blacke earth with grauell mixt,
A Wood-land and a plaine indifferently betwixt,
A good faſt-feeding graſſe, moſt ſtrongly that doth breed:
As *Lancaſhire* no leſſe excelling for her ſeed,
Although with Heath, and Fin, her vpper parts abound;
As likewiſe to the Sea, vpon the lower ground,
With Moſſes, Fleets, and Fells, ſhe ſhowes moſt wild and rough,
Whoſe Turfe, and ſquare cut Peat, is fuell good ynough.
So, on the North of *Trent*, from *Nottingham* aboue,
Where *Sherwood* her curld front, into the cold doth ſhoue,
Light Forreſt land is found, to where the floting *Don*,
In making tow'rds the Maine, her *Doncaſter* hath won,
Where *Yorkſhire's* layd abroad, ſo many a mile extent,
To whom preceding times, the greateſt circuit lent,
A Prouince, then a Shire, which rather ſeemeth: ſo
It incidently moſt varietie doth ſhow.
Heere ſtony ſtirrill grounds, there wondrous fruitfull fields,
Here Champaine, and there Wood, it in abundance yeelds:

Th'*Weſt*-

Th'*West-riding*, and *North*, be mountainous and high,
But tow'rds the *German* Sea the *East*, more low doth lie.
This Ile hath not that earth, of any kind elsewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomized here.
Tow'rds those *Scotch-Irish* Iles, vpon that Sea againe,
The rough *Virginian* cald, that tract which doth containe
Cold *Cumberland*, which yet wild *VVestmerland* excels,
For roughnesse, at whose point lies rugged *Fourneſſe Fells*,
Is fild with mighty Mores, and Mountaines, which doe make
Her wilde superfluous waste, as Nature sport did take
In Heaths, and high-cleeu'd Hils, whose threatning fronts doe dare
Each other with their looks, as though they would out-stare
The Starry eyes of heauen, which to out-face they stand.
From these into the East, vpon the other hand,
The *Bishopricke*, and fayre *Northumberland* doe beare
To *Scotlands* bordering *Tweed*, which as the North elsewhere,
Not very fertile are, yet with a louely face
Vpon the Ocean looke; which kindly doth imbrace
Those Countries all along, vpon the Rising side,
Which for the Batfull Gleabe, by nature them denide,
With mightie Mynes of Cole, abundantly are blest,
By which this Tract remaines renown'd aboue the rest:
For what from her rich wombe, each habourous Road receiues.
Yet *Hellidon* not here, his lou'd description leaues,
Though now his darling Springs desir'd him to desist;
But say all what they can, hee'll doe but what he list.
As he the Surface thus, so likewise will he show,
The Clowniſh Blazons, to each Country long agoe,
Which those vnlettered times, with blind deuotion lent,
Before the *Learned Mayds* our Fountaines did frequent,
To shew the Muse can shift her habit, and she now
Of *Palatins* that sung, can whistle to the Plow;
And let the curious tax his Clownry, with their skill
He recks not, but goes on, and say they what they will.

Here follow the Blazons of the Shires.

Kent first in our account, doth to it selfe apply,
(Quoth he) this Blazon first, *Long Tayles and Libertie.*
Sussex with *Surrey* say, *Then let vs lead home Logs.*
As *Hamshire* long for her, hath had the tearme of *Hogs.*
So *Dorsetshire* of long, they *Dorsers* vsd to call.
Cornwall and *Deuonshire* crie, *Weele wrastle for a Fall.*
Then *Somerset* sayes, *Set the Bandog on the Bull.*
And *Glostershire* againe is blazon'd, *Weigh thy VVoll.*
As *Barkshire* hath for hers, *Lets to't and tosse the Ball.*
And *Wiltshire* will for her, *Get home and pay for all.*
Rich *Buckingham* doth beare the terme of *Bread and Beefe,*
VVhere if you beat a Bush, tis ods you start a Theefe.

So

So *Hartford* blazon'd is, *The Club, and clowted Shoone,*
Thereto, *Ile riſe betime, and ſleepe againe at Noone.*
When *Middleſex* bids, *Vp to London let vs goe,*
And when our Markets done, weele haue a pot or two.
As *Eſſex* hath of old beene named, *Calues and Styles,*
Fayre *Suffolke, Mayds and Milke,* and *Norfolke, Many Wyles.*
So *Cambridge* hath been call'd, *Hold Nets, and let vs winne;*
And *Huntingdon, With Stilts weele ſtalke through thick and thinne.*
Northamptonſhire of long hath had this Blazon, *Loue,*
Below the girdle all; but little elſe aboue.
An outcrie *Oxford* makes, *The Schollers haue been heere,*
And little though they payd, yet haue they had good cheere.
Quoth warlike *Warwickſhire, Ile binde the ſturdy Beare.*
Quoth *Worſterſhire* againe, *And I will ſquirt the Peare.*
Then *Staffordſhire* bids *Stay, and I will Beet the Fire,*
And nothing will I aske, but good will for my hire.
Beane-belly Leſterſhire, her attribute doth beare.
And *Bells and Bag-pipes* next, belong to *Lincolneſhire.*
Of *Malt-horſe, Bedfordſhire* long ſince the Blazon wan.
And little *Rutlandſhire* is tearmed *Raddleman.*
To *Darby* is aſſign'd the name of *Wooll and Lead.*
As *Nottinghams,* of old (is common) *Ale and Bread.*
So *Hereford* for her ſayes, *Giue me Woofe and Warpe.*
And *Shropſhire* ſaith in her, *That Shinnes be euer ſharpe,*
Lay wood vpon the fire, reach hither mee my Harpe,
And whilſt the blacke Bowle walks, we merily will carpe.
Old *Cheſhire* is well knowne to be the *Chieſe of Men.*
Faire Women doth belong to *Lancaſhire* agen.
The lands that ouer *Ouze* to *Berwicke* foorth doe beare,
Haue for their Blazon had the *Snaffle, Spurre, and Speare.*
Now *Nen* extreamely grieu'd thoſe barbarous things to heare,
By *Helidon* her ſire, that thus deliuered were:
For as his eld'ſt, ſhee was to paſſed ages knowne,
Whom by *Aufona's* name the *Romans* did renowne.
A word by them deriu'd of *Auon,* which of long,
The *Britans* cald her by, expreſſing in their tongue
The full and generall name of waters; wherefore ſhee
Stood much vpon her worth, and iealous grew to bee,
Leſt things ſo low and poore, and now quite out of date,
Should happily impaire her dignitie and ſtate.
Wherefore from him her ſyre imediatly ſhe haſts;
And as ſhee foorth her courſe to *Peterborough* caſts,
Shee falleth in her way with *Weedon,* where tis ſayd,
Saint *VVerburge* princely borne, a moſt religious Mayd,
From thoſe peculier fields, by prayer the Wild-geeſe droue,
Thence through the Champaine ſhee laſciuiouſly doth roue

Tow'rds

Tow'rds faire *Northampton*, which, whilſt *Nen* was *Auon* cald,
Reſum'd that happy name, as happily inſtald
Vpon her * Northerne ſide, where taking in a Rill,
Her long impouerish'd banks more plenteouſly to fill,
She flouriſhes in ſtate, along the fruitfull fields;
Where whilſt her waters ſhee with wondrous pleaſure yeelds,
To **Wellingborough* comes, whoſe Fountaines in ſhee takes,
Which quickening her againe, imediately ſhee makes
To *Owndle*, which receiues contractedly the ſound
From *Auondale*, t'expreſſe that Riuers loweſt ground:
To *Peterborough* thence ſhe maketh foorth her way,
Where *Welland* hand in hand, goes on with her to Sea;
When *Rockingham*, the Muſe to her faire Forreſt brings,
Thence lying to the North, whoſe ſundry gifts ſhe ſings.
O deare and daintie Nymph, moſt gorgeouſly arayd,
Of all the *Driades* knowne, the moſt delicious Mayd,
With all delights adorn'd, that any way beſeeme
A Syluan, by whoſe ſtate we verily may deeme
A Deitie in thee, in whoſe delightfull Bowers,
The *Fawnes* and *Fayries* make the longeſt dayes, but howers,
And ioying in the Soyle, where thou aſſum'ſt thy ſeat,
Thou to thy Handmaid haſt, (thy pleaſures to awayt)
Faire *Benefield*, whoſe care to thee doth ſurely cleaue,
Which beares a graſſe as ſoft, as is the daintie ſleaue,
And thrum'd ſo thicke and deepe, that the proud Palmed Deere,
Forſake the cloſſer woods, and make their quiet leyre
In beds of platted fogge, ſo eas'ly there they ſit.
A Forreſt and a Chaſe in euery thing ſo fit
This Iland hardly hath, ſo neere allide that be,
Braue Nymph, ſuch praiſe belongs to *Benefield* and thee.
Whilſt *Rockingham* was heard with theſe Reports to ring,
The Muſe by making on tow'rds *Wellands* ominous Spring,
With * *Kelmarſh* there is caught, for courſing of the Hare,
Which ſcornes that any place, ſhould with her Plaines compare:
Which in the proper Tearmes the Muſe doth thus report;
The man whoſe vacant mind prepares him to the ſport,
The * Finder ſendeth out, to ſecke out nimble *Wat*,
Which croſſeth in the field, each furlong, euery Flat,
Till he this pretty Beaſt vpon the Forme hath found,
Then viewing for the Courſe, which is the faireſt ground,
The Greyhounds foorth are brought, for courſing then in caſe,
And choycely in the Slip, one leading forth a brace;
The Finder puts her vp, and giues her Courſers law.
And whilſt the eager dogs vpon the Start doe draw,
Shee riſeth from her ſeat, as though on earth ſhe flew,
Forc'd by ſome yelping * Cute to giue the Greyhounds view,

Northampton, for *North-auonton*, the towne vpon the North of *Auon*.

So called of his many wells or Fonntaines.

A place in the North part of *Northamtonsbire*, excellent for courſing with Greyhonnds.

The Hare-finder.

A deſcription of a Courſe at the Hare.

A Curre.

Which

Which are at length let ſlip, when gunning out they goe,
As in reſpect of them the ſwifteſt wind were ſlow,
When each man runnes his Horſe, with fixed eyes, and notes
Which Dog firſt turnes the Hare, which firſt the other * coats,
They wrench her once or twice, ere ſhe a turne will take,
Whats offred by the firſt, the other good doth make;
And turne for turne againe with equall ſpeed they ply,
Beſtirring their ſwift feet with ſtrange agilitie:
A hardned ridge or way, when if the Hare doe win,
Then as ſhot from a Bow, ſhe from the Dogs doth ſpin,
That ſtriue to put her off, but when hee cannot reach her,
This giuing him a Coat, about againe doth fetch her
To him that comes behind, which ſeemes the Hare to beare;
But with a nimble turne ſhee caſts them both arrere:
Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
The Greyhounds both ſo ſpent, that they want breath to take her.
Here leaue I whilſt the Muſe more ſerious things attends,
And with my Courſe at Hare, my *Canto* likewiſe ends.

When one Greyhound outſtrips the other in the Courſe.

RVTLAND

The Vale of Catmus

Okeham

Lyfield foreſt

AMDE

STYK

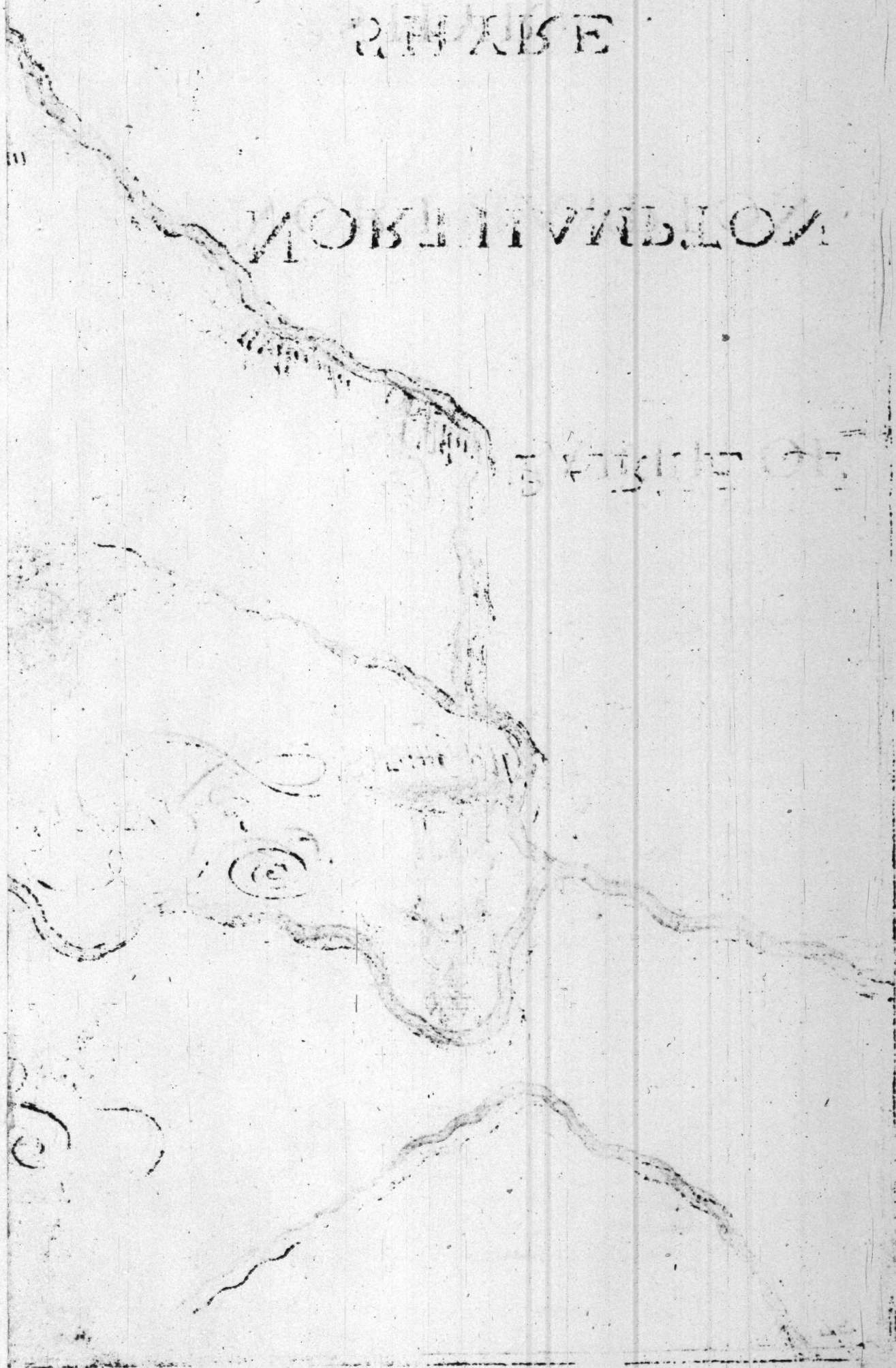
Bramford

PARTE OF

Welland

NORTHAMPTON

SHYRE.



The foure and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

The fatall Welland *from her Springs,*
This Song to th' Ile of Ely *brings:*
Our ancient Engliſh *Saints reuiues,*
Then in an oblique courſe contriues,
The Rarities that Rutland *ſhowes,*
Which with this Canto *ſhee doth cloſe.*

THis way, to that faire Fount of *Welland* hath vs led,
At **Nasby* to the North, where from a ſecond head
Runs *Auon*, which along to *Scuerne* ſhapes her courſe,
But pliant Muſe proceed, with our new-handled fourſe,
Of whom from Ages paſt, a prophecie there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much feare and reuerance wan)
That ſhe alone ſhould drowne all *Holland*, and ſhould ſee
Her *Stamford*, which ſo much forgotten ſeemes to bee;
Renown'd for Liberall Arts, as highly honoured there,
As they in *Cambridge* are, or *Oxford* euer were;
Whereby ſhee in her ſelfe a holineſſe ſuppos'd,
That in her ſcantled banks, though wandring long inclos'd,
Yet in her ſecret breaſt a Catalogue had kept
Of our religious Saints, which though they long had ſlept,
Yet through the chryſtned world, for they had wonne ſuch fame
Both to the Britiſh firſt, then to the Engliſh name,
For their abundant Faith, and ſanctimony knowne,
Such as were hither ſent, or naturally our owne,
It much her Genius grieud, to haue them now neglected,
Whoſe pietie ſo much thoſe zealous times reſpected.
Wherefore ſhe with her ſelfe reſolued, when that ſhee
To *Peterborough* came, where much ſhee long'd to be,
That in the wiſhed view of *Medhamſted*, that Towne,
Which he the greatſt of Saints doth by his Name renowne,

The Fountaine of *Welland.*

An ancient Prophecie of the Riuer of *Welland.*

Shee to his glorious Phane an Offring as to bring,
Of her deare Countries Saints, the Martyrologe would ſing:
And therefore all in haſte to *Harborough* ſhe hy'd,
The course of *Vvelland* to the Sea, Whence *Leſterſhire* ſhe leaues vpon the Northward ſide,
At *Rutland* then ariu'd, where *Stamford* her ſuſtaines,
By *Deeping* drawing out, to *Lincolneſhire* ſhe leanes,
Vpon her Bank by North, againſt this greater throng,
Northamptonſhire to South ſtill lyes with her along,
And now approching neere to this appointed place,
Where ſhe and *Nen* make ſhew as though they would imbrace;
But onely they ſalute, and each holds on her way,
When holy *Welland* thus was wiſely heard to ſay.
I ſing of Saints, and yet my Song ſhall not be fraught
With Myracles by them, but fayned to be wrought,
That they which did their liues ſo palbably belye,
To times haue much impeach'd their holineſſe thereby:
Though fooles (I ſay) on them, ſuch poore impoſtures lay,
Haue ſcandal'd them to ours, farre fooliſher then they,
Which thinke they haue by this ſo great aduantage got
Their venerable names from memory to blot,
Which truth can ne'r permit; and thou that art ſo pure,
The name of ſuch a Saint that no way canſt endure;
Know in reſpect of them to recompenſe that hate,
The wretchedſt thing, and thou haue both one death and date:
From all vaine worſhip too; and yet am I as free
As is the moſt preciſe, I paſſe not who 'hee bee.
Antiquitie I loue, nor by the worlds deſpight,
I can not be remoou'd from that my deare delight.
This ſpoke, to her faire ayd her ſiſter *Nen* ſhee winnes,
When ſhee of all her Saints, now with that man beginnes.
Saints in the Primitiue Britiſh Church. The firſt that euer told *Chriſt* crucified to vs,
(By *Paul* and *Peter* ſent) iuſt *Ariſtobulus*,
Renown'd in holy Writ, a Labourer in the word,
For that moſt certaine Truth, oppoſing fire and ſword,
By th' *Britans* murthered here, ſo vnbeleeuing then.
Next holy *Ioſeph* came, the mercifulſt of men,
The Sauiour of mankind, in Sepulchre that layd,
That to the *Britans* was th' Apoſtle; in his ayd
Saint *Duvian*, and with him Saint *Fagan*, both which were
His Scollers, likewiſe left their ſacred Reliques here:
All Denizens of ours, t'aduaunce the Chriſtian ſtate,
At *Glaſtenbury* long that were commemorate.
When *Amphiball* againe our Martyrdome began
In that moſt bloody raigne of *Dioclesian:*
This man into the truth, that bleſſed *Alban* led
(Our *Proto-Martyr* call'd) who ſtrongly diſcipled

In

In Christian Patience, learnt his tortures to appeaſe :
His fellow-Martyrs then, *Stephen*, and *Socrates*,
At holy *Albans* Towne, their Feſtiuall ſhould hold;
So of that Martyr nam'd, (which *Verlam* was of old.)
A thouſand other Saints, whom *Amphiball* had taught,
Flying the Pagan foe, their liues that ſtrictly ſought,
Were ſlaine where *Lichfield* is, whoſe name doth rightly ſound,
(There of thoſe Chriſtians ſlaine) Dead field, or burying ground.
Then for the Chriſtian faith, two other here that ſtood,
And teaching, brauely ſeald their Doctrine with their blood:
Saint *Iulius*, and with him Saint *Aron*, haue their roome,
At *Carleon* ſuffring death by *Diocleſians* doome;
Whoſe perſecuting raigne tempeſtuouſly that rag'd,
Gainſt thoſe here for the Faith, their vtmoſt that ingag'd,
Saint *Angule* put to death, one of our holieſt men,
At *London*, of that See, the godly Biſhop then
In that our Infant Church, ſo reſolute was he.
A ſecond Martyr too grace *Londons* ancient See,
Though it were after long, good *Voadine* who reprou'd
Proud *Vortiger* his King, vnlawfully that lou'd
Anothers wanton wife, and wrong'd his Nuptiall bed;
For which by that ſterne Prince vniuſtly murthered,
As he a Martyr dy'd, is Sainted with the reſt.
The third Saint of that See (though onely he confeſt)
Was *Guithelme*, vnto whom thoſe times that reuerence gaue,
As he a place with them eternally ſhall haue.
So *Melior* may they bring, the Duke of *Cornwalls* ſonne,
By his falſe brothers hands, to death who being done
In hate of Chriſtian faith, whoſe zeale leſt time ſhould taint,
As he a Martyr was, they iuſtly made a Saint.
Thoſe godly *Romans* then (who as mine Authour ſaith)
Wanne good King *Lucius* firſt t'imbrace the Chriſtian faith,
Fugatius, and his friend Saint *Damian*, as they were
Made Denizens of ours, haue their remembrance here :
As two more (neere that time, *Chriſt Ieſus* that confeſt,
And that moſt liuely faith, by their good works expreſt)
Saint *Eluan* with his pheere Saint *Midwin*, who to win
The *Britans*, (com'n from *Rome*, where Chriſtned they had bin)
Conuerted to the Faith their thouſands, whoſe deare graue,
That *Glaſtenbury* grac'd, there their memoriall haue.
As they their ſacred Bones in *Britaine* here beſtow'd,
So *Britaine* likewiſe ſent her Saints to them abroad :
Marſellus that iuſt man, who hauing gathered in
The ſcattered Chriſtian Flocke, inſtructed that had bin
By holy *Ioſeph* here; to congregate he wan
This iuſtly named Saint, this neuer-wearied man,

Britain ſendeth her holy men to other countries.

Next to the *Germans* preach'd, till (voyd of earthly feare)
By his couragious death, he much renown'd *Treuere.*
Then of our Natiue Saints, the first that di'd abroad;
Beatus, next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,
In *Switzerland* who preach'd, whom there those Paynims slue,
When greater in their place, though not in Faith, ensue
Saint *Lucius* (call'd of vs) the primer christned King,
Of th'ancient *Britons* then, who led the glorious ring
To all the *Saxon* Race, that here did him succeed,
Changing his regall Robe to a religious Weed,
His rule in *Britaine* left, and to *Heluetia* hied,
Where he a Bishop liu'd, a Martyr lastly died.
As *Constantine* the Great, that godly Emperour,
Here first the Christian Church that did to peace restore,
Whose euer blessed birth, (as by the power diuine)
The *Roman* Empire brought into the *British* Line,
Constantinoples Crowne, and th'ancient *Britans* glory.
So other here we haue to furnish vp our Story,
Saint *Melon* welneere, when the *British* Church began,
(Euen early in the raigne of *Romes Valerian*)
Here leauing vs for *Rome*, from thence to *Roan* was cald,
To preach vnto the *French*, where soone he was instauld
Her Bishop: *Britaine* so may of her *Gudwall* vaunt,
Who first the *Flemmings* taught, whose feast is held at *Gaunt.*
So others foorth she brought, to little *Britaine* vow'd,
Saint *Wenlocke*, and with him Saint *Sampson*, both alow'd
Apostles of that place, the first the Abbot sole
Of *Tawrac*, and the last sate on the See of *Dole:*
Where dying, *Maglor* then, thereof was Bishop made,
Sent purposely from hence, that people to perswade,
To keepe the Christian faith: so *Goluin* gaue we thither,
Who sainted being there, we set them here together.
As of the weaker Sex, that ages haue enshrin'd
Amongst the British Dames, and worthily diuin'd:
The finder of the Crosse Queene *Helena* doth lead,
Who though *Rome* set a Crowne on her Emperiall head,
Yet in our *Britaine* borne, and bred vp choicely here.
Emerita the next, King *Lucius* sister deare,
Who in *Heluetia* with her martyred brother di'd;
Bright *Vrsula* the third, who vndertooke to guide
Th'eleuen thousand Mayds to little *Britaine* sent,
By Seas and bloody men deuoured as they went:
Of which we find these foure haue been for Saints preferd,
(And with their Leader still doe liue incalenderd)
Saint *Agnes*, *Cordula*, *Odillia*, *Florence*, which
With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did inrich

At *Cullen*, where their Liues moſt clearely are expreſt,
And yearely Feaſts obſeru'd to them and all the reſt.
But when it came to paſſe the *Saxon* powers had put
The *Britans* from theſe parts, and them o'r *Seuerne* ſhut,
The Chriſtian Faith with her, then *Cambria* had alone,
With thoſe that it receiu'd (from this now *England*) gone,
Whoſe *Cambrobritans* ſo their Saints as duely brought,
T'aduance the Chriſtian Faith, effectually that wrought,
Their *Dauid*, (one deriu'd of th'royall *Britiſh* blood)
Who gainſt *Palagius* falſe and damn'd opinions ſtood,
And turn'd *Menenias* name to *Dauids* ſacred See,
Th Patron of the *Welſh* deſeruing well to be:
With *Cadock*, next to whom comes *Canock*, both which were
Prince *Brechans* ſonnes, who gaue the name to *Brecnockſheere*;
The firſt a Martyr made, a Confeſſor the other.
So *Clintanck*, *Brecknocks* Prince, as from one ſelfe ſame mother,
A Saint vpon that ſeat, the other doth enſue,
Whom for the Chriſtian Faith a Pagan Souldier ſlue.
So Biſhops can ſhee bring, which of her Saints ſhall bee,
As *Aſaph*, who firſt gaue that name vnto that See;
Of *Bangor*, and may boaſt Saint *Dauid* which her wan
Much reuerence, and with theſe *Owdock* and *Teleau*,
Both Biſhops of *Landaff*, and Saints in their Succeſſion;
Two other following theſe, both in the ſame profeſſion,
Saint *Dubric* whoſe report old *Carleon* yet doth carry,
And *Elery* in *Northwales*, who built a Monaſtery,
In which himſelfe became the Abot, to his praiſe,
And ſpent in Almes and Prayer the remnant of his dayes.
But leauing theſe Diuin'd, to *Decuman* we come,
In *Northwales* who was crown'd with glorious Martyrdome.
Iuſtinian, as that man a Sainted place deſeru'd,
Who ſtill to feed his ſoule, his ſinfull body ſteru'd:
And for that height in zeale, whereto he did attaine,
There by his fellow Monkes moſt cruelly was ſlaine.
So *Cambria*, *Beno* bare; and *Gildas*, which doth grace
Old *Bangor*, and by whoſe learn'd writings we imbrace,
the knowledge of thoſe times; the fruits of whoſe iuſt pen,
Shall liue for euer freſh, with all truth-ſearching men:
Then other, which for hers old *Cambria* doth auerre,
Saint *Senan*, and with him wee ſet Saint *Deiferre*,
Then *Tather* will we take, and *Chyned* to the reſt,
With *Baruk*, who ſo much the Ile of *Bardſey* bleſt
By his moſt powerfull prayer, to ſolitude that liu'd,
And of all worldly care his zealous Soule depriu'd.
Of theſe, ſome liu'd not long, ſome wondrous aged were,
But in the Mountaines liu'd, all Hermits here and there.

The *Cambro-Britiſh* Saints.

O more then mortall men, whoſe Faith and earneſt prayers,
Not onely bare ye hence, but were thoſe mightie ſtayres
By which you went to heauen, and God ſo clearely ſaw,
As this vaine earthly pompe had not the power to draw
Your eleuated ſoules, but once to looke ſo low,
As thoſe depreſſed paths, wherein baſe worldlings goe.
What mind doth not admire the knowledge of theſe men?
But zealous Muſe returne vnto thy taske agen.
  Theſe holy men at home, as here they were beſtow'd,
So *Cambria* had ſuch too, as famous were abroad.
Sophy King *Gulicks* ſonne of *Northwales*, who had ſeene
The Sepulchre three times, and more, ſeuen times had beene
On Pilgrimage at *Rome*, of *Beniuentum* there
The painfull Biſhop made; by him ſo place we here,
Saint *Mackloue*, from *Northwales* to little *Britaine* ſent,
That people to conuert, who reſolutely bent,
Of *Athelney* in time the Biſhop there became,
Which her firſt title chang'd, and tooke his proper name.
So ſhe her Virgins had, and vow'd as were the beſt:
Saint *Keyne* Prince *Brechans* child, (a man ſo highly bleſt,
That thirtie borne to him all Saints accounted were.)
Saint *Inthwar* ſo apart ſhall with theſe other beare,
Who out of falſe ſuſpect was by her brother ſlaine.
Then *VVinifrid*, whoſe name yet famous doth remaine,
Whoſe Fountaine in *Northwales* intitled by her name,
For Moſſe, and for the Stones that be about the ſame,
Is ſounded through this Ile, and to this latter age
Is of our Romiſts held their lateſt Pilgrimage.
  But when the *Saxons* here ſo ſtrongly did reſide,
And ſurely ſeated once, as owners to abide;
When nothing in the world to their deſire was wanting,
Except the Chriſtian Faith, for whoſe ſubſtantiall planting,
Saint *Auguſtine* from *Rome* was to this Iland ſent;
And comming through large *France*, ariuing firſt in *Kent*,
Conuerted to the faith King *Ethelbert*, till then
Vnchriſtened that had liu'd, with all his *Kentiſhmen*,
And of their chiefeſt Towne, now *Canterbury* cald,
The Biſhop firſt was made, and on that See inſtauld.
Foure other, and with him for knowledge great in name,
That in this mighty worke of our conuerſion came,
Lawrence, *Melitus* then, with *Iuſtus*, and *Honorius*,
In this great Chriſtian worke, all which had beene laborious,
To venerable age, each comming in degree,
Succeeded him againe in *Canterbury* See,
As *Peter* borne in *France*, with theſe and made our owne,
And *Pauline* whoſe great zeale, was by his Preaching ſhowne.

Thoſe that came from forraine parts into this Ile, & were canonized here for Saints.

The

The firſt to Abbots ſtate, wiſe *Auſten* did preferre,
And to the latter gaue the See of *Rocheſter*;
All canoniz'd for Saints, as worthy ſure they were,
For eſtabliſhing the Faith, which was receiued here.
Few Countries where our *Chriſt* had ere been preached then,
But ſent into this Ile ſome of their godly men.
From *Perſia* led by zeale, ſo *Iue* this Iland ſought,
And neere our Eaſterne Fennes a fit place finding, taught
The Faith: which place from him the name alone deriues,
And of that ſainted man ſince called is *Saint-Iues*;
Such reuerence to her ſelfe that time Deuotion wan.
So Sun-burnt *Affrick* ſent vs holy *Adrian*,
Who preacht the Chriſtian Faith here nine and thirtie yeere,
An Abbot in this Iſle, and to this Nation deare,
That in our Countrey two Prouinciall Synods cald,
T'reforme the Church that time with Hereſies enthrald.
So *Denmarke Henry* ſent t'encreaſe our holy ſtore,
Who falling in from thence vpon our Northerne ſhore
In th'Iſle of * *Cochet* liu'd, neere to the mouth of *Tyne*,
In Faſting as in Prayer, a man ſo much diuine,
That onely thrice a weeke on homely cates he fed,
And three times in the weeke himſelfe he ſilenced,
That in remembrance of this moſt abſtenious man,
Vpon his bleſſed death the Engliſh men began,
By him to name their Babes, which it ſo frequent brings,
Which name hath honoured been by many *Engliſh* Kings.
So *Burgundy* to vs three men moſt reuerent bare,
Amongſt our other Saints, that claime to haue their ſhare,
Of which was *Felix* firſt, who in th'Eaſt-*Saxon* raigne,
Conuerted to the faith King *Siglert*: him againe
Enſueth *Anſelme*, whom *Auguſta* ſent vs in,
And *Hugh*, whoſe holy life, to *Chriſt* did many win,
By * *Henry* th'Empreſſe ſonne holpe hither, and to haue
Him wholly to be ours, the See of *Lincolne* gaue.
So *Lumbardy* to vs, our reuerent *Lanfranck* lent,
For whom into this land King *William* Conqueror ſent,
And *Canterburies* See to his wiſe charge aſſign'd.
Nor *France* to theſe for hers was any whit behind,
For *Grimbald* ſhee vs gaue (as *Peter* long before,
Who with Saint *Auſten* came, to preach vpon this ſhore)
By *Alfred* hither cald, who him an Abbot made,
Who by his godly life, and preaching did perſwade,
The *Saxons* to beleeue the true and quickning word:
So after long againe ſhe likewiſe did afford,
Saint *Oſmond*, whom the See of *Salsbury* doth owne,
A Biſhop once of hers, and in our conqueſt knowne,

An Iſlet vpon the coaſt of *Scotland*, in the *Germane* Sea.

How the name of *Henry* came ſo frequent among the *Engliſh*.

Henry the ſecond.

When hither to that end their *Norman William* came,
Remigius then, whoſe mind, that worke of ours of fame,
Rich *Lincolne* Minſter ſhewes, where he a Biſhop ſat,
Which (it ſhould ſeeme) he built for men to wonder at.
So potent were the powers of Church-men in thoſe dayes.

Natiue *English* ſent into fortaine parts, canonized.

Then *Henry* nam'd of *Bloys*, from *France* who croſt the Seas,
With *Stephen* Earle of *Bloys* his brother, after King,
In *VVincheſters* rich See, who him eſtabliſhing,
He in thoſe troublous times in preaching tooke ſuch paine,
As he by them was not canonized in vaine.
As other Countries here, their holy men beſtow'd;
So *Britaine* likewiſe ſent her Saints to them abroad,
And into neighbouring *France*, our moſt religious went,
Saint *Clare* that natiue was of *Rocheſter* in *Kent*,
At *Volcaſyne* came vow'd the *French* inſtructing there,
So early ere the truth amongſt them did appeare,
That more then halfe a God they thought that reuerent man.
Our *Iudock*, ſo in *France* ſuch fame our Nation wan,
For holineſſe, where long an Abbots life he led
At *Pontoyſe*, and ſo much was honoured, that being dead,
And after threeſcore yeares (their lateſt period dated)
His body taken vp, was ſolemnly tranſlated.
As *Ceofrid*, that ſometime of *Wyremouth* Abbot was,
In his returne from *Rome*, as he through *France* did paſſe,
At *Langres* left his life, whoſe holineſſe euen yet,
Vpon his reuerent graue, in memory doth ſit.
Saint *Alkwin* ſo for ours, we *Engliſh* boaſt againe,
The Tutor that became to mightie *Charlemaigne*,
That holy man, whoſe heart was ſo with goodneſſe fild,
As out of zeale he wan that mightie King to build
That Academy now at *Paris*, whoſe Foundation
Through all the Chriſtian world hath ſo renown'd that Nation,
As well declares his wealth, that had the power to doe it,
As his moſt liuely zeale, perſwading him vnto it.
As *Simon* cald the Saint of *Burdeux*, which ſo wrought,
By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought
The people of thoſe parts, from Paganiſme, wherein
Their vnbeleeuing ſoules ſo long had nuzled bin.
So in the *Norman* rule, two moſt religious were,
Amongſt ours that in *France* diſperſed here and there,
Preach'd to that Nation long, Saint *Hugh*, who borne our owne,
In our firſt *Henries* rule ſate on the See of *Roan*,
Where reuerenc'd he was long. Saint *Edmund* ſo againe,
Who baniſhed from hence in our third *Henries* raigne,
There led an Hermits life neere *Pontoyſe*, where before,
Saint *Iudock* did the like) whoſe honour to reſtore,

Religious

Religious *Lewes* there interr'd with wondrous coſt,
Of whoſe rich Funerall *France* deſeruedly may boaſt.
Then *Main* we adde to theſe, an Abbot here of ours,
To little *Britaine* ſent, imploying all his powers
To bring them to the Faith, which he ſo well effected,
That ſince he as a Saint hath euer been reſpected.
As theſe of ours in *France*, ſo had wee thoſe did ſhow
In *Germany*, as well the Higher, as the Low,
Their Faith: In *Freezeland* firſt Saint *Boniface* our beſt,
Who of the See of *Mentz*, whilſt there he ſate poſſeſt,
At *Dockum* had his death, by faithleſſe *Frizians* ſlaine,
Whoſe Anniuerſaries there did after long remaine.
So *Wigbert* full of faith, and heauenly wiſedome went
Vnto the ſelfe ſame place, as with the ſame intent;
With *Eglemond* a man as great with God as he;
As they agreed in life, ſo did their ends agree,
Both by *Radbodius* ſlaine, who ruld in *Frizia* then:
So in the ſacred roule of our Religious men,
In *Freeze* that preach'd the faith we of Saint *Lullus* read,
Who in the See of *Mentz* did *Boniface* ſucceed;
And *Willihad* that of *Bren*, that ſacred Seat ſupplide,
So holy that him there, they halfely deifide;
With *Marchelme*, and with him our *Plechelme*, holy men,
That to the *Freezes* now, and to the *Saxons* then,
In *Germany* abroad the glorious Goſpell ſpread,
Who at their liues depart, their bodies gathered,
Were at old-*Seell* enſhrin'd, their *Obijts* yearely kept:
Such as on them haue had as many praiſes heap'd,
That in their liues the truth as conſtantly confeſt,
As th'other that their Faith by Martyrdome expreſt.
In *Freeze*, as theſe of ours, their names did famous leaue,
Againe ſo had we thoſe as much renown'd in *Cleaue*;
Saint *Swibert*, and with him Saint *Willick*, which from hence,
To *Cleeue-land* held their way, and in the Truths defence
Pawn'd their religious liues, and as they went together,
So one and ſelfe ſame place allotted was to either:
For both of them at *Wert* in *Cleaueland* ſeated were,
Saint *Swibert* Biſhop was, Saint *Willick* Abbot there.
So *Guelderland* againe ſhall our moſt holy bring,
As *Edilbert* the ſonne of *Edilbald* the King
Of our *South-Saxon* Rule, inceſſantly that taught
The *Guelders*, whoſe bleſt dayes vnto their period brought,
Vnto his reuerent Corpſe, old *Harlem* harbour gaue;
So *Werenfrid* againe, and *Otger* both we haue,
Who to thoſe people preach'd, whoſe praiſe that country tells.
What Nation names a Saint, for vertue that excels

Saint *German* who for *Christ* his Bishoprick forsooke,
And in the Netherlands most humbly him betooke,
From place to place to passe, the secrets to reueale,
Of our deare Sauiours death, and last of all to seale
His doctrine with his blood: In *Belgia* so abroad,
Saint *Wynock* in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
Whose reliques *Wormshault* (yet) in *Flanders* hath reseru'd,
Of these, th'rebellious flesh (to winne them heauen) that staru'd.
Saint *Menigold*, a man, who in his youth had beene
A Souldier, and the French, and German warres had seene,
A Hermit last became, his sinfull soule to saue,
To whom good *Arnulph*, that most godly Emperour gaue
Some ground not farre from *Leedge*, his Hermitage to set,
Whose floore when with his teares, he many a day had wet,
He for the Christian faith vpon the same was slaine:
So did th' *Erwaldi* there most worthily attaine
Their Martyrs glorious Types, to *Ireland* first approou'd,
But after (in their zeale) as need requir'd remoou'd,
They to *Westphalia* went, and as they brothers were,
So they, the Christian faith together preaching there,
Th'old Pagan *Saxons* slew, out of their hatred deepe
To the true Faith, whose shrines braue *Cullen* still doth keepe.
So *Adler* one of ours, by *England* set apart
For *Germany*, and sent that people to conuert,
Of *Erford* Bishop made, there also had his end.
Saint *Liphard* likewise to our Martyralogе shall lend,
Who hauing been at *Rome* on Pilgrimage, to see
The Reliques of the Saints, supposed there to bee,
Returning by the way of *Germany*, at last,
Preaching the Christian faith, as he through *Cambray* past,
The Pagan people slew, whose Reliques *Huncourt* hath;
These others so we had, which trode the selfe same path
In *Germany*, which shee most reuerently imbrac'd.
Saint *Iohn* a man of ours, on *Saltzburgs* See was plac'd;
Saint *Willibald* of *Eist* the Bishop so became,
And *Burchard* English borne, the man most great of name,
Of *Witzburg* Bishop was, at *Hohemburg* that reard
The Monastery, wherein he richly was interd.
So *Mastreight* vnto her Saint *Willibord* did call,
And seated him vpon her See Episcopall,
As two Saint *Lebwins* there amongst the rest are brought;
Th'one o'r *Isells* banks the ancient *Saxons* taught:
At ouer *Isell* rests, the other did apply,
The *Gueldres*, and by them interd at *Deuentry*.
Saint *Wynibald* againe, at *Hidlemayne* enioy'd
The Abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd

In their Conuerſion there, which long time him withſtood.
Saint *Gregory* then, with vs ſprung of the Royall blood,
And ſonne to him whom we the elder *Edward* ſtile,
Both Court and Country left, which he eſteemed vile,
Which *Germany* receau'd, where he at *Myniard* led
A ſtrict Monaſtick life, a Saint aliue and dead.
So had we ſome of ours for *Italy* were preſt,
As well as theſe before, ſent out into the Eaſt.
King *Inas* hauing done ſo great and wondrous things,
As well might be ſuppos'd the works of ſundry Kings,
Erecting beautious Phanes, and Monuments ſo faire,
As Monarchs haue not ſince beene able to repaire,
Of many that he built, the leaſt, in time when they
Haue (by weake mens neglect) been falne into decay:
This Realme by him enrich'd, he pouertie profeſt,
In Pilgrimage to *Rome*, where meekly he deceaſt.
As *Richard* the deare ſonne to *Lothar* King of *Kent*,
When he his happy dayes religiouſly had ſpent;
And feeling the approch of his declining age,
Deſirous to ſee *Rome* in holy Pilgrimage,
Into thy Country com'n at *Lenca*, left his life,
Whoſe myracles there done, yet to this day are rife.
The Patron of that place, ſo *Thuſcany* in thee,
At faire *Mount-faſcon* ſtill the memory ſhall bee
Of holy *Thomas* there moſt reuerently interd,
Who ſometime to the See of *Hereford* preferd;
Thence trauailing to *Rome*, in his returne bereft
His life by ſickneſſe, there to thee his body left.
Yet *Italy* gaue not theſe honors all to them
That viſited her *Rome*, but from *Ieruſalem*,
Some comming back through thee, and yeelding vp their ſpirits,
On thy rich earth receiu'd their moſt deſerued merits.
O *Naples*, as thine owne, in thy large Territory,
Though to our Countries praiſe, yet to thy greater glory,
Euen to this day the Shrines religiouſly doſt keepe,
Of many a bleſſed Saint which in thy lap doth ſleepe!
As *Eleutherius*, com'n from viſiting the Tombe,
Thou gau'ſt to him at *Arke* in thy *Apulia* roome
To ſet his holy Cell, where he an Hermite dy'd,
Canonized her Saint; ſo haſt thou glorifide
Saint *Gerrard*, one of ours, (aboue the former grac'd)
In ſuch a ſumptuous Shrine at *Galinaro* plac'd;
At *Sancto Padre* ſo, Saint *Fulke* hath euer fame,
Which from that reuerent man't ſhould ſeeme deriu'd the name,
His Reliques there reſeru'd; ſo holy *Ardwins* Shrine
Is at *Ceprano* kept, and honoured as diuine,

For

For Myracles, that there by his ſtrong faith were wrought.
Mongſt theſe ſelected men, the Sepulchre that ſought,
And in thy Realme arriu'd, their bleſſed ſoules reſign'd:
Our *Bernards* body yet at *Arpine* we may find,
Vntill this preſent time, her patronizing Saint.
So Countries more remote, with ours we did acquaint,
As *Richard* for the fame his holineſſe had wonne,
And for the wondrous things that through his Prayers were done,
From this his natiue home into *Calabria* cald,
And of Saint *Andrewes* there the Biſhop was inſtauld,
For whom ſhee hath profeſt much reuerence to this land:
Saint *William* with this man, a paralell may ſtand,
Through all the Chriſtian world accounted ſo diuine,
That trauelling from hence to holy *Paleſtine*,
Deſirous that moſt bleſt *Ieruſalem* to ſee,
(In which the Sauiours ſelfe ſo oft vouchſaft to be)
Priour of that holy houſe by Suffrages related,
To th' Sepulchre of *Chriſt*, which there was dedicated;
To *Tyre* in *Syria* thence remou'd in little ſpace,
And in leſſe time ordain'd Archbiſhop of that place;
That God inſpired man, with heauenly goodneſſe fild,
A Saint amongſt the reſt deſeruedly is held.
Yet *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Germany*, thoſe times
Imployd not all our men, but into colder Clymes,
They wandred through the world, their Countries that forſooke.
So *Sigfrid* ſent from hence, deuoutly vndertooke
Thoſe Pagans wild and rude, of *Gothia* to conuert,
Who hauing laboured long, with danger oft ingirt,
Was in his reuerent age for his deſerued fee,
By *Olaus* King of *Goths*, ſet on *Vexonia's* See.
To *Norway*, and to thoſe great North-Eaſt Countries farre;
So *Gotebald* gaue himſelfe holding a Chriſtian warre
With Paynims, nothing elſe but Heatheniſh Rites that knew.
As *Suethia* to her ſelfe theſe men moſt reuerent drew,
Saint *Vlfrid* of our Saints, as famous there as any,
Nor ſcarcely find we one conuerting there ſo many.
And *Henry* in thoſe dayes of *Oxſto* Biſhop made,
The firſt that *Swethen* King, which euer did perſwade,
On *Finland* to make warre, to force them by the ſword,
When nothing elſe could ſerue to heare the powerfull word;
With *Eskill* thither ſent, to teach that barbarous Nation,
Who on the Paſſion day, there preaching on the Paſſion,
T'expreſſe the Sauiours loue to mankind, taking paine,
By cruell Paynims hands was in the Pulpit ſlaine,
Vpon that bleſſed day *Chriſt* dyed for ſinfull man,
Vpon that day for *Chriſt*, his Martyrs Crowne he wan.

So *Dauid* drawne from hence into thoſe farther parts,
By preaching, who to pearce thoſe Paynims hardned hearts,
Inceſſantly proclaim'd *Chriſt Ieſus*, with a crie
Againſt their Heathen gods, and blind Idolatry.
Into thoſe colder Clymes to people beaſtly rude,
So others that were ours couragiouſly purſude,
The planting of the Truth, in zeale three moſt profound,
The reliſh of whoſe names by likelineſſe of ſound,
Both in their liues and deaths, a likelineſſe might ſhow;
As *Vnaman* we name, and *Shunaman* that goe,
With *Wynaman* their friend, which martyred gladly were
In *Gothland*, whilſt they taught with Chriſtian patience there.
Nor thoſe from vs that went, nor thoſe that hither came
From the remoteſt parts, were greater yet in name,
Then thoſe reſiding here on many a goodly See,
(Great Biſhops in account, now greater Saints that be)
Some ſuch ſelected ones for pietie and zeale,
As to the wretched world, more clearely could reueale,
How much there might of God in mortall man be found
In charitable workes, or ſuch as did abound,
Which by their good ſucceſſe in aftertimes were bleſt,
Were then related Saints, as worthier then the reſt.
Of *Canterbury* here with thoſe I will begin,
That firſt Archbiſhops See, on which there long hath bin
So many men deuout, as rais'd that Church ſo high,
Much reuerence, and haue wonne their holy Hierarchy:
Of which he firſt that did with goodneſſe ſo inflame
The hearts of the deuout (that from his proper name)
As one (euen) ſent from God, the ſoules of men to ſaue
The title vnto him, of *Deodat* they gaue.
The Biſhops *Brightwald* next, and *Tatwin* in we take,
Whom time may ſay, that Saints it worthily did make
Succeeding in that See directly euen as they,
Here by the Muſe are plac'd, who ſpent both night and day
By doctrine, or by deeds, inſtructing, doing good,
In raiſing them were falne, or ſtrengthening them that ſtood.
Then *Odo* the Seuere, who highly did adorne
That See, (yet being of vnchriſtened parents borne,
Whoſe Country *Denmarke* was, but in Eaſt *England* dwelt)
He being but a child, in his cleere boſome felt
The moſt vndoubted truth, and yet vnbaptiz'd long;
But as he grew in yeares, in ſpirit ſo growing ſtrong:
And as the Chriſtian faith this holy man had taught,
He likewiſe for that Faith in Sundry battels fought.
So *Dunſtan* as the reſt aroſe through many Sees,
To this Arch-type at laſt aſcending by degrees,

Biſhops of this land canonized Saints.

There

There by his power confirm'd, and ſtrongly credit wonne,
To many wondrous things, which he before had done.
To whom when (as they ſay) the Deuill once appear'd,
This man ſo full of faith, not once at all afeard,
Strong conflicts with him had, in myracles moſt great.
As *Egelnoth* againe much grac'd that ſacred ſeat,
Who for his godly deeds ſurnamed was the Good,
Not boaſting of his birth, though com'n of Royall blood:
For that, nor at the firſt, a Monkes meane Cowle deſpis'd,
With winning men to God, who neuer was ſuffic'd.
Theſe men before expreſt; ſo *Eadſine* next enſues,
To propagate the truth, no toyle that did refuſe;
In *Haralds* time who liu'd, when *William* Conqueror came,
For holineſſe of life, attain'd vnto that fame,
That Souldiers fierce and rude, that pitty neuer knew,
Were ſuddenly made mild, as changed in his view.
This man with thoſe before, moſt worthily related
Arch-ſaints, as in their Sees Arch-biſhops conſecrated.
Saint *Thomas Becket* then, which *Rome* ſo much did hery,
As to his Chriſtned name it added *Canterbury*;
There to whoſe ſumptuous Shrine the neere ſucceeding ages,
So mighty offrings ſent, and made ſuch Pilgrimages,
Concerning whom, the world ſince then hath ſpent much breath,
And many queſtions made both of his life and death:
If he were truely iuſt, he hath his right; if no,
Thoſe times were much to blame, that haue him reckond ſo.
Then theſe from *Yorke* enſue, whoſe liues as much haue grac'd
That See, as theſe before in *Canterbury* plac'd:
Saint *Wilfrid* of her Saints, we then the firſt will bring,
Who twice by *Egfrids* ire, the ſterne *Northumbrian* King,
Expulſt his ſacred Seat, moſt patiently it bare,
The man for ſacred gifts almoſt beyond compare.
Then *Boſa* next to him as meeke and humble hearted,
As the other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
His mercies ſundry wayes, as age vpon him came.
And next him followeth *Iohn*, who likewiſe bare the name,
Of *Beuerley*, where he moſt happily was borne,
Whoſe holineſſe did much his natiue place adorne,
Whoſe Vigils had by thoſe deuouter times bequeſts
The Ceremonies due to great and ſolemne Feaſts.
So *Oſwald* of that ſeat, and *Cedwall* ſainted were,
Both reuerenc'd and renown'd Archbiſhops, liuing there
The former to that See, from *Worceſter* tranſſer'd,
Deceaſed, was againe at *Worceſter* inter'd:
The other in that See a ſepucher they choſe,
And did for his great zeale amongſt the Saints diſpoſe,

As

As *William* by deſcent com'n of the Conquerors ſtraine,
Whom *Stephen* ruling here did in his time ordaine
Archbiſhop of that See, among our Saints doth fall,
Deriu'd from thoſe two Seats, ſtyld Archiepiſcopall.
Next theſe Arch-Sees of ours, now *London* place doth take,
Which had thoſe, of whom time Saints worthily did make.
As *Ceda*, (brother to that reuerent Biſhop *Chad*,
At *Lichfield* in thoſe times, his famous ſeat that had)
Is Sainted for that See amongſt our reuerent men,
From *London* though at length remoou'd to *Leſtingen*,
A monaſtery, which then he richly had begun.
Him *Erkenwald* enſues th'Eaſt Engliſh *Offa's* ſonne,
His fathers kingly Court, who for a Croſiar fled,
Whoſe works ſuch fame him wonne for holineſſe, that dead,
Time him enſhrin'd in *Pauls*, (the mother of that See)
Which with Reuenues large, and Priuiledges he
Had wondrouſly endow'd; to goodneſſe ſo affected,
That he thoſe Abbayes great, from his owne power erected
At *Chertſey* neere to *Thames*, and *Barking* famous long.
So *Roger* hath a roome in theſe our Sainted throng,
Who by his words and works ſo taught the way to heauen,
As that great name to him ſure was not vainely giuen.
With *Wincheſter* againe proceed we, which ſhall ſtore
Vs with as many Saints, as any See (or more)
Of whom we yet haue ſung, (as *Heada* there we haue)
Who by his godly life, ſo good inſtructions gaue,
As teaching that the way to make men to liue well,
Example vs aſſur'd, did Preaching farre excell.
Our *Swithen* then enſues, of him why ours I ſay;
Is that vpon his Feaſt, his dedicated day,
As it in Harueſt haps, ſo Plow-men note thereby,
Th'enſuing fortie dayes be either wet or dry,
As that day falleth out, whoſe Myracles may wee
Beleeue thoſe former times, he well might ſainted bee.
So *Frithſtan* for a Saint incalendred we find,
With *Brithſtan* not a whit the holyeſt man behind,
Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for reſpect
Of vertues in him found, the latter did elect
To ſit vpon his See, who likewiſe dying there,
To *Ethelbald* againe ſucceeding did appeare,
The honour to a Saint, as challenging his due.
Theſe formerly expreſt, then *Elpheg* doth enſue;
Then *Ethelwald*, of whom this Almes-deed hath been told,
That in a time of dearth his Churches plate he ſold,
T'releeue the needy poore; the Churches wealth (quoth he)
May be againe repayr'd, but ſo theſe cannot be.

With theſe before expreſt, ſo *Britwald* forth ſhe brought,
By faith and earneſt prayer his myracles that wrought,
That ſuch againſt the Faith, that were moſt ſtony-hearted,
By his religious life, haue laſtly been conuerted.
This man, when as our Kings ſo much decayed were,
As 'twas ſuppos'd their Line would be extinguiſht here,
Had in his Dreame reueald, to whom All-doing heauen,
The Scepter of this land in after-times had giuen;
Which in Prophettick ſort by him deliuered was,
And as he ſtoutly ſpake, it truly came to paſſe.
So other Southerne Sees, here either leſſe or more,
Haue likewiſe had their Saints, though not alike in ſtore.
Of *Rocheſter*, we haue Saint *Ithamar*, being then
In thoſe firſt times, firſt of our natiue *Engliſh* men
Reſiding on that Seat; ſo as an ayd to her,
But ſingly Sainted thus, we haue of *Chicheſter*,
Saint *Richard*, and with him Saint *Gilbert*, which doe ſtand
Enrold amongſt the reſt of this our Mytred Band,
Of whom ſuch wondrous things, for truths deliuered are,
As now may ſeeme to ſtretch our ſtrait beleefe too farre.
And *Cimbert*, of a Saint had the deſerued right,
His yearely *Obijts* long, done in the Iſle of *Wight*;
A Biſhop, as ſome ſay, but certaine of what See,
It ſcarcely can be proou'd, nor is it knowne to me.
Whilſt *Sherburne* was a See, and in her glory ſhone,
And *Bodmin* likewiſe had a Biſhop of her owne,
Whoſe Dioceſſe that time contained *Cornwall*; theſe
Had as the reſt their Saints, deriued from their Sees:
The firſt, her *Adelme* had, and *Hamond*, and the laſt
Had *Patrock*, for a Saint that with the other paſt;
That were it fit for vs but to examine now
Thoſe former times, theſe men for Saints that did allow,
And from our reading vrge, that others might as well
Related be for Saints, as worthy euery deale.
This ſcruteny of ours, would cleere that world thereby,
And ſhew it to be voyd of partiality,
That each man holy cald, was not canoniz'd here,
But ſuch whoſe liues by death had triall many a yeere.
That See at *Norwich* now eſtabliſht (long not ſtird)
At *Eltham* planted firſt, to *Norwich* then transferd
Into our bedroule here, her *Humbert* in doth bring,
(A Counſellour that was to that moſt martyred King
Saint *Edmund*) who in their rude maſſacre then ſlaine,
The title of a Saint, his Martyrdome doth gaine.
So *Hereford* hath had on her Cathedrall Seat,
Saint *Leofgar*, a man by Martyrdome made great,

Whom

Whom *Griffith* Prince of *Wales*, that Towne which did ſubdue,
(O moſt vnhallowed deed) vnmercifully ſlue.
So *Worſter*, (as thoſe Sees here ſung by vs before)
Hath likewiſe with her Saints renown'd our natiue ſhore:
Saint *Egwin* as her eld'ſt, with *Woolſtan* as the other,
Of whom ſhe may be proud, to ſay ſhee was the Mother,
The Churches Champions both, for her that ſtoutly ſtood.
Lichfield hath thoſe no whit leſſe famous, nor leſſe good:
The firſt of whom is that moſt reuerent Biſhop *Chad*,
In thoſe religious rimes for holineſſe that had,
The name aboue the beſt that liued in thoſe dayes,
That Stories haue been ſtuft with his abundant praiſe;
Who on the See of *Yorke* being formerly inſtauld,
Yet when backe to that place Saint *Wilfrid* was recald,
The Seat to that good man he willingly reſign'd,
And to the quiet Cloſſe of *Lichfield* him confin'd.
So *Sexvlfe* after him, then *Owen* did ſupply,
Her Trine of reuerent men, renown'd for ſanctitie.
As *Lincolne* to the Saints, our *Robert Groſted* lent,
A perfect godly man, moſt learn'd and eloquent,
Then whom no Biſhop yet walkt in more vpright wayes,
Who durſt reprooue proud *Rome*, in her moſt proſperous dayes,
Whoſe life, of that next age the Iuſtice well did ſhow,
Which we may boldly ſay, for this we clearely know,
Had *Innocent* the fourth the Churches Suffrage led,
This man could not at *Rome* haue been Canonized.
Her ſainted Biſhop *Iohn*, ſo *Ely* addes to theſe,
Yet neuer any one of all our ſeuerall Sees
Northumberland like thine, haue to theſe times been bleſt,
Which ſent into this Iſle ſo many men profeſt,
Whilſt *Haguſtald* had then a Mother-Churches ſtile,
And *Lindisferne* of vs now cald the *Holy-Ile*,
Was then a See before that *Durham* was ſo great,
And long ere *Carleill* came to be a Biſhops ſeat.
Aidan, and *Finan* both, moſt happily were found
Northumberland in thee, euen whilſt thou didſt abound
With Paganiſme, which them thy *Oſwin* that good King,
His people to conuert did in from *Scotland* bring:
As *Etta* likewiſe hers, from *Malrorſe* that aroſe,
Being Abbot of that place, whom the *Northumbers* choſe
The Biſhopricke of *Ferne*, and *Haguſtald* to hold.
And *Cuthbert* of whoſe life ſuch Myracles are told,
As *Storie* ſcarcely can the truth thereof maintaine,
Of th'old *Scotch-Iriſh* Kings deſcended from the ſtraine,
To whom ſince they belong, I from them here muſt ſwerue,
And till I thither come, their holineſſe reſerue,

Proceeding with the reſt that on thoſe Sees haue ſhowne,
As *Edbert* after theſe borne naturally our owne.
The next which in that See Saint *Cuthbert* did ſucceed,
His Church then built of wood, and thatch'd with homely reed,
He builded vp of ſtone, and couered fayre with Lead,
Who in Saint *Cuthberts* Graue they buried being dead,
As his ſad people he at his departing wild.
So *Higbald* after him a Saint is likewiſe held,
Who when his proper See, as all the Northren Shore,
Were by the *Danes* deſtroyd, he not diſmayd the more,
But making ſhift to get out of the cruell flame,
His Cleargie carrying foorth, preach'd whereſoere he came.
And *Alwyn* who the Church at *Durham* now, begun,
Which place before that time was ſtrangely ouerrun
With ſhrubs, and men for come that plot had lately eard,
Where he that goodly Phane to after ages reard,
And thither his late Seat from **Lindisferne* tranſlated,
Which his Cathedrall Church by him was conſecrated.
So *Acca* we account mongſt thoſe which haue been cald
The Saints of this our See, which ſate at *Hagenſtald*,
Of which he Biſhop was, in that good age reſpected,
In Calenders preſeru'd, in th'Catalogues neglected,
Which ſince would ſeeme to ſhew the Biſhops as they came:
Then *Edilwald*, which ſome (ſince) *Ethelwoolph* doe name,
At *Durham* by ſome men ſuppoſed to reſide
More rightly, but by ſome at *Carleill* iuſtifide,
The firſt which rul'd that See, which **Beauclerke* did preferre,
Much gracing him, who was his only Confeſſor.
Nor were they Biſhops thus related Saints alone;
Northumberland, but thou (beſides) haſt many a one,
Religious Abbots, Prieſts, and holy Hermits then,
Canonized as well as thy great Mytred men:
Two famous Abbots firſt are in the ranke of theſe,
Whoſe Abbayes touch'd the walls of thy two ancient Seas.
Thy *Royſill* (in his time the tutillage that had
Of *Cuthbert* that great Saint, whoſe hopes then but a lad,
Expreſt in riper yeares how greatly he might merit)
The man who had from God a propheſying Spirit,
Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
His very hower of death, was by an Angell told.
At *Malroyes* this good man his Sainting well did earne,
Saint *Oſwald* his againe at holy *Lindisferne*,
With *Ine* a godly Prieſt, ſuppoſd to haue his lere
Of *Cuthbert*, and with him was *Herbert* likewiſe there
His fellow-pupill long, (who as mine Authour ſaith)
So great opinion had, of *Cuthbert* and his faith,

An Iſle neere to *Scotland*, lying into the *German* Ocean, ſince that called *Holy Iland*, as you may read in the next page following.

Henry the firſt.

That

That at one time and place, he with that holy man,
Desir'd of God to dye, which by his prayer he wan.
Our venerable *Bede* so forth that Country brought,
And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages sought
The truth to vnderstand, impartially which he
Deliuered hath to time, in his Records that we,
Things left so farre behind, before vs still may read,
Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is Saint *Bede*.
A sort of Hermits then, by thee to light are brought,
Who liu'd by Almes, and Prayer, the world respecting nought.
Our *Edilwald* the Priest, in *Ferne* (now holy Ile)
Which standeth from the firme to Sea nine English mile,
Sate in his reuerent Cell, as *Godrick* thou canst show;
His head and beard as white as Swan or driuen Snow,
At *Finchall* threescore yeeres, a Hermits life to lead;
Their solitary way in thee did *Alrick* tread,
Who in a Forrest neere to *Carleill*, in his age,
Bequeath'd himselfe to his more quiet Hermitage.
Of *Wilgusse*, so in thee *Northumberland* we tell,
Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
(Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royall straine)
That *Alkwin*, Master to that mightie *Charlemaigne*,
In Verse his Legend writ, who of our holy men,
He him the subiect chose for his most learned pen.
So *Oswyn*, one of thy deare Country thou canst show,
To whom as for the rest for him we likewise owe
Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gaue,
Whose Reliques that great house of *Lesting* long did saue,
To sinders till it sanke: so *Benedict* by thee,
We haue amongst the rest, for Saints that reckoned bee,
Of *Wyremouth* worship'd long, her Patron buried there,
In that most goodly Church, which he himselfe did reare.
Saint *Thomas* so to vs *Northumberland* thou lent'st,
Whom vp into the South, thou from his Country sent'st;
For sanctitie of life, a man exceeding rare,
Who since that of his name so many Saints there are,
This man from others more, that times might vnderstand,
They to his christened name added *Northumberland*.
Nor in one Country thus our Saints confined were,
But through this famous Isle dispersed here and there:
As *Yorkshire* sent vs in Saint *Robert* to our store,
At *Knarsborough* most knowne, whereas he long before
His blessed time bestowd, then one as iust as he,
(If credit to those times attributed may be)
Saint *Richard* with the rest deseruing well a roome,
Which in that Country once, at *Hampoole* had a toombe.

Religious *Alred* ſo, from *Rydall* we receiue,
The Abbot, who to all poſteritie did leaue,
The fruits of his ſtaid faith, deliuered by his Pen.
Not of the leaſt deſert amongſt our holieſt men,
One *Euſac* then we had, but where his life he led,
That doubt I, but am ſure he was Canonized,
And was an Abbot too, for ſanctity much fam'd.
Then *Woolſey* will we bring, of *Weſtminſter* ſo nam'd,
And by that title knowne, in power and goodneſſe great;
And meriting as well his Sainting, as his Seat.
So haue we found three *Iohns*, of ſundry places here,
Of which (three reuerent men) two famous Abbots were.
The firſt *Saint Albans* ſhew'd, the ſecond *Lewes* had,
Another godly *Iohn* we to theſe former add,
To make them vp a Trine, (the name of Saints that wonn)
Who was a *Yorkſhire* man, and Prior of *Berlington*.
So *Biren* can we boaſt, a man moſt highly bleſt
With the title of a Saint, whoſe aſhes long did reſt
At *Dorcheſter*, where he was honoured many a day;
But of the place he held, books diuerſly dare ſay,
As they of *Gilbert* doe, who founded thoſe Diuines,
Monaſticks all that were, of him nam'd *Gilbertines:*
To which his Order here, he thirteene houſes built,
When that moſt thankfull time, to ſhew he had not ſpilt
His wealth on it in vaine, a Saint hath made him here,
At *Sempringham* enſhrin'd, a towne of *Lincolneſhire*.
Of ſainted Hermits then, a company we haue,
To whom deuouter times this veneration gaue:
As *Gwir* in *Cornwall* kept his ſolitary Cage,
And *Neoth* by *Hunſtock* there, his holy Hermitage,
As *Guthlake*, from his youth, who liu'd a Souldier long,
Deteſting the rude ſpoyles, done by the armed throng,
The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forſooke,
And to his quiet Cell by *Crowland* him betooke,
Free from all publique crowds, in that low Fenny ground.
As *Bertiline* againe, was neere to *Stafford* found:
Then in a Forreſt there, for ſolitude moſt fit,
Bleſt in a Hermits life, by there enioying it.
An Hermit *Arnulph* ſo in *Bedfordſhire* became,
A man auſtere of life, in honour of whoſe name,
Time after built a Towne, where this good man did liue,
And did to it the name of *Arnulphsbury* giue.
Theſe men, this wicked world reſpected not a hayre,
But true Profeſſors were of pouertie and prayer.
Amongſt theſe men which times haue honoured with the Stile
Of Confeſſors, (made Saints) ſo euery little while,

Our

Our Martyrs haue com'n in, who ſealed with their blood,
That faith which th'other preach'd, gainſt them that it withſtood;
As *Alnoth*, who had liu'd a Herdſman, left his Seat,
Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his Neat,
And leauing that his Charge, he left the world withall,
An Anchorite and became, within a Cloyſtred wall,
Incloſing vp himſelfe, in prayer to ſpend his breath,
But was too ſoone (alas) by Pagans put to death.
Then *Woolſtan*, one of theſe, by his owne kinſman ſlaine
At *Euſham*, for that he did zealouſly maintaine
The veritie of *Chriſt*. As *Thomas*, whom we call
Of *Douer*, adding Monke, and Martyr therewithall;
For that the barbarous *Danes* he brauely did withſtand,
From ranſacking the Church, when here they put on land,
By them was done to death, which rather he did chuſe,
Then ſee their Heathen hands thoſe holy things abuſe.
Two Boyes of tender age, thoſe elder Saints enſue,
Of *Norwich William* was, of *Lincolne* little *Hugh*,
Whom th'unbeleeuing *Iewes* (rebellious that abide)
In mockery of our Chriſt at Eaſter crucifi'd,
Thoſe times would euery one ſhould their due honour haue,
His freedome or his life, for *Ieſus Chriſt* that gaue.
So *Wiltſhire* with the reſt her Hermit *Vlfrick* hath
Related for a Saint, ſo famous in the Faith,
That ſundry ages ſince, his Cell haue ſought to find,
At *Haſſelburg*, who had his *Obyts* him aſſign'd.
So had we many Kings moſt holy here at home,
As men of meaner ranke, which haue attaind that roome:
Northumberland, thy ſeat with Saints did vs ſupply
Of thy religious Kings; of which high Hierarchy
Was *Edwin*, for the Faith by Heatheniſh hands inthrald,
Whom *Penda* which to him the Welſh *Cadwallyn* cald,
Without all mercy ſlew: But he alone not dide
By that proud *Mercian* King, but *Penda* yet beſide,
Iuſt *Oſwald* likewiſe ſlew, at *Oſwaldſtree*, who gaue
That name vnto that place, as though time meant to ſaue
His memory thereby, there ſuffring for the Faith,
As one whoſe life deſeru'd that memory in death.
So likewiſe in the Roule of theſe *Northumbrian* Kings,
With thoſe that Martyrs were, ſo foorth that Country brings
Th'annoynted *Oſwin* next, in *Deira* to enſue,
Whom *Oſway* that bruit King of wild *Bernitia* ſlue:
Two kingdomes, which whilſt then *Northumberland* remain'd
In greatneſſe, were within her larger bounds contain'd;
This Kingly Martyr ſo, a Saint was rightly crown'd.
As *Alkmond* one of hers for ſanctity renown'd,

Saxon Kings canonized for Saints.

King

King *Alreds* Chriſtned ſonne, a moſt religious Prince,
Whom when the Heatheniſh here by no meanes could conuince,
(Their Paganiſme a pace declining to the wane)
At *Darby* put to death, whom in a goodly Phane,
Cald by his glorious name, his corpſe the Chriſtians layd.
What fame deſeru'd your faith, (were it but rightly wayd)
You pious Princes then, in godlineſſe ſo great;
Why ſhould not full-mouthd Fame your praiſes oft repeat?
So *Ethelwolph* her King, *Northumbria* notes againe,
In Martyrdome the next, though not the next in raigne,
Whom his falſe Subiects ſlue, for that he did deface
The Heatheniſh *Saxon* gods, and bound them to embrace
The liuely quickning Faith, which then began to ſpread.
So for our Sauiour *Chriſt*, as theſe were martyred:
There other holy Kings were likewiſe, who confeſt,
Which thoſe moſt zealous times haue Sainted with the reſt,
King *Alfred* that his *Chriſt* he might more ſurely hold,
Left his *Northumbrian* Crowne, and ſoone became encould,
At *Malroyſe*, in the land, whereof he had been King.
So *Egbert* to that Prince, a Paralell we bring,
To *Oſwoolph* his next heire, his kingdome that reſign'd,
And preſently himſelfe at *Lindisferne* confin'd,
Contemning Courtly ſtate, which earthly fooles adore:
So *Ceonulph* againe as this had done before,
In that religious houſe, a cloyſtred man became,
Which many a bleſſed Saint hath honoured with the name.
Nor thoſe *Northumbrian* Kings the onely Martyrs were,
That in this ſeuen-fold Rule the ſcepters once did beare,
But that the *Mercian* raigne, which Pagan Princes long,
Did terribly infeſt, had ſome her Lords among,
To the true Chriſtian Faith much reuerence which did add
Our Martyrologe to helpe: ſo happily ſhee had
Rufin, and *Vlfad*, ſonnes to *Wulphere*, for deſire
They had t'imbrace the Faith, by their moſt cruell Sire
Were without pittie ſlaine, long ere to manhood growne,
Whoſe tender bodies had their burying Rites at * *Stone*.
So *Kenelme*, that the King of *Mercia* ſhould haue beene,
Before his firſt ſeuen yeares he fully out had ſeene,
Was ſlaine by his owne Guard, for feare leſt waxing old,
That he the Chriſtian Faith vndoubtedly would hold.
So long it was ere truth could Paganiſme expell.
Then *Fremund*, *Offa's* ſonne, of whom times long did tell,
Such wonders of his life and ſanctitie, who fled
His fathers kingly Court, and after meekly led
An Hermits life in *Wales*, where long he did remaine
In Penitence and prayer, till after he was ſlaine

A Towne in *Staffordshire*.

By

By cruell *Oſwayes* hands, the moſt inueterate foe,
The Chriſtian faith here found: ſo *Etheldred* ſhall goe
With theſe our martyred Saints, though onely he confeſt,
Since he of *Mercia* was, a King who highly bleſt,
Faire *Bardney*, where his life religiouſly he ſpent,
And meditating *Chriſt*, thence to his Sauiour went.
Nor our Weſt-*Saxon* raigne was any whit behind
Thoſe of the other rules (their beſt) whoſe zeale wee find,
Amongſt thoſe ſainted Kings, whoſe fames are ſafelieſt kept;
As *Cedwall*, on whoſe head ſuch praiſe all times haue heapt,
That from a Heathen Prince, a holy Pilgrim turn'd,
Repenting in his heart againſt the truth t'haue ſpurn'd,
To *Rome* on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
And in the Chriſtian faith there humbly was baptiz'd.
So *Ethelwoolph*, who ſat on *Cedwalls* ancient Seat,
For charitable deeds, who almoſt was as great,
As any *Engliſh* King, at *Wincheſter* enſhrin'd,
A man amongſt our Saints, moſt worthily deuin'd.
Two other Kings as much our Martyrologe may ſted,
Saint *Edward*, and with him comes in Saint *Ethelred*,
By *Alfreda*, the firſt, his Stepmother was ſlaine,
That her moſt loued ſonne young *Ethelbert* might raigne:
The other in a ſtorme, and deluge of the *Dane*,
For that he Chriſtned was, receau'd his deadly bane;
Both which with wondrous coſt, the *Engliſh* did interre,
At *Wynburne* this firſt Saint, the laſt at *Wincheſter*,
Where that Weſt-*Saxon* Prince, good *Alfred* buried was
Among our Sainted Kings, that well deſerues to paſſe.
Nor were theſe Weſterne Kings of the old *Saxon* ſtraine,
More ſtudious in thoſe times, or ſtoutlier did maintaine
The truth, then theſe of ours, the *Angles* of the Eaſt,
Their neer'ſt and deer'ſt Allies, which ſtrongly did inveſt
The *Iſland with their name, of whoſe moſt holy Kings,
Which iuſtly haue deſeru'd their high Canonizings,
Are *Sigfrid*, whoſe deare death him worthily hath crownd,
And *Edmund* in his end, ſo wondrouſly renownd,
For Chriſts ſake ſuffring death, by that blood-drowning *Dane*,
To whom thoſe times firſt built that Citie and that Phane,
Whoſe ruines *Suffolke* yet can to her glory ſhow,
When ſhee will haue the world of her paſt greatneſſe know.
As *Ethelbert* againe alur'd with the report
Of more then earthly pompe, then in the *Mercian* Court,
From the *Eaſt-Angles* went, whilſt mighty *Offa* raign'd;
Where, for he chriſtned was, and Chriſtian-like abſtain'd
To Idolatrize with them, fierce *Quenred*, *Offa's* Queene
Moſt treacherouſly him ſlew out of th'inueterate ſpleene

* A people of the Saxons, who gaue the name to *England*, of *Angles* land.

Saint Edmunſbury.

Shee bare vnto the Faith, whom we a Saint adore.
So *Edwald* brother to Saint *Edmund*, ſung before,
A Confeſſor we call, whom paſt times did interre,
At *Dorceſter* by *Tame*, (now in our Calender.)
Amongſt thoſe kingdomes here, ſo *Kent* account ſhall yeeld
Of three of her beſt blood, who in this Chriſtian Field
Were mighty, of the which, King *Ethelbert* ſhall ſtand
The firſt; who hauing brought Saint *Auguſtine* to land,
Himſelfe firſt chriſtned was, by whoſe example then,
The Faith grew after ſtrong amongſt his *Kentiſhmen*.
As *Ethelbrit* againe, and *Ethelred* his pheere,
To *Edbald* King of *Kent*, who naturall Nephewes were,
For *Chriſt* there ſuffring death, aſſume them places hye,
Amongſt our martyred Saints, commemorate at *Wye*.
To theſe two brothers, ſo two others come againe,
And of as great diſcent in the *Southſexian* ſtraine:
Arwaldi of one name, whom ere King *Cedwall* knew
The true and liuely Faith, he tyranouſly ſlew:
Who ſtill amongſt the Saints haue their deſerued right,
Whoſe Vigils were obſeru'd (long) in the Iſle of *Wight*.
Remembred too the more, for being of one name,
As of th' *Eaſt-Saxon* line, King *Sebba* ſo became
A moſt religious Monke, at *London*, where he led
A ſtrict retyred life, a Saint aliue and dead.
Related for the like, ſo *Edgar* we admit,
That King, who ouer eight did ſoly Monarch ſit,
And with our holyeſt Saints for his endowments great,
Beſtow'd vpon the Church. With him we likewiſe ſeat
That ſumptuous ſhrined King, good *Edward*, from the reſt
Of that renowned name, by Confeſſor expreſt.

Holy women Canonized Saints.

To theſe our ſainted Kings, remembred in our Song,
Thoſe Mayds and widdowed Queenes, doe worthily belong,
Incloyſtred that became, and had the ſelfe ſame ſtyle,
For Faſting, Almes, and Prayer, renowned in our Iſle,
As thoſe that foorth to *France*, and *Germany* we gaue,
For holy charges there; but here firſt let vs haue
Our Mayd-made-Saints at home, as *Hilderlie*, with her
We *Theorid* thinke moſt fit, for whom thoſe times auerre,
A Virgin ſtrictlyer vow'd, hath hardly liued here.
Saint *Wulfſhild* then we bring, all which of *Barking* were,
And reckoned for the beſt, which moſt that houſe did grace,
The laſt of which was long the Abbeſſe of that place.
So *Werburg*, *Wulpheres* child, (of *Mercia* that had been
A perſecuting King) by *Ermineld* his Queene,
At *Ely* honoured is, where her deare mother late,
A Recluſe had remain'd, in her ſole widdowed ſtate:

Of which good *Audry* was King *Ina's* daughter bright,
Reflecting on thoſe times ſo cleare a Veſtall light,
As many a Virgin-breaſt ſhe fired with her zeale,
The fruits of whoſe ſtrong faith, to ages ſtill reueale
The glory of thoſe times, by liberties ſhe gaue,
By which thoſe Eaſterne Shires their Priuiledges haue.
Of holy *Audries* too, a ſiſter here we haue,
Saint *VVithburg*, who her ſelfe to Contemplation gaue,
At *Deerham* in her Cell, where her due howres ſhe kept,
Whoſe death with many a teare in *Norfolke* was bewept.
And in that Iſle againe, which beareth *Elies* name,
At *Ramſey*, *Merwin* ſo a Vayled Mayd became
Amongſt our Virgin-Saints, where *Elfled* is enrold,
The daughter that is nam'd of noble *Ethelwold*,
A great *Eaſt-Anglian* Earle, of *Ramſey* Abbas long,
So of our Mayden-Saints, the Female ſex among.
With *Milburg*, *Mildred* comes, and *Milwid*, daughters deere,
To *Meruald*, who did then the *Mercian* Scepter beare.
At *VVenlock*, *Milburg* dy'd, (a moſt religious mayd)
Of which great Abbay ſhee the firſt foundation layd:
And *Thanet* as her Saint (euen to this age) doth keepe
Her *Mildred*. *Milwid* was the like at *Canterbury*.
Nor in this vtmoſt Iſle of *Thanet* may we paſſe,
Saint *Eadburg* Abbeſſe there, who the deare daughter was,
To *Ethelbert* her Lord, and *Kents* firſt Chriſtened King,
Who in this place moſt fitſt we with the former bring,
Tranſlated (as ſome ſay) to Flanders: but that I;
As doubtfull of the truth, here dare not iuſtifie.
King *Edgars* ſiſter ſo, Saint *Edith*, place may haue
With theſe our Maiden-Saints, who to her *Powlſworth* gaue
Immunities moſt large, and goodly liuings layd.
Which *Modwen*, long before, a holy *Iriſh* mayd,
Had founded in that place, with moſt deuout intent.
As *Eanſwine*, *Eadwalds* child, one of the Kings of *Kent*,
At *Foulkſton* found a place (giuen by her father there)
In which ſhe gaue her ſelfe to abſtinence and prayer.
Of the *Weſt-Saxon* rule, borne to three ſeuerall Kings,
Foure holy Virgins more the Muſe in order brings:
Saint *Ethelgiue* the child to *Alfred*, which we find,
Thoſe more deuouter times at *Shaftsbury* enſhrin'd.
Then *Tetta* in we take, at *Winburne* on our way,
Which *Cuthreds* ſiſter was, who in thoſe times did ſway
On the *Weſt-Saxon* Seat, two other ſacred Mayds,
As from their Cradels vow'd to bidding of their beads.
Saint *Cuthburg*, and with her Saint *Quinburg*, which we here
Succeedingly doe ſet, both as they Siſters were,

Saint *Audries* Liberties.

And Abbeſſes againe of *VVilton*, which we gather,
Our Virgin-Band to grace, both hauing to their father
Religious *Ina*, red with thoſe which ruld the Weſt,
Whoſe mothers ſacred wombe with other Saints was bleſt,
As after ſhall be ſhew'd: an other Virgin vow'd,
And likewiſe for a Saint amongſt the reſt allow'd;
To th'elder *Edward* borne, bright *Eadburg*, who for ſhe,
(As fiue related Saints of that bleſt name there be)
Of *VVilton* Abbaſſe was, they her of *VVilton* ſtyl'd:
Was euer any Mayd more mercifull, more mild,
Or ſanctimonious knowne: But Muſe, on in our Song,
With other princely Mayds, but firſt with thoſe that ſprung
From *Penda*, that great King of *Mercia*; holy *Tweed*,
And *Kiniſdred*, with theſe their ſiſters, *Kiniſweed*,
And *Eadburg*, laſt not leaſt, at *Godmanchester* all
Incloyſtred; and to theſe Saint *Tibba* let vs call,
In ſolitude to Chriſt, that ſet her whole delight,
In *Godmancheſter* made a conſtant Anchorite.
Amongſt which of that houſe, for Saints that reckoned be,
Yet neuer any one more grac'd the ſame then ſhe.
Deriu'd of royall Blood, as th'other *Elfled* than
Neece to that mighty King, our *Engliſh Athelſtan*,
At *Glaſtenbury* ſhrin'd; and one as great as ſhee,
Being *Edward Out-lawes* child, a Mayd that liu'd to ſee
The *Conquerour* enter here, Saint *Chriſtian* (to vs knowne)
Whoſe life by her cleere name diuinely was foreſhowne.
For holineſſe of life, that as renowned were,
And not leſſe nobly borne, nor bred, produce we here;
Saint *Hilda*, and Saint *Hien*, the firſt of noble name,
At *Strenſhalt*, tooke her vow, the other ſiſter came
To *Colcheſter*, and grac'd the rich *Eſſexian* ſhore:
Whoſe Reliques many a day the world did there adore.
And of our ſainted Mayds, the number to ſupply,
Of *Eadburg* we allow, ſometime at *Alsbury*,
To *Redwald* then a King of the *Eaſt-Angles* borne,
A Votreſſe as ſincere as ſhee thereto was ſworne.
Then *Pandwine* we produce, whom this our natiue Iſle,
As forraine parts much priz'd, and higher did inſtyle,
The holyeſt *Engliſh* Mayd, whoſe Vigils long were held
In *Lincolneſhire*; yet not Saint *Frideſwid* exceld,
The Abbeſſe of an houſe in *Oxford*, of her kind
The wonder; nor that place, could hope the like to find.
Two ſiſters ſo we haue, both to deuotion plite,
And worthily made Saints; the elder *Margarite*,
Of *Katsby* Abbeſſe was, and *Alice*, as we read,
Her ſiſter on that ſeat, did happily ſucceed,

At

At *Abington*, which firſt receiu'd their liuing breath.
Then thoſe *Northumbrian* Nymphs, all vayld, as full of Faith,
That Country ſent vs in, t'increaſe our Virgin-Band,
Faire *Elfled*, *Oſwalds* child, King of *Northumberland*,
At *Strenſhalt* that was vaild. As mongſt thoſe many there,
O *Ebba*, whoſe cleere fame, time neuer ſhall out-weare,
At *Coldingham*, farre hence within that Country plac'd;
The Abbeſſe, who to keepe thy vayled Virgins chaſt,
Which elſe thou fearſt the *Danes* would rauiſh, which poſſeſt
This Iſle; firſt of thy ſelfe and then of all the reſt,
The Noſe and vpper Lip from your fayre faces keru'd,
And from pollution ſo your hallowed houſe preſeru'd.
Which when the *Danes* perceiu'd, their hopes ſo farre deluded,
Setting the houſe on fire, their Martyrdome concluded.
As *Leofron*, whoſe faith with others rightly wayd,
Shall ſhew her not out-match'd by any Engliſh Mayd:
Who likewiſe when the *Dane* with perſecution ſtorm'd,
She here a Martyrs part moſt gloriouſly perform'd.
Two holy Mayds againe at *Whitby* were renown'd,
Both Abbeſſes thereof, and Confeſſors are crown'd;
Saint *Ethelfrid*, with her Saint *Congill*, as a payre
Of Abbeſſes therein, the one of which by prayer
The Wild-geeſe thence expeld, that Iſland which annoy'd,
By which their graſſe and graine was many times deſtroy'd,
Which fall from off their wings, nor to the ayre can get
From the forbidden place, till they be fully ſet.
As theſe within this Iſle in Cloyſters were incloſd:
So we our Virgins had to forraine parts expoſd;
As *Eadburg*, *Ana's* child, and *Sethred* borne our owne,
Were Abbeſſes of *Bridge*, whoſe zeale to *France* was knowne:
And *Ercongate* againe we likewiſe thither ſent,
(Which *Ercombert* begot, ſometime a King of *Kent*)
A Prioreſſe of that place; *Burgundofora* bare,
At *Eureux* the chaſte rule, all which renowned are
In *France*, which as this Iſle of them may freely boaſt,
So *Germany* ſome grac'd, from this their native coaſt.
Saint *Walburg* heere extract from th' royall *Engliſh* Line,
Was in that Country made Abbeſſe of *Heydenſine*.
Saint *Tecla* to that place at *Ochenford* they choſe:
From *Wynburne* with the reſt (in *Dorſetſhire*) aroſe
Chaſt *Agatha*, with her went *Lioba* along.
From thence, two not the leaſt theſe ſacred Mayds among,
At *Biſcopſen*, by time encloyſtred and became.
Saint *Lewen* ſo attayn'd an euerliuing name
For Martyrdome, which ſhee at *Wynokebergin* wan,
Mayds ſeeming in their Sex t'exceed the holyeſt man.

Wild-geeſe falling downe, if they fly ouer the place.

Nor

Nor had our Virgins here for ſanctitie the prize,
But widdowed Queenes as well, that being godly wiſe,
Forſaking ſecond beds, the world with them forſooke,
To ſtrict retyred liues, and gladly them betooke
To Abſtinence and Prayer, and as ſincerely liu'd.
As when the Fates of life King *Ethelwold* depriu'd,
That o'r the *Eaſt-Angles* raign'd, bright *Heriſwid* his wife,
Betaking her to lead a ſtrait Monaſticke life,
Departing hence to *France*, receau'd the holy Vayle,
And liued many a day incloyſtred there at *Kale*.
Then *Keneburg* in this our Sainted front ſhall ſtand,
To *Alfred* the lou'd wife, King of *Northumberland*,
Daughter to *Penda* King of *Mercia*, who though he
Himſelfe moſt Heatheniſh were, yet liu'd that age to ſee
Foure Virgins, and this Queene, his children, conſecrated
Of *Godmancheſter* all, and after Saints related.
As likewiſe of this Sex, with Saints that doth vs ſtore,
Of the *Northumbrian* Line ſo haue we many more;
Saint *Eanfled* widdowed left, by *Oſway* raigning there,
At *Strenshalt* tooke her Vaile, as *Ethelburg* the pheere
To *Edwin*, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which poſſeſt
Northumbers ſacred ſeat, her ſelfe that did inueſt
At *Lymming* farre in *Kent*, which Country gaue her breath.
So *Edeth* as the reſt after King *Sethricks* death,
Which had the ſelfe ſame rule of *VVilton* Abbeſſe was,
Where two *VVeſt-Saxon* Queenes for Saints ſhall likewiſe paſſe,
Which in that ſelfe ſame houſe, Saint *Edeth* did ſucceed,
Saint *Ethelwid*, which here put on her hallowed weed,
King *Alreds* worthy wife, of *VVeſtſex*; ſo againe
Did *VVilfrid*, *Edgars* Queene, (ſo famous in his raigne)
Then *Eadburg*, *Ana's* wife, receiued as the other,
Who as a Saint her ſelfe, ſo likewiſe was ſhe mother
To two moſt holy Mayds, as we before haue ſhow'd
At *VVilton*, (which we ſay) their happy time beſtow'd,
Though ſhe of *Barking* was, a holy Nunne profeſt,
Who in her husbands time, had raigned in the Weſt:
Th'*Eaſt-Saxon* Line againe, ſo others to vs lent,
As *Sexburg* ſometime Queene to *Ercombert* of *Kent*,
Though *Ina's* loued child, and *Audryes* ſiſter knowne,
Which *Ely* in thoſe dayes did for her Abbeſſe owne.
Nor to Saint *Oſith* we leſſe honour ought to giue,
King *Sethreds* widdowed Queene, who (when death did depriue
Th'*Eſſexian* King of life) became enrould at *Chich*,
Whoſe Shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.
Two holy *Mercian* Queenes ſo widdowed, Saints became,
For ſanctity much like, not much vnlike in name.

King

King *Wulpheres* widdowed Pheere, Queene *Erminеld*, whoſe life
At *Ely* is renown'd, and *Ermenburg*, the wife
To *Merualд* raigning there, a Saint may ſafely paſſe,
Who to three Virgin-Saints the vertuous mother was,
The remnant of her dayes, religiouſly that bare,
Immonaſtred in *Kent*, where firſt ſhe breath'd the ayre.
King *Edgars* mother ſo, is for a Saint preferd,
Queene *Algyue*, who (they ſay) at *Shipſton* was interd.
So *Edward Outlawes* wife, Saint *Agatha*, we bring,
By *Salomon* begot, that great *Hungarian* King;
Who when ſhe ſaw the wrong to *Edgar* her deare ſonne,
By cruell *Harold* firſt, then by the *Conquerour* done,
Depriu'd his rightfull crowne, no hope it to recouer,
A Veſtall habite tooke, and gaue the falſe world ouer.
Saint *Maud* here not the leaſt, though ſhee be ſet the laſt,
And ſcarcely ouer-matcht by any that is paſt,
Our *Beauclearks* Queene, and borne to *Malcolme* King of *Scots*,
Whoſe ſanctity was ſeene to wipe out all the ſpots
Were laid vpon her life, when ſhee her Cloyſter fled,
And chaſtly gaue her ſelfe to her lou'd husbands bed,
Whom likewiſe for a Saint thoſe reuerend ages choſe,
With whom we at this time our Catalogue will cloſe.

Now *Rutland* all this time, who held her highly wron'g,
That ſhee ſhould for the Saints thus ſtrangely be prolong'd,
As that the Muſe ſuch time vpon their praiſe ſhould ſpend,
Sent in her ambling *Waſh*, faire *VVelland* to attend
At *Stamford*, which her Streame doth eas'ly ouertake,
Of whom her Miſtreſſe Flood ſeemes wondrous much to make;
For that ſhe was alone the darling and delight
Of *Rutland*, rauiſht ſo with her beloued ſight,
As in her onely childs, a mothers heart may be:
Wherefore that ſhe the leaſt, yet fruitfulſt Shire ſhould ſee,
The honourable ranke ſhee had amongſt the reſt,
The euer-labouring Muſe her Beauties thus expreſt.

Loue not thy ſelfe the leſſe, although the leaſt thou art,
What thou in greatneſſe wantſt, wiſe Nature doth impart
In goodneſſe of thy ſoyle; and more delicious mould,
Suruaying all this Iſle, the Sunne did nere behold.
Bring forth that *Britiſh* Vale, and be it ne'r ſo rare,
But *Catmus* with that Vale, for richneſſe ſhall compare:
What Forreſt-Nymph is found, how braue ſo ere ſhe be,
But *Lyfield* ſhewes her ſelfe as braue a Nymph as ſhee?
What Riuer euer roſe from Banke, or ſwelling Hill,
Then *Rutlands* wandring *VVaſh*, a delicater Rill?
Small Shire that can produce to thy proportion good,
One Vale of ſpeciall name, one Forreſt, and one Flood.

O *Catmus*, thou faire Vale, come on in Graſſe and Corne,
That *Beuer* ne'r be ſayd thy ſiſter-hood to ſcorne,
And let thy *Ocham* boaſt, to haue no litle grace,
That her they pleaſed Fates, did in thy boſome place,
And *Lyfield*, as thou art a Forreſt, liue ſo free,
That euery Forreſt-Nymph may praiſe the ſports in thee.
And downe to *Wellands* courſe, O *Waſh*, runne euer cleere,
To honour, and to be much honoured by this Shire.
And here my *Canto* ends, which kept the Muſe ſo long,
That it may rather ſeeme a Volume, then a Song.

The Isle of Axholme

LINDSEY

Ancum flu.

LINCOLNE

LINCO

Fosse dyke

Witham flu.

Grantham

Ancaster heath

Barton

Markett Raſin

COLNE

SHYRE

KESTEVEN

Bane Riu:

Waynfleett

Boſton

The Waſhe

Spalding

HOLLAND

Crowland

Deeping

The fiue and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Tow'rds Lincolnſhire *our Progreſſe layd,*
VVee through deepe Hollands *Ditches wade,*
Fowling, and Fiſhing in the Fen;
Then come wee next to Keſtiuen,
And bringing Wytham *to her fall,*
On Lindſey *light wee laſt of all,*
Her Scite and Pleaſures to attend,
And with the Iſle of Axholme *end.*

NOw in vpon thy earth, rich *Lincolnſhire* I ſtraine, (draine,
At *Deeping*, from whoſe Street, the plentious Ditches
Hemp-bearing *Hollands* Fen, at *Spalding* that doe fall
Together in their Courſe, themſelues as emptying all
Into one generall Sewer, which ſeemeth to diuide,
Low *Holland* from the High, which on their Eaſterne ſide
Th'in-bending Ocean holds, from the *Norfolcean* lands,
To their more Northern poynt, where * *Wainfleet* drifted ſtands,
Doe ſhoulder out thoſe Seas, and *Lindſey* bids her ſtay,
Beçauſe to that faire part, a challenge ſhe doth lay.
From faſt and firmer Earth, whereon the Muſe of late,
Trod with a ſteady foot, now with a ſlower gate,
Through *Quickſands, Beach, and Ouze, the *Waſhes* ſhe muſt wade,
Where *Neptune* euery day doth powerfully inuade
The vaſt and queachy ſoyle, with Hoſts of wallowing waues,
From whoſe impetuous force, that who himſelfe not ſaues,
By ſwift and ſudden flight, is ſwallowed by the deepe,
When from the wrathfull Tydes the foming Surges ſweepe,
The Sands which lay all nak'd, to the wide heauen before,
And turneth all to Sea, which was but lately Shore,
From this our Southerne part of *Holland*, cal'd the Low,
Where *Crowlands* ruines yet, (though almoſt buried) ſhow

Holland diuided into two parts, the Lower, and the Higher.

The length of *Holland* by the Sea ſhore, from the coaſt of *Norfolke* to *VVainfleet.*

The Deſcription of the *VVaſhes.*

Her mighty Founders power, yet his more Chriſtian zeale,
Shee by the Muſes ayd, ſhall happily reueale
Her ſundry ſorts of Fowle, from whoſe abundance ſhe
Aboue all other Tracts, may boaſt her ſelfe to be
The Miſtris, (and indeed) to ſit without compare,
And for no worthleſſe ſoyle, ſhould in her glory ſhare,
From her moyſt ſeat of Flags, of Bulruſhes and Reed,
With her iuſt proper praiſe, thus *Holland* doth proceed.

Holland's Oration.

Yee *Acheruſian Fens*, to mine reſigne your glory,
Both that which lies within the goodly Territory
Of *Naples*, as that Fen *Theſpoſia's* earth vpon,
Whence that infernall Flood, the ſmutted *Acheron*
Shoues forth her ſullen head, as thou moſt fatall *Fen*,
Of which *Hetruria* tells, the watry *Thraſimen*,
In Hiſtory although thou highly ſeemſt to boaſt,
That *Hanibal* by thee o'rthrew the *Roman* Hoſt.
I ſcorne th'*Egyptian* Fen, which *Alexandria* ſhowes,
Proud *Mareotis*, ſhould my mightineſſe oppoſe,
Or *Scythia*, on whoſe face the Sunne doth hardly ſhine,
Should her *Meotis* thinke to match with this of mine,
That couered all with Snow continually doth ſtand.
I ſtinking *Lerna* hate, and the poore *Libian* Sand.

A Nymph ſuppoſed to haue the charge of the Shore.

* *Marica* that wiſe Nymph, to whom great *Neptune* gaue
The charge of all his Shores, from drowning them to ſaue,
Abideth with me ſtill vpon my ſeruice preſt,
And leaues the looſer Nymphs to wayt vpon the reſt:

Fuell cut out of the Marſh.

In Summer giuing earth, from which I ſqare my * Peat,
And faſter feedings by, for Deere, for Horſe, and Neat.

Brookes and Pooles worne by the water, into which the riſing floods haue recourſe.

My various * Fleets for Fowle, O who is he can tell,
The ſpecies that in me for multitudes excell!
The *Duck*, and *Mallard* firſt, the Falconers onely ſport,
(Of Riuer-flights the chiefe, ſo that all other ſort,
They onely Greene-Fowle tearme) in euery Mere abound,
That you would thinke they ſate vpon the very ground,
Their numbers be ſo great, the waters couering quite,
That rais'd, the ſpacious ayre is darkened with their flight;
Yet ſtill the dangerous Dykes, from ſhot doe them ſecure,
VVhere they from Flaſh to Flaſh, like the full Epicure
Waſt, as they loued to change their Diet euery meale;
And neere to them ye ſee the leſſer dibling *Teale*

The word in Falconry, for a company of Teale.

In * Bunches, with the firſt that flie from Mere to Mere,
As they aboue the reſt were Lords of Earth and Ayre.
The *Goſſander* with them, my goodly Fennes doe ſhow
His head as *Ebon* blacke, the reſt as white as Snow,
With whom the *Widgeon* goes, the *Golden-Eye*, the *Smeath*,
And in odde ſcattred pits, the Flags, and Reeds beneath;

The *Coot*, bald, elſe cleane black, that whiteneſſe it doth beare
Vpon the forehead ſtar'd, the *Water-Hen* doth weare
Vpon her little tayle, in one ſmall feather ſet.
The *VVater-wooſell* next, all ouer black as Ieat,
With various colours, black, greene, blew, red, ruſſet, white,
Doe yeeld the gazing eye as variable delight,
As doe thoſe ſundry Fowles, whoſe ſeuerall plumes they be.
The diuing *Dob-chick*, here among the reſt you ſee,
Now vp, now downe againe, that hard it is to prooue,
Whether vnder water moſt it liueth, or aboue:
With which laſt little Fowle, (that water may not lacke;
More then the *Dob-chick* doth, and more doth loue the* brack) Salt water.
The *Puffin* we compare, which comming to the diſh,
Nice pallats hardly iudge, if it be fleſh or fiſh.
But wherefore ſhould I ſtand vpon ſuch toyes as theſe,
That haue ſo goodly Fowles, the wandring eye to pleaſe.
Here in my vaſter Pooles, as white as Snow or Milke,
(In water blacke as *Stix*) ſwimmes the wild *Swanne*, the *Ilke*,
Of *Hollanders* ſo tearm'd, no niggard of his breath,
(As Poets ſay of *Swannes*, which onely ſing in death)
But oft as other Birds, is heard his tunnes to roat,
Which like a Trumpet comes, from his long arched throat,
And tow'rds this watry kind, about the Flaſhes brimme,
Some clouen-footed are, by nature not to ſwimme.
There ſtalks the ſtately *Crane*, as though he march'd in warre,
By him that hath the *Herne*, which (by the Fiſhy Carre)
Can fetch with their long necks, out of the Ruſh and Reed,
Snigs, Fry, and yellow Frogs, whereon they often feed:
And vnder them againe, (that water neuer take,
But by ſome Ditches ſide, or little ſhallow Lake
Lye dabling night and day) the pallat-pleaſing *Snite*,
The *Bidcocke*, and like them the *Redſhanke*, that delight
Together ſtill to be, in ſome ſmall Reedy bed,
In which theſe little Fowles in Summers time were bred.
The Buzzing *Bitter* ſits, which through his hollow Bill,
A ſudden bellowing ſends, which many times doth fill
The neighbouring *Marſh* with noyſe, as though a Bull did roare;
But ſcarcely haue I yet recited halfe my ſtore:
And with my wondrous flocks of *Wild-geeſe* come I then,
Which looke as though alone they peopled all the Fen,
Which here in Winter time, when all is ouerflow'd,
And want of ſollid ſward inforceth them abroad,
Th'abundance then is ſeene, that my full *Fennes* doe yeeld,
That almoſt through the Iſle, doe peſter euery field.
The *Barnacles* with them, which whereſoere they breed,
On Trees, or rotten Ships, yet to my *Fennes* for feed

Continually they come, and chiefe abode doe make,
And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forſake:
Who almoſt all this kind doe challenge as mine owne,
Whoſe like I dare auerre, is elſewhere hardly knowne.
For ſure vnleſſe in me, no one yet euer ſaw
The multitudes of Fowle, in Mooting time they draw:
From which to many a one, much profit doth accrue.
Now ſuch as flying feed, next theſe I muſt purſue;
The *Sea-meaw*, *Sea-pye*, *Gull*, and *Curlew* heere doe keepe,
As ſearching euery Shole, and watching euery deepe,
To find the floating Fry, with their ſharpe-pearcing ſight,
Which ſuddenly they take, by ſtouping from their height.
The *Cormorant* then comes, (by his deuouring kind)
Which flying o'r the Fen, imediatly doth find
The *Fleet* beſt ſtor'd of Fiſh, when from his wings at full,
As though he ſhot himſelfe into the thickned skull,
He vnder water goes, and ſo the Shoale purſues,
Which into Creeks doe flie, when quickly he doth chuſe,
The Fin that likes him beſt, and riſing, flying feeds.
The *Oſpray* oft here ſeene, though ſeldome here it breeds,
Which ouer them the Fiſh no ſooner doe eſpie,
But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies vp, as though their death they ſaw,
They at his pleaſure lye, to ſtuffe his glutt'nous maw.

The pleaſures of the *Fennes*.

The toyling *Fiſher* here is tewing of his Net:
The *Fowler* is imployd his lymed twigs to ſet.
One vnderneath his Horſe, to get a ſhoot doth ſtalke;
Another ouer Dykes vpon his Stilts doth walke:
There other with their Spades, the Peats are ſquaring out,
And others from their Carres, are buſily about,
To draw out Sedge and Reed, for Thatch and Stouer fit,
That whoſoeuer would a Landskip rightly hit,
Beholding but my Fennes, ſhall with more ſhapes be ſtor'd,
Then *Germany*, or *France*, or *Thuſcan* can afford:
And for that part of me, which men high *Holland* call,
Where *Boſton* ſeated is, by plenteous *Wythams* fall,
I peremptory am, large *Neptunes* liquid field,
Doth to no other tract the like aboundance yeeld.
For that of all the Seas inuironing this Iſle,
Our *Iriſh*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, how e'r we them enſtyle,
The *German* is the great'ſt, and it is onely I,
That doe vpon the ſame with moſt aduantage lye.
What Fiſh can any ſhore, or *Britiſh* Sea-towne ſhow,
That's eatable to vs, that it doth not beſtow
Abundantly thereon? the *Herring* king of Sea,
The faſter feeding *Cod*, the *Mackrell* brought by May,

The daintie *Sole*, and *Plaice*, the *Dabb*, as of their blood;
The *Conger* finely ſous'd, hote Summers cooleſt food;
The *Whiting* knowne to all, a generall wholeſome Diſh;
The *Gurnet*, *Rochet*, *Mayd*, and *Mullet*, dainty Fiſh;
The *Haddock*, *Turbet*, *Bert*, Fiſh nouriſhing and ſtrong;
The *Thornback*, and the *Scate*, prouocatiue among:
The *Weauer*, which although his prickles venom bee,
By Fiſhers cut away, which Buyers ſeldome ſee:
Yet for the Fiſh he beares, tis not accounted bad;
The *Sea-Flounder* is here as common as the *Shad*;
The *Sturgeon* cut to *Keggs*, (too big to handle whole)
Giues many a dainty bit out of his luſty Iole.
Yet of rich *Neptunes* ſtore, whilſt thus I Idely chat,
Thinke not that all betwixt the *Wherpoole*, and the *Sprat*,
I goe about to name, that were to take in hand,
The Atomy to tell, or to caſt vp the ſand;
But on the Engliſh coaſt, thoſe moſt that vſuall are,
Wherewith the ſtaules from thence doe furniſh vs for farre;
Amongſt whoſe ſundry ſorts, ſince thus farre I am in,
Ile of our Shell-Fiſh ſpeake, with theſe of Scale and Fin:
The Sperme-increaſing *Crab*, much Cooking that doth aske,
The big-legg'd *Lobſter*, fit for wanton *Venus* taske,
Voluptuaries oft take rather then for food,
And that the ſame effect which worketh in the blood
The rough long *Oyſter* is, much like the *Lobſter* limb'd:
The *Oyſter* hote as they, the *Muſsle* often trimd
With Orient Pearle within, as thereby nature ſhow'd,
That ſhe ſome ſecret good had on that Shell beſtow'd:
The *Scallop* cordiall iudgd, the dainty *Wilk* and *Limp*,
The *Periwincle*, *Prawne*, the *Cockle*, and the *Shrimpe*,
For wanton womens taſts, or for weake ſtomacks bought.
When *Keſtiven* this while that certainly had thought,
Her tongue would ne'r haue ſtopt, quoth ſhee, O how I hate, *Keſtiuens Oration.*
Thus of her foggy *Fennes*, to heare rude *Holland* prate,
That with her Fiſh and Fowle, here keepeth ſuch a coyle,
As her vnwholeſome ayre, and more vnwholeſome ſoyle,
For theſe of which ſhee boaſts, the more might ſuffred be;
When thoſe her feathered flocks ſhe ſends not out to me,
Wherein cleare *Witham* they, and many a little Brooke,
(In which the Sunne it ſelfe may well be proud to looke)
Haue made their Fleſh more ſweet by my refined food,
From that ſo ramiſh taſt of her moſt fulſome mud,
When the toyld Cater home them to the Kitchen brings,
The Cooke doth caſt them out, as moſt vnſauory things.
Beſides, what is ſhe elſe, but a foule wooſie Marſh,
And that ſhee calls her graſſe, ſo blady is, and harſh,

As

As cuts the Cattels mouthes, conſtrain'd thereon to feed,
So that my pooreſt traſh, which mine call Ruſh and Reed,
For litter ſcarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
Doth like the Penny graſſe, or the pure Clouer ſhow,
Compared with her beſt: and for her ſundry Fiſh,
Of which ſhe freely boaſts, to furniſh euery Diſh.
Did not full *Neptunes* fields ſo furniſh her with ſtore,
Thoſe in the Ditches bred, within her muddy Moore,
Are of ſo earthy taſte, as that the Rauenous Crow
Will rather ſtarue, thereon her ſtomack then beſtow.
From *Stamford* as along my tract tow'rd *Lincolne* ſtraines,
What Shire is there can ſhew more valuable Vaines
Of ſoyle then is in mee? or where can there be found,
So faire and fertile fields, or Sheep-walks nere ſo ſound?
Where doth the pleaſant ayre reſent a ſweeter breath?
What Countrey can produce a delicater Heath,
Ancaſter Heath Then that which her faire Name from **Ancaſter* doth hold?
Through all the neighboring Shires, whoſe praiſe ſhall ſtill be told,
Which *Flora* in the Spring doth with ſuch wealth adorne,
That *Beuer* needs not much her company to ſcorne,
Though ſhee a Vale lye low, and this a Heath ſit hye,
Yet doth ſhe not alone, allure the wondring eye
With proſpect from each part, but that her pleaſant ground
Giues all that may content, the well-breath'd Horſe and Hound:
And from the *Britans* yet, to ſhew what then I was,
One of the *Roman* Wayes neere through my midſt did paſſe:
Beſides to my much praiſe, there hath been in my mould
Their painted Pauements found, and Armes of perfect gold.
No Tract can ſhew ſo braue Churches. They neere the *Saxons* raigne, that in this tract did dwell,
All other of this Iſle, for that they would excell
For Churches euery where, ſo rich and goodly rear'd
In euery little Dorpe, that after-times haue fear'd
T'attempt ſo mighty workes; yet one aboue the reſt,
In which it may be thought, they ſtroue to doe their beſt,
Of pleaſant *Grantham* is, that Piramis ſo hye,
Rear'd (as it might be thought) to ouertop the skie,
The Trauellerthat ſtrikes into a wondrous maze,
As on his Horſe he ſits, on that proud height to gaze.
When *VVytham* that this while a liſtning eare had laid,
To hearken (for her ſelfe) what *Keſtiuen* had ſaid,
Much pleaſd with this report, for that ſhe was the earth
From whom ſhe onely had her ſweet and ſeaſoned birth,
A Towne ſo called. From *VVytham* which that name deriued from her Springs,
Thus as ſhe trips along, this dainty Riuclet ſings.
Ye eaſie ambling ſtreames, which way ſoe'r you runne,
Or tow'rds the pleaſant riſe, or tow'rds the mid-day Sunne:

By

By which (as ſome ſuppoſe by vſe that haue them tride)
Your waters in their courſe are neatly purifi'd.
Be what you are, or can, I not your Beauties feare,
When *Neptune* ſhall commaund the *Naiades* t'appeare.
In Riuer what is found, in me that is not rare:
Yet for my wel-fed *Pykes*, I am without compare.
From *Wytham* mine owne Towne, firſt watred with my ſourſe,
As to the Eaſterne Sea, I haſten on my courſe.
Who ſees ſo pleaſant plaines, or is of fairer ſeene,
Whoſe Swains in Shepheards gray, and Gyrles in *Lincolne* greene?
Whilſt ſome the rings of Bells, and ſome the Bag-pipes ply,
Dance many a merry Round, and many a Hydegy.
I enuy, any Brooke ſhould in my pleaſure ſhare,
Yet for my daintie *Pykes*, I am without compare.
No Land-floods can mee force to ouer-proud a height;
Nor am I in my Courſe, too crooked, or too ſtreight:
My depths fall by deſcents, too long, nor yet too broad,
My Foards with Pebbles, cleare as Orient Pearles, are ſtrowd;
My gentle winding Banks, with ſundry Flowers are dreſt,
The higher riſing Heaths, hold diſtance with my breſt.
Thus to her próper Song, the Burthen ſtill ſhe bare;
Yet for my dainty *Pykes*, I am without compare.
By this to *Lincolne* com'n, vpon whoſe loftie Scite,
Whilſt wiſtly *Wytham* looks with wonderfull delight,
Enamoured of the ſtate, and beautie of the place,
That her of all the reſt eſpecially doth grace,
Leauing her former Courſe, in which ſhe firſt ſet forth,
Which ſeemed to haue been directly to the North:
Shee runnes her ſiluer front into the muddy *Fen*,
Which lyes into the Eaſt, in her deepe iourney, when
Cleare *Ban* a pretty Brooke, from *Lyndſey* comming downe,
Delicious *Wytham* leads to holy *Botulphs* Towne,
VVhere proudly ſhe puts in amongſt the great reſort,
That their appearance make in *Neptunes* watry Court.
Now *Lyndſey* all this while, that duely did attend,
Till both her Riuals thus had fully made an end
Of their ſo tedious talke, when laſtly ſhee replyes;
Loe, brauely here ſhe ſits, that both your ſtates defies.
Faire *Lincolne* is mine owne, which lies vpon my South,
As likewiſe to the North, great *Humbers* ſwelling mouth
Encircles me, twixt which in length I brauely lye:
O who can me the beſt, before them both deny?
Nor *Britaine* in her Bounds, ſcarce ſuch a Tract can ſhow,
Whoſe ſhore like to the backe of a well-bended Bow,
The Ocean beareth out, and euery where ſo thicke,
The Villages and Dorps vpon my Boſome ſticke,

Lincolne anciently dyed the beſt greene of *England*.

Botulphs towne contractedly *Boſton*.

Lyndſes oration

That

That it is very hard for any to define,
Whether Vp-land moſt I be, or moſt am Maratine.
What is there that compleat can any Country make,
That in large meaſure I, (faire *Lindſey*) not pertake,
As healthy Heaths, and Woods, faire Dales, and pleaſant Hils,
All watred here and there, with pretty creeping Rills,
Fat Paſture, mellow Gleabe, and of that kind what can,
Giue nouriſhment to beaſt, or benefit to man,
As *Keſtiuen* doth boaſt, her *VVytham* ſo haue I,
My *Ancum* (onely mine) whoſe fame as farre doth flie,
For fat and daintie *Eeles*, as hers doth for her *Pyke*,
Which makes the Prouerbe vp, the world hath not the like.
From *Razin* her cleere Springs, where firſt ſhe doth ariue,
As in an euen courſe, to *Humber* foorth doth driue,
Faire *Barton* ſhee ſalutes, which from her Scite out-braues
Rough *Humber*, when he ſtriues to ſhew his ſterneſt waues.
Now for my Bounds to ſpeake, few Tracts (I thinke) there be,
(And ſearch through all this Iſle) to paralell with mee:
Great *Humber* holds me North, (as I haue ſaid before)
From whom (euen) all along, vpon the Eaſterne ſhore,
The *German* Ocean lyes; and on my Southerne ſide,
Cleere *Wytham* in her courſe, me fairely doth diuide
From *Holland*; and from thence the *Foſdyke* is my bound,
Which our firſt *Henry* cut from *Lincolne*, where he found,
Commodities by *Trent*, from *Humber* to conuay:
So Nature, the cleere *Trent* doth fortunatly lay,
To ward me on the Weſt, though farther I extend,
And in my larger bounds doe largely comprehend
Full *Axholme*, (which thoſe neere, the fertile doe inſtile)
Which *Idle*, *Don*, and *Trent*, imbracing make an Iſle.
But wherefore of my Bounds, thus onely doe I boaſt,
When that which *Holland* ſeemes to vaunt her on the moſt,
By me is ouermatcht; the Fowle which ſhee doth breed:
Shee in her foggy Fennes, ſo mooriſhly doth feed,
That Phiſick oft forbids the Patient them for food,
But mine more ayrie are, and make fine ſpirits and blood:
For neere this batning Iſle, in me is to be ſeene,
More then on any earth, the *Plouer* gray, and greene,
The Corne-land-louing *Quayle*, the daintieſt of our bits,
The *Rayle*, which ſeldome comes, but vpon Rich mens ſpits:
The *Puet*, *Godwit*, *Stint*, the pallat that allure,
The Miſer and doe make a waſtfull Epicure:
The *Knot*, that called was *Canutus* Bird of old,
Of that great King of *Danes*, his name that ſtill doth hold,
His apetite to pleaſe, that farre and neere was ſought,
For him (as ſome haue ſayd) from *Denmarke* hither brought

VVytham Eele, and *Ancum* Pyke, In all the world there is none ſyke.

The Bounds of *Keſtiuen*.

The

The *Dotterell*, which we thinke a very daintie diſh,
Whoſe taking makes ſuch ſport, as man no more can wiſh;
For as you creepe, or cowre, or lye, or ſtoupe, or goe,
So marking you (with care) the Apiſh Bird doth doe,
And acting euery thing, doth neuer marke the Net,
Till he be in the Snare, which men for him haue ſet.
The big-boan'd *Buſtard* then, whoſe body beares that ſize,
That he againſt the wind muſt runne, e're he can riſe:
The *Shouler*, which ſo ſhakes the ayre with ſaily wings,
That euer as he flyes, you ſtill would thinke he ſings.
Theſe Fowles, with other Soyles, although they frequent be,
Yet are they found moſt ſweet and delicate in me.
Thus whilſt ſhee ſeemes t'extoll in her peculiar praiſe,
The Muſe which ſeem'd too ſlacke, in theſe too low-pitcht layes,
For nobler height prepares, her oblique courſe, and caſts
A new Booke to begin, an end of this ſhee haſts.

Nowstoole hill

The diuels Arse

Noure flu:

The Peake for:

Burbrook flu

Pooles hole

Eldon hole

DARBY

Sber f

Wye flu:

The Peake

Buxton well

Derwent flu:

Ambar flu:

Hydes well

SH

athkell

Headford

The sandi hill

Ecklesbourne

Werkesworth

DARBY

Martenbrook

Loughbor

Heauen hill

Charnwood for

Sence flu

LECES TER

Leceſter

Swift flu

NOTTING HAM

SHYRE

Crawley flu:

Grunne flu

Meden fl:

Mansfeild

Mans

Sherwood fo:

NOTTINGHAM

Newarck

Trent flu:

Vale of Beuer

Deane flu

The Outas

Waltham

Wreakon flu:

Melton

Eye fl:

SHYRE

Sence flu

The ſixe and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Three Shires at once this Song aſſayes,
By various and vnvſuall wayes.
At Nottingham *firſt comming in,*
The Vale of Beuer *doth begin;*
Towrds Leſter *then her courſe ſhee holds,*
And ſayling o'r the pleaſant Oulds,
Shee fetcheth Soare *downe from her Springs,*
By Charnwood, *which to* Trent *ſhee brings,*
Then ſhowes the Braueries of that Flood,
Makes Sherwood *ſing her* Robin Hood;
Then rouzes vp the aged Peake,
And of her Wonders makes her ſpeake:
Thence Darwin *downe by* Darby *tends,*
And at her fall, to Trent, *it ends.*

NOw ſcarcely on this Tract the Muſe had entrance made,
Enclining to the South, but *Beuers* batning Slade
Receiueth her to Gueſt, whoſe comming had too long
Put off her rightfull praiſe, when thus her ſelfe ſhe ſung.
Three Shires there are (quoth ſhe) in me their parts that claime,
Large *Lincolne*, *Rutland* Rich, and th'Norths Eye *Nottingham*.
But in the laſt of theſe ſince moſt of me doth lye,
To that my moſt-lou'd Shire my ſelfe I muſt apply.
Not *Euſham* that proud Nymph, although ſhe ſtill pretend
Her ſelfe the firſt of Vales, and though abroad ſhe ſend
Her awfull dread Command, that all ſhould tribute pay
To her as our great Queene; nor *White-horſe*, though her Clay
Of ſiluer ſeeme to be, new melted, nor the Vale
Of *Alsbury*, whoſe graſſe ſeemes giuen out by tale,
For it ſo Silken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howſoere inclind,

The Vale of *Beuer* bordreth vpon 3. Shires.

Not a more pleaſant Vale in all great *Britaine*, then *Beuer*.

Me *Beuer* ſhall outbraue, that in my ſtate doe ſcorne,
By any of them all (once) to be ouerborne,
With theirs, doe but compare the Country where I lye,
My *Hill*, and *Oulds* will ſay, they are the Iſlands eye.
Conſider next my Scite, and ſay it doth excell;
Then come vnto my Soyle, and you ſhall ſee it ſwell,
With euery Graſſe and Graine, that *Britaine* forth can bring:
I challenge any Vale, to ſhew me but that thing
I cannot ſhew to her, (that truly is mine owne)
Beſides I dare thus boaſt, that I as farre am knowne,
As any of them all, the South their names doth ſound,
The ſpacious North doth mee, that there is ſcarcely found
A roomth for any elſe, it is ſo fild with mine,
Which but a little wants of making me diuine:
Nor barren am of Brookes, for that I ſtill reteine
Two neat and daintie Rills, the little *Snyte*, and *Deane*,
That from the louely *Oulds*, their beautious parent ſprong
From the *Leceſtrian* fields, come on with me along,
Till both within one Banke, they on my North are meint,
And where I end, they fall, at *Newarck*, into *Trent*.
Hence wandring as the Muſe delightfully beholds
The beautie of the large, and goodly full-flockd *Oulds*,
Shee on the left hand leaues old *Leceſter*, and flyes,
Vntill the fertile earth glut her inſatiate eyes,
From Rich to Richer ſtill, that riſeth her before,
Vntill ſhee come to ceaſe vpon the head of *Soare*,
Where **Foſſe*, and *Watling* cut each other in their courſe
At **Sharnford*, where at firſt her ſoft and gentle ſourſe,
To her but ſhallow Bankes, beginneth to repayre,
Of all this beautious Iſle, the delicateſt ayre;
Whence ſoftly ſallying out, as loath the place to leaue,
Shee *Sence* a pretty Rill doth courteouſly receiue:
For *Swift*, a little Brooke, which certainly ſhee thought
Downe to the Banks of *Trent*, would ſafely her haue brought,
Becauſe their natiue Springs ſo neerely were allyde,
Her ſiſter *Soare* forſooke, and wholly her applide
To *Auon*, as with her continually to keepe,
And wayt on her along to the *Sabrinian* deepe.
Thus with her hand-mayd *Sence*, the *Soare* doth eas'ly ſlide
By *Leceſter*, where yet her ruines ſhow her pride,
Demoliſht many yeares, that of the great foundation
Of her long buried walls, men hardly ſee the ſtation;
Yet of ſome pieces found, ſo ſure the Cyment locks
The ſtones, that they remaine like perdurable rocks:
Where whilſt the louely *Soare*, with many a deare imbrace,
Is ſolacing her ſelfe with this delightfull place,

The 2. famous Wayes of *England*. See to the 13. Song.

A little Village at the riſing of *Soare*.

The

The Forreſt, which the name of that braue Towne doth beare, *Leceſter* Forreſt.
With many a goodly wreath, crownes her diſheueld hayre,
And in her gallant Greene, her luſty Liuery ſhowes
Her ſelfe to this faire Flood, which mildly as ſhee flowes,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to ſee,
As alſo how ſhee keepes her fertile purlues free:
The Herds of Fallow Deere ſhee on the Launds doth feed,
As hauing in her ſelfe to furniſh euery need.
But now ſince gentle *Soare*, ſuch leaſure ſeemes to take,
The Muſe in her behalfe this ſtrong defence doth make,
Againſt the neighbour floods, for that which tax her ſo,
And her a Channell call, becauſe ſhe is ſo ſlow.
The cauſe is that ſhee lyes vpon ſo low a Flat,
Where nature moſt of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enioy the good ſhe doth poſſeſſe:
For had thoſe (with ſuch ſpeed that forward ſeeme to preſſe)
So many dainty Meads, and Paſtures theirs to be,
They then would wiſh themſelues to be as ſlow as ſhe,
Who well may be compar'd to ſome young tender Mayd,
Entring ſome Princes Court, which is for pompe arayd,
Who led from roome to roome amazed is to ſee A Simily of *Soare*.
The furnitures and ſtates, which all Imbroyderies be,
The rich and ſumptuous Beds, with Teſter-couering plumes,
And various as the Sutes, ſo various the perfumes,
Large Galleries, where piece with piece doth ſeeme to ſtriue,
Of Pictures done to life, Landskip, and Perſpectiue,
Thence goodly Gardens ſees, where Antique Statues ſtand
In Stone and Copper, cut by many a skilfull hand,
Where euery thing to gaze, her more and more entices,
Thinking at once ſhee ſees a thouſand Paradices,
Goes ſoftly on, as though before ſhe ſaw the laſt,
She long'd againe to ſee, what ſhe had ſlightly paſt.
So the enticing Soyle the *Soare* along doth lead,
As wondring in her ſelfe, at many a ſpacious Mead;
When *Charnwood* from the rocks ſalutes her wiſhed ſight,
(Of many a Wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,
Whoſe beautie whilſt that *Soare* is pawſing to behold
Cleere *Wreakin* comming in, from *Waltham* on the *Ould*,
Brings *Eye*, a pretty Brooke, to beare her ſiluer traine,
Which on by *Melton* make, and tripping o'r the Plaine,
Here finding her ſurpriz'd with proud *Mount-Sorrels* ſight,
By quickning of her Courſe, more eas'ly doth inuite
Her to the goodly *Trent*, where as ſhe goes along
By *Loughborough*, ſhe thus of that faire Forreſt ſung.
O *Charnwood*, be thou cald the choyceſt of thy kind,
The like in any place, what Flood hath hapt to find?

No

No Tract in all this Isle, the proudest let her be,
Can shew a Syluan Nymph, for beautie like to thee:
The Satyrs, and the Fawnes, by *Dian* set to keepe,
Rough Hilles, and Forrest holts, were sadly seene to weepe,
When thy high-palmed Harts the sport of Bowes and Hounds,
By gripple Borderers hands, were banished thy grounds.
The *Driades* that were wont about thy Lawnes to roue,
To trip from Wood to Wood, and scud from Groue to Groue,
Two mightie Rocks in the Forrest. On **Sharpley* that were seene, and **Cadmans* aged rocks,
Against the rising Sunne, to brayd their siluer locks;
A Hill in the Forrest. And with the harmelesse *Elues*, on Heathy * *Bardons* height,
By *Cynthia's* colder beames to play them night by night,
Exil'd their sweet aboad, to poore bare Commons fled,
They with the Okes that liu'd, now with the Okes are dead.
Who will describe to life, a Forrest, let him take
Thy Surface to himselfe, nor shall he need to make
An other forme at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine sharpe but easie Hills, which reuerently are crownd
With aged Antique Rocks, to which the Goats and Sheepe,
(To him that stands remoat) doe softly seeme to creepe,
To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steepe sides that grow;
Vpon whose other part, on some descending Brow,
Huge stones are hanging out, as though they downe would drop,
Where vnder-growing Okes, on their old shoulders prop
The others hory heads, which still seeme to decline,
And in a Dimble neere, (euen as a place diuine,
For Contemplation fit) an Iuy-seeled Bower,
A Simily of *Charnvvood* Forrest. As Nature had therein ordayn'd some Syluan power;
As men may very oft at great Assemblies see,
Where many of most choyce, and wondred Beauties be:
For Stature one doth seeme the best away to beare;
Another for her Shape, to stand beyond compare;
Another for the fine composure of a face:
Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
Before them all preferd; amongst the rest yet one,
Adiudg'd by all to bee, so perfect Paragon,
That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
For which the other doe so seuerally excell.
My *Charnwood* like the last, hath in her selfe alone,
What excellent can be in any Forrest showne,
On whom when thus the *Soare* had these high praises spent,
She easily slid away into her Soueraigne *Trent*,
Who hauing wandred long, at length began to leaue
Her natiue Countries bounds, and kindly doth receiue
The lesser *Tame*, and *Messe*, the *Messe* a daintie Rill,
Neere *Charnwood* rising first, where she begins to fill

Her Banks, which all her courſe on both ſides doe abound
With Heath and Finny olds, and often gleaby ground,
Till *Croxals* fertill earth doth comfort her at laſt
When ſhee is entring *Trent*; but I was like t'aue paſt
The other *Sence*, whoſe ſource doth riſe not farre from hers,
By *Ancor*, that her ſelfe to famous *Trent* prefers,
The ſecond of that name, allotted to this Shire,
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many knowne, this Country that frequent.
But Muſe returne at laſt, attend the princely *Trent*,
Who ſtraining on in ſtate, the Norths imperious Flood,
The third of *England* cald, with many a daintie Wood,
Being crown'd to *Burton* comes, to *Needwood* where ſhe ſhowes
Her ſelfe in all her pompe; and as from thence ſhe flowes,
Shee takes into her Traine rich *Doue*, and *Darwin* cleere,
Darwin, whoſe fount and fall are both in *Darbyſheere*;
And of thoſe thirtie Floods, that wayt the *Trent* vpon,
Doth ſtand without compare, the very Paragon.
Thus wandring at her will, as vncontrould ſhee ranges,
Her often varying forme, as variouſly and changes.
Firſt *Erwaſh*, and then *Lyne*, ſweet *Sherwood* ſends her in;
Then looking wyde, as one that newly wak'd had bin,
Saluted from the North, with *Nottinghams* proud height,
So ſtrongly is ſurpriz'd, and taken with the ſight,
That ſhee from running wild, but hardly can refraine,
To view in how great ſtate, as ſhe along doth ſtraine,
That braue exalted ſeat, beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-ſpread Meads vpon the other ſide,
All flouriſhing in Flowers, and rich embroyderies dreſt,
In which ſhe ſees her ſelfe aboue her neighbours bleſt.
As rap'd with the delights, that her this Proſpect brings,
In her peculiar praiſe, loe thus the Riuer ſings.
What ſhould I care at all, from what my name I take,
That *Thirtie* doth import, that thirty Riuers make;
My greatneſſe what it is, or thirty Abbayes great,
That on my fruitfull Banks, times formerly did ſeat:
Or thirtie kinds of Fiſh, that in my Streames doe liue,
To me this name of *Trent* did from that number giue.
What reack I: let great *Thames*, ſince by his fortune he
Is Soueraigne of vs all that here in *Britaine* be;
From *Iſis*, and old *Tame*, his Pedigree deriue:
And for the ſecond place, proud *Seuerne* that doth ſtriue,
Fetch her diſcent from *Wales*, from that proud Mountaine ſprung,
Plinillimon, whoſe praiſe is frequent them among,
As of that princely Mayd, whoſe name ſhe boaſts to beare,
Bright *Sabrin*, which ſhe holds as her vndoubted heyre.

Let

Two Riuers of one name in one Shire.

Whence *Trent* is ſuppoſed to deriue her name See to the 12. Song.

Let theſe imperious Floods draw downe their long diſcent
From theſe ſo famous Stocks, and only ſay of *Trent*,
That *Moorelands* barren earth me firſt to light did bring,
Which though ſhe be but browne, my cleere complexiond Spring,
Gain'd with the Nymphs ſuch grace, that when I firſt did riſe,
The *Naiades* on my brim, danc'd wanton Hydagies,
And on her ſpacious breaſt, with Heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my faire Fount with many a luſtie round:
And of the *Britiſh* Floods, though but the third I be,
Yet *Thames*, and *Seuerne* both in this come ſhort of me,
For that I am the Mere of *England*, that diuides
The North part from the South, on my ſo either ſides,
That reckoning how theſe Tracts in compaſſe be extent,
Men bound them on the North, or on the South of *Trent*;
Their Banks are barren Sands, if but compar'd with mine,
Through my perſpicuous Breaſt, the pearly Pebbles ſhine:
I throw my Chriſtall Armes along the Flowry Vallies,
Which lying ſleeke, and ſmooth, as any Garden-Allies,
Doe giue me leaue to play, whilſt they doe Court my Streame,
And crowne my winding banks with many an *Anademe*:
My Siluer-ſcaled Skuls about my Streames doe ſweepe,
Now in the ſhallow foords, now in the falling Deepe:
So that of euery kind, the new-ſpawn'd numerous Frie
Seeme in me as the Sands that on my Shore doe lye.
The *Barbell*, then which Fiſh, a brauer doth not ſwimme,
Nor greater for the Ford within my ſpacious brimme,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taſte doth pleaſe;
The *Greling*, whoſe great Spawne is big as any Peaſe;
The *Pearch* with pricking Finnes, againſt the *Pike* prepar'd,
As Nature had thereon beſtow'd this ſtronger guard,
His daintineſſe to keepe, (each curious pallats proofe)
From his vile rauenous foe: next him I name the *Ruffe*,
His very neere Ally, and both for ſcale and Fin,
In taſte, and for his Bayte (indeed) his next of kin;
The pretty ſlender *Dare*, of many cald the *Dace*,
Within my liquid glaſſe, when *Phœbus* lookes his face,
Oft ſwiftly as he ſwimmes, his ſiluer belly ſhowes,
But with ſuch nimble ſlight, that ere yee can diſcloſe
His ſhape, out of your ſight like lightning he is ſhot.
The *Trout* by Nature markt with many a Crimſon ſpot,
As though ſhee curious were in him aboue the reſt,
And of freſh-water Fiſh, did note him for the beſt;
The *Roche*, whoſe common kind to euery Flood doth fall;
The *Chub*, (whoſe neater name) which ſome a *Cheuin* call,
Food to the Tyrant *Pyke*, (moſt being in his power)
Who for their numerous ſtore he moſt doth them deuoure;

The luſtie *Salmon* then, from *Neptunes* watry Realme,
When as his ſeaſon ſerues, ſtemming my tydefull Streame,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleaſure takes,
(For whom the Fiſher then all other Game forſakes)
Which bending of himſelfe to th' faſhion of a Ring,
Aboue the forced Weares, himſelfe doth nimbly fling,
And often when the Net hath dragd him ſafe to land,
Is ſeene by naturall force to ſcape his murderers hand;
Whoſe graine doth riſe in flakes, with fatneſſe interlarded,
Of many a liquoriſh lip, that highly is regarded.
And *Humber*, to whoſe waſte I pay my watry ſtore,
Me of her *Sturgeons* ſends, that I thereby the more
Should haue my beauties grac'd, with ſome thing from him ſent:
Not *Ancums* ſiluered *Eele* exceedeth that of *Trent*;
Though the ſweet-ſmelling *Smelt* be more in *Thames* then me,
The *Lamprey*, and his **Leſſe*, in *Seuerne* generall be; The *Lamparne.*
The *Flounder* ſmooth and flat, in other Riuers caught,
Perhaps in greater ſtore, yet better are not thought:
The daintie *Gudgeon*, *Loche*, the *Minnow*, and the *Bleake*,
Since they but little are, I little need to ſpeake
Of them, nor doth it fit mee much of thoſe to reck,
VVhich euery where are found in euery little Beck;
Nor of the *Crayfiſh* here, which creepes amongſt my ſtones,
From all the reſt alone, whoſe ſhell is all his bones: /
For *Carpe*, the *Tench*, and *Breame*, my other ſtore among,
To Lakes and ſtanding Pooles, that chiefly doe belong,
Here ſcowring in my Foards, feed in my waters cleere,
Are muddy Fiſh in Ponds to that which they are heere.
From *Nottingham*, neere which this Riuer firſt begun,
This Song, ſhe the meane while, by *Newarke* hauing run,
Receiuing little *Snyte*, from *Beuers* batning grounds,
At *Gaynsborough* goes out, where the *Lincolnian* bounds.
Yet *Sherwood* all this while not ſatisfi'd to ſhow
Her loue to princely *Trent*, as downward ſhee doth flow,
Her *Meden* and her *Man*, ſhee downe from *Mansfield* ſends
To *Idle* for her ayd, by whom ſhe recommends
Her loue to that braue Queene of waters, her to meet,
VVhen ſhe tow'rds *Humber* comes, do humbly kiſſe her feet,
And clip her till ſhee grace great *Humber* with her fall.
When *Sherwood* ſomewhat backe, the forward Muſe doth call;
For ſhee was let to know, that *Soare* had in her Song
So chanted *Charnwoods* worth, the Riuers that along,
Amongſt the neighbouring Nymphs, there was no other Layes,
But thoſe which ſeem'd to ſound of *Charnwood*, and her praiſe:
VVhich *Sherwood* tooke to heart, and very much diſdain'd,
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd

The title of the great'ſt, and braueſt of her kind;
To fall ſo farre below, one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlongs ſpace, to her large skirts compar'd:
Wherefore ſhee as a Nymph that neither fear'd, nor car'd
For ought to her might chance, by others loue or hate,
VVith Reſolution arm'd, againſt the power of Fate,
All ſelfe-praiſe ſet apart, determineth to ſing
That luſtie *Robin Hood*, who long time like a King
Within her compaſſe liu'd, and when he liſt to range
For ſome rich Booty ſet, or elſe his ayre to change,
To *Sherwood* ſtill retyr'd, his onely ſtanding Court,
Whoſe praiſe the Forreſt thus doth pleaſantly report.

Robin Hoods Story.

The merry pranks he playd, would aske an age to tell,
And the aduentures ſtrange that *Robin Hood* befell,
When *Mansfield* many a time for *Robin* hath bin layd,
How he hath coſned them, that him would haue betrayd;
How often he hath come to *Nottingham* diſguiſd,
And cunningly eſcapt, being ſet to be ſurprizd.
In this our ſpacious Iſle, I thinke there is not one,
But he hath heard ſome talke of him and little *Iohn*;
And to the end of time, the Tales ſhall ne'r be done,
Of *Scarlock*, *George a Greene*, and *Much* the Millers ſonne,
Of *Tuck* the merry Frier, which many a Sermon made,
In praiſe of *Robin Hood*, his Out-lawes, and their Trade.
An hundred valiant men had this braue *Robin Hood*,
Still ready at his call, that Bow-men were right good,
All clad in *Lincolne* Greene, with Caps of Red and Blew,
His fellowes winded Horne, not one of them but knew,
When ſetting to their lips their little Beugles ſhrill,
The warbling *Eccho's* wakt from euery Dale and Hill:
Their Bauldricks ſet with Studs, athwart their ſhoulders caſt,
To which vnder their armes, their Sheafes were buckled faſt,
A ſhort Sword at their Belt, a Buckler ſcarſe a ſpan,
Who ſtrooke below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of *Spaniſh* Yew, their Bowes were wondrous ſtrong;
They not an Arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of Archery they had the very perfect craft,
With Broad-arrow, or But, or Prick, or Rouing Shaft,
At Markes full fortie ſcore, they vs'd to Prick, and Roue,
Yet higher then the breaſt, for Compaſſe neuer ſtroue;
Yet at the fartheſt marke a foot could hardly win:
At Long-buts, ſhort, and Hoyles, each one could cleaue the pin:
Their Arrowes finely pair'd, for Timber, and for Feather,
With Birch and Brazill peec'd, to flie in any weather;
And ſhot they with the round, the ſquare, or forked Pyle,
The looſe gaue ſuch a twang, as might be heard a myle.

And

And of theſe Archers braue, there was not any one,
But he could kill a Deere his ſwifteſt ſpeed vpon,
Which they did boyle and roſt, in many a mightie wood,
Sharpe hunger the fine ſauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to reſt, his merry men and hee
Slept many a Summers night vnder the Greenewood tree.
From wealthy Abbots cheſts, and Churles abundant ſtore,
What often times he tooke, he ſhar'd amongſt the poore:
No lordly Biſhop came in luſty *Robins* way,
To him before he went, but for his Paſſe muſt pay:
The Widdow in diſtreſſe he graciouſly relieu'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a Virgin grieu'd:
He from the husbands bed no married woman wan,
But to his Miſtris deare, his loued *Marian*.
Was euer conſtant knowne, which whereſoere ſhee came,
Was ſoueraigne of the Woods, chiefe Lady of the Game:
Her Clothes tuck'd to the knee, and daintie braided haire,
VVith Bow and Quiuer arm'd, ſhee wandred here and there,
Amongſt the Forreſts wild, *Diana* neuer knew,
Such pleaſures, nor ſuch *Harts* as *Mariana* ſlew.
Of merry *Robin Hood*, and of his merrier men,
The Song had ſcarcely ceas'd, when as the Muſe agen
VVades * *Erwaſh*, (that at hand) on *Sherwoods* ſetting ſide, A Riuer et parting the two Shires.
The *Nottinghamian* Fields, and *Derbian* doth diuide,
And Northward from her Springs, haps *Scardale* forth to find,
Which like her Miſtris *Peake*, is naturally enclind
To thruſt forth ragged Cleeues, with which ſhe ſcattered lyes,
As buſie Nature here could not her ſelfe ſuffice,
Of this oft-altring earth the ſundry ſhapes to ſhow,
That from my entrance here, doth rough and rougher grow,
Which of a lowly Dale, although the name it beare,
You by the Rocks might think that it a Mountaine were,
From which it takes the name of *Scardale*, which expreſt,
Is the hard Vale of Rocks, of *Cheſterfield* poſſeſt,
By her which is inſtild; where *Rother* from her riſt,
Ibber, and *Crawley* hath, and *Gunno*, that aſſiſt
Her weaker wandring Streame tow'rds *Yorkeſhire* as ſhe wends,
So *Scardale* tow'rds the ſame, that louely *Iddle* ſends,
That helps the fertile Seat of *Axholme* to in-Iſle:
But to th'vnwearied Muſe the *Peake* appeares the while,
A withered Beldam long, with bleared watriſh eyes,
With many a bleake ſtorme dim'd, which often to the Skies
Shee caſt, and oft toth' earth bow'd downe her aged head, Derbyshire
Her meager wrinkled face, being ſullyed ſtill with lead,
Which ſitting in the workes, and poring o'r the Mines,
Which ſhee out of the Oare continually refines:

For ſhee a *Chimiſt* was, and Natures ſecrets knew,
And from amongſt the *Lead*, ſhe *Antimony* drew,
And *Chriſtall* there congeal'd, (by her enſtyled Flowers)
And in all Medcins knew their moſt effectuall powers.
The ſpirits that haunt the Mynes, ſhe could command and tame,
And bind them as ſhe liſt in *Saturns* dreadfull name:
Shee Mil-ſtones from the Quarrs, with ſharpned picks could get,
And dainty Whetſtones make, the dull-edgd tooles to whet.
Wherefore the *Peake* as proud of her laborious toyle,
As others of their Corne, or goodneſſe of their Soyle,
Thinking the time was long, till ſhee her tale had told,
Her Wonders one by one, thus plainly doth vnfold.

The *Peakes* Wonders.

My dreadfull daughters borne, your mothers deare delight,
Great Natures chiefeſt worke, wherein ſhee ſhew'd her might;
Yee darke and hollow Caues, the pourtratures of Hell,
Where Fogs, and miſty Damps continually doe dwell;
O yee my onely loyes, my Darlings, in whoſe eyes,
Horror aſſumes her ſeat; from whoſe abiding flyes
Thicke Vapours, that like Rugs ſtill hang the troubled ayre,
Yee of your mother *Peake*, the hope and onely care:
O thou my firſt and beſt, of thy blacke Entrance nam'd,

The *Diuels-arſe* in the *Peake*.

Tho *Diuels-Arſe*, in me, O be thou not aſham'd,
Nor thinke thy ſelfe diſgrac'd, or hurt thereby at all,
Since from thy horror firſt men vs'd thee ſo to call:
For as amongſt the *Moores*, the Ietticſt blacke are deemd
The beautifulſt of them; ſo are your kind eſteem'd,
The more ye gloomy are, more fearefull and obſcure,
(That hardly any eye your ſternneſſe may endure)
The more yee famous are, and what name men can hit,
That beſt may ye expreſſe, that beſt doth yee befit:
For he that will attempt thy blacke and darkſome iawes,
In midſt of Summer meets with Winters ſtormy flawes,
Cold Dewes, that ouer head from thy foule roofe diſtill,
And meeteth vnder foot, with a dead ſullen Rill,
That *Acheron* it ſelfe, a man would thinke he were
Imediately to paſſe, and ſtay'd for *Charon* there;
Thy Flore drad Caue, yet flat, though very rough it be,
With often winding turnes: then come thou next to me,

Pooles Hole.

My prettie daughter *Poole*, my ſecond loued child,
Which by that noble name was happily enſtild,
Of that more generous ſtock, long honor'd in this Shire,
Of which amongſt the reſt, one being out-law'd here,
For his ſtrong refuge tooke this darke and vncouth place,
An heyre-loome euer ſince, to that ſucceeding race:
Whoſe entrance though depreſt below a mountaine ſteepe,
Beſides ſo very ſtrait, that who will ſee't, muſt creepe

Into

Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample Roofe doth inſtantly begin
To raiſe it ſelfe aloft, and who ſo doth intend
The length thereof to ſee, ſtill going muſt aſcend
On mightie ſlippery ſtones, as by a winding ſtayre,
Which of a kind of baſe darke Alablaſter are,
Of ſtrange and ſundry formes, both in the Roofe and Floore,
As Nature ſhow'd in thee, what ne'r was ſeene before.
For *Elden* thou my third, a Wonder I preferre — *Elden* Hole.
Before the other two, which perpendicular
Diue'ſt downe into the ground, as if an entrance were
Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might iudge it here,
Whoſe depth is ſo immenſe, and wondrouſly profound,
As that long line which ſerues the deepeſt Sea to ſound,
Her bottome neuer wrought, as though the vaſt deſcent,
Through this Terreſtriall Globe directly poynting went
Our *Antipods* to ſee, and with her gloomy eyes,
To glote vpon thoſe Starres, to vs that neuer riſe;
That downe into this hole if that a ſtone yee throw,
An acres length from thence, (ſome ſay that) yee may goe,
And comming backe thereto, with a ſtill liſtning eare,
May heare a ſound as though that ſtone then falling were.
Yet for her Caues, and Holes, *Peake* onely not excells,
But that I can againe produce thoſe wondrous Wells
Of *Buckſton*, as I haue, that moſt delicious Fount,
Which men the ſecond Bath of *England* doe account,
Which in the primer raignes, when firſt this well began
To haue her vertues knowne vnto the bleſt *Saint Anne*, — Saint *Anne* of *Buckſton*.
Was conſecrated then, which the ſame temper hath,
As that moſt daintie Spring, which at the famous *Bath*,
Is by the Croſſe enſtild, whoſe fame I much preferre,
In that I doe compare my daintieſt Spring to her,
Nice ſickneſſes to cure, as alſo to preuent,
And ſupple their cleare skinnes, which Ladies oft frequent;
Moſt full, moſt faire, moſt ſweet, and moſt delicious ſourſe.
To this a ſecond Fount, that in her naturall courſe, — *Tydeswell.*
As mighty *Neptune* doth, ſo doth ſhee ebbe and flow,
If ſome *Welſh* Shires report, that they the like can ſhow.
I anſwere thoſe, that her ſhall ſo no wonder call,
So farre from any Sea, not any of them all.
My Caues, and Fountaines thus deliuered you, for change.
A little Hill I haue, a wonder yet more ſtrange, — *Sandy Hill.*
Which though it be of light, and almoſt duſty ſand,
Vnaltred with the wind, yet firmly doth it ſtand;
And running from the top, although it neuer ceaſe,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increaſe.

Nor

Nor is it at the top, the lower, or the leſſe,
As Nature had ordain'd, that ſo its owne exceſſe,
Should by ſome ſecret way within it ſelfe aſcend,
To feed the falling backe; with this yet doe not end
The wonders of the *Peake*, for nothing that I haue,
But it a wonders name doth very iuſtly graue:
A Forreſt ſuch haue I, (of which when any ſpeake,
Of me they it enſtile, The Forreſt of the *Peake*)
Whoſe Hills doe ſerue for Brakes, the Rocks for ſhrubs and trees,
To which the *Stag* purſu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this Iſle, for ſternneſſe there is none,
Where Nature may be ſaid to ſhow you groues of ſtone,
As ſhe in little there, had curiouſly compyld
The modell of the vaſt *Arabian* ſtony Wyld.
Then as it is ſuppos'd, in *England* that there be
Seuen wonders: to my ſelfe ſo haue I here in me,
My ſeauen before rehearc'd, allotted me by Fate,
Her greatneſſe, as therein ordain'd to imitate.
No ſooner had the *Peake* her ſeuen proud wonders ſung,
But *Darwin* from her Fount, her mothers Hills among,
Through many a crooked way, oppoſd with enuious Rocks,
Comes tripping downe tow'rds *Trent*, and ſees the goodly Flocks
Fed by her mother *Peake*; and Heards, (for horne and haire,
That hardly are put downe by thoſe of *Lancaſhire*,)
Which on her Mountaines ſides, and in her Bottoms graze,
On whoſe delightfull Courſe, whilſt *Vnknidge* ſtands to gaze,
And looke on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He *Nowſtoll* plainly ſees, which likewiſe from the Set,
Salutes her, and like friends, to *Heauen-Hill* farre away,
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to ſay.
Faire Hill bee not ſo proud of thy ſo pleaſant Scite,
Who for thou giu'ſt the eye ſuch wonderfull delight,
From any Mountaine neere, that glorious name of *Heauen*,
Thy brauery to expreſſe, was to thy greatneſſe giuen:
Nor caſt thine eye ſo much on things that be aboue:
For ſaweſt thou as we doe, our *Darwin*, thou wouldſt loue
Her more then any thing, that ſo doth thee allure;
When *Darwin* that by this her trauell could endure,
Takes *Now* into her traine, (from *Nowſtoll* her great Sire,
Which ſhewes to take her name) with many a winding Gyre.
Then wandring through the Wylds, at length the pretty *Wye*,
From her blacke mother *Poole*, her nimbler courſe doth plye
Tow'rds *Darwin*, and along from *Bakewell* with her brings
Lathkell a little Brooke, and *Headford*, whoſe poore Springs,
But hardly them the name of Riuerets can affoord;
When *Burbrook* with the ſtrength, that Nature hath her ſtor'd,

The *Peake* Forreſt.

Although

Although but very ſmall, yet much doth *Darwin* ſted.
At *Worksworth* on her way, when from the Mynes of Lead,
Browne *Eclesborne* comes in, then *Amber* from the Eaſt,
Of all the *Darbian* Nymphs of *Darwin* lou'd the beſt,
(A delicater Flood from fountaine neuer flow'd)
Then comming to the Towne, on which ſhe firſt beſtow'd
Her naturall * *Britiſh* name, her *Darby*, ſo againe,
Her, to that ancient Seat, doth kindly intertaine,
Where *Marten-Brooke*, although an eaſie ſhallow Rill,
There offereth all ſhe hath, her Miſtris Banks to fill,
And all too little thinks that was on *Darwin* ſpent;
From hence as ſhee departs, in trauailing to *Trent*,
Backe goes the actiue Muſe, tow'rds *Lancaſhire* amaine,
Where matter reſts ynough her vigor to maintaine,
And to the Northern Hills ſhall lead her on along,
Which now muſt wholly bee the ſubiect of my Song.

Darvvin, of the *British Doure Guin*, which is White water. *Darby* from thence, as the place by the water.

The

The Ile of Man

Sceafell hill

The Calfe of Man

Dreadful Ho

The Ile of Walney

The pyle of Fouldrey

Pellen mo

Skippons H

Morton moße

Morton mere

Symonds wate

Ht. Thuz

LANCA;

SHYRE

Wenning flu

Hindburn

Wolfe crage

Pendle hill

Broke flu

Bowland forest

Blackston edge

Ribble flu

Darwen flu

Rache flu

Chatmosse vale

Manchester

Rochdale

Marrington

The ſeauen and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

The circuit of this Shire expreſt,
Erwell, *and* Ribble *then conteſt;*
The Muſe next to the Moſſes flies,
And to fayre Wyre *her ſelfe applies;*
The Fiſhy Lun *then doth ſhee bring,*
The praiſe of Lancaſhire *to ſing,*
The Iſle of Man *maintaines her plea,*
Then falling Eaſtward from that Sea,
On rugged Furneſſe, *and his* Fells,
Of which this Canto laſtly tells.

SCarce could the labouring Muſe ſalute this liuely Shire,
But ſtrait ſuch ſhouts aroſe from euery Moſſe and Mere,
And Riuers ruſhing downe, with ſuch vnvſuall noyſe,
Vpon their peably ſholes, ſeem'd to expreſſe their ioyes,
That *Merſey* (in her courſe which happily confines
Braue *Cheſhire* from this Tract, two County Palatines)
As rauiſh'd with the newes, along to *Lerpoole* ran,
That all the Shores which lye to the * *Vergiuian*, — The *Irish* Sea.
Reſounded with the ſhouts, ſo that from Creeke to Creeke,
So lowd the Ecchoes cry'd, that they were heard to ſhreeke
To *Fourneſſe* ridged Front, whereas the rocky Pile — The circuit and true demenſion of *Lancashire.*
Of *Foudra* is at hand, to guard the out-layd Iſle
Of *Walney*, and thoſe groſſe and foggy *Fells* awooke;
Thence flying to the Eaſt, with their reuerberance ſhooke
The Clouds from *Pendles* head, (which as the people ſay,
Prognoſticates to them a happy *Halcyon* day)
Rebounds on *Blackſtonedge*, and there by falling fils
Faire *Merſey*, making in from the *Derbeian* Hills.
But whilſt the actiue Muſe thus nimbly goes about,
Of this large Tract to lay the true Demenſions out,

The neat *Lancaſtrian* Nymphes, for beauty that excell,
That for the* Hornpipe round doe beare away the bell;
Some that about the Banks of *Erwell* make abode,
With ſome that haue their ſeat by *Ribbles* ſiluer road,
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)
Which of thoſe Floods deſeru'd to haue the ſoueraigne due;
So that all future ſpleene, and quarrels to preuent,
That likely was to riſe about their long diſcent,
Before the neighbouring Nymphs, their right they meane to plead,
And firſt thus for her ſelfe the louely *Erwell* ſayd.

The *Lancashire* Horne-pipe.

Erwels oration

Yee Laſſes, quoth this Flood, haue long and blindly er'd,
That *Ribble* before me, ſo falſely haue prefer'd,
That am a Natiue borne, and my deſcent doe bring,
From ancient Gentry here, when *Ribble* from her Spring,
An Alien knowne to be, and from the Mountaines rude
Of *Yorkſhire* getting ſtrength, here boldly dares intrude
Vpon my proper Earth, and through her mighty fall,
Is not aſham'd her ſelfe of *Lancaſhire* to call:
Whereas of all the Nymphes that carefully attend
My Miſtris *Merſeys* State, ther's none that doth tranſcend
My greatneſſe with her grace, which doth me ſo preferre,
That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
For though from *Blackſtonedge* the *Taume* come tripping downe,
And from that long-ridg'd Rocke, her fathers high renowne,
Of *Merſey* thinks from me, the place alone to winne,
With my attending Brooks, yet when I once come in,
I out of count'nance quite doe put the Nymph, for note,
As from my Fountaine I tow'rds mightier *Merſey* float,
Firſt *Roch* a dainty Rill, from *Roch-dale* her deare Dame,
Who honored with the halfe of her ſterne mothers name,
Growes proud; yet glad her ſelfe into my Bankes to get,
Which *Spodden* from her Spring, a pretty Riuelet,
As her attendant brings, when *Irck* addes to my ſtore,
And *Medlock* to their much, by lending ſomewhat more,
At *Mancheſter* doe meet, all kneeling to my State,
Where braue I ſhow my ſelfe; then with a prouder gate,
Tow'rds *Merſey* making on, great *Chatmoſſe* at my fall,
Lyes full of Turfe, and Marle, her vnctuous Minerall,
And Blocks as blacke as Pitch, (with boring-Augars found)
There at the generall Flood ſuppoſed to be drownd.
Thus chiefe of *Merſeys* traine, away with her I runne,
When in her proſperous courſe ſhee watreth *Warrington*,
And her faire ſiluer load in *Lerpoole* downe doth lay,
A Road none more renownd in the *Verginian* Sea.
Yee luſtie Laſſes then, in *Lancaſhire* that dwell,
For Beautie that are ſayd to beare away the Bell,

Your Countries Horn-pipe, yee ſo minſingly that tread,
As ye the Eg-pye loue, and Apple Cherry-red;
In all your mirthfull Songs, and merry meetings tell,
That *Erwell* euery way doth *Ribble* farre excell.
Her well-diſpoſed ſpeech had *Erwell* ſcarcely done,
But ſwift report therewith imediatly doth runne
To the *Virgiuian* Shores, among the Moſſes deepe,
Where *Alt* a neighboring Nymph for very ioy doth weepe,
That *Symonds wood*, from whence the Flood aſſumes her Spring,
Excited with the ſame, was lowdly heard to ring;
And ouer all the *Moores*, with ſhrill re-ecchoing ſounds,
The drooping Fogs to driue from thoſe groſſe watry grounds,
Where thoſe that toyle for Turffe, with peating Spades doe find
Fiſh liuing in that earth (contrary to their kind)
Which but that *Pontus*, and *Heraclia* likewiſe ſhowes,
The like in their like earth, that with like moiſture flowes,
And that ſuch Fiſh as theſe, had not been likewiſe found,
Within farre firmer earth, the *Paphlagonian* ground,
A Wonder of this Iſle, this well might haue been thought
But *Ribbell* that this while for her aduantage wrought,
Of what ſhee had to ſay, doth well her ſelfe aduiſe,
And to braue *Erwels* ſpeech, thus boldly ſhe replies.
With that, whereby the moſt thou thinkſt me to diſgrace,
That I an Alien am, (not rightly of this place)
My greateſt glory is, and *Lancaſhire* therefore,
To Nature for my Birth, beholding is the more;
That *Yorkſhire*, which all Shires for largeneſſe doth exceed,
A kingdome to be cald, that well deſerues (indeed)
And not a Fountaine hath, that from her wombe doth flow
Within her ſpacious ſelfe, but that ſhe can beſtow;
To *Lancaſter* yet lends, me *Ribbell*, from her ſtore,
Which adds to my renowne, and makes her Bountie more.
From *Penigents* proud foot, as from my ſource I ſlide,
That Mountaine my proud Syre, in height of all his pride,
Takes pleaſure in my Courſe, as in his firſt-borne Flood:
And *Ingleborow* Hill of that *Olympian* Brood,
With *Pendle*, of the North the higheſt Hills that be,
Doe wiſtly me behold, and are beheld of me,
Theſe Mountaines make me proud, to gaze on me that ſtand:
So *Long-ridge*, once ariu'd on the *Lancaſtrian* Land,
Salutes me, and with ſmiles, me to his ſoyle inuites,
So haue I many a Flood, that forward me excites,
As *Hodder*, that from home attends me from my Spring;
Then *Caldor* comming downe, from *Blackſtonedge* doth bring
Me eas'ly on my way, to *Preſton* the greatſt Towne,
Wherewith my Banks are bleſt; whereat my going downe,

He that wil fiſh for a *Lancaſhire* man, at any time or tide, Muſt bait his hooke with a good Eg-pie, or an Apple with a red ſide.

A wonder in Nature.

Cleere *Darwen* on along me to the Sea doth driue,
And in my ſpacious fall no ſooner I arriue,
But *Sauock* to the North, from *Longridge* making way,
To this my greatneſſe adds, when in my ample Bay,
Swart *Dulas* comming in, from *Wiggin* with her ayds,
Short *Taud*, and *Dartow* ſmall, two little Country Mayds,
(In thoſe low watry lands, and Moory Moſſes bred)
Doe ſee mee ſafely layd in mighty *Neptunes* bed;
And cutting in my courſe, euen through the very heart
Of this renowned Shire, ſo equally it part,
As Nature ſhould haue ſaid, Loe thus I meant to doe;
This Flood diuides this Shire thus equally in two.
Ye Mayds, the Horne-pipe then, ſo minſingly that tread,
As yee the Egg-pye loue, and Apple Cherry-red;
In all your mirthfull Songs, and merry meetings tell,
That *Ribbell* euery way, your *Erwell* doth excell.
Heere ended ſhee againe, when *Mertons* Moſſe and Mere,
VVith *Ribbels* ſole reply ſo much reuiued were,
That all the Shores reſound the Riuers good ſucceſſe,
And wondrous ioy there was all ouer * *Anderneſſe*,
VVhich ſtraight conuayd the newes into the vpper land,
Where *Pendle*, *Penigent*, and *Ingleborow* ſtand
Like Gyants, and the reſt doe proudly ouerlooke;
Or *Atlas*-like as though they onely vndertooke
To vnder-prop high Heauen, or the wide Welkin dar'd,
Who in their *Ribbles* praiſe (be ſure) no ſpeeches ſpar'd;
That the loud ſounds from them downe to the Forreſts fell,
To *Bowland* braue in ſtate, and *Wyerſdale*, which as well,
As any Syluan Nymphes, their beautious Scites may boaſt,
Whoſe Eccho's ſent the ſame all round about the Coaſt,
That there was not a Nymph to Iollity inclind,
Or of the wooddy brood, or of the watry kind,
But at their fingers ends, they *Ribbels* Song could ſay,
And perfectly the Note vpon the Bag-pipe play.
That *Wyre*, when once ſhe knew how well theſe Floods had ſped,
(When their reports abroad in euery place was ſpred)
It vex'd her very heart, their eminence to ſee,
Their equall (at the leaſt) who thought her ſelfe to be,
Determins at the laſt to *Neptunes* Court to goe,
Before his ample State, with humbleneſſe to ſhow
The wrongs ſhe had ſuſtain'd by her proud ſiſters ſpight,
And offring them no wrong, to doe her greatneſſe right;
Ariſing but a Rill at firſt from *Wyerſdales* lap,
Yet ſtill receiuing ſtrength from her full Mothers pap,
As downe to Seaward ſhe, her ſerious courſe doth ply,
Takes *Caldor* comming in, to beare her company.

A part of *Lancashire* ſo called

Ingleborow, *Pendle*, and *Penigent*, The higheſt Hils betwixt *Barwick* and *Trent*. See to the 28. Song.

From

From *Woolſcrags* Cliffy foot, a Hill to her at hand,
By that fayre Forreſt knowne, within her Verge to ſtand.
So *Bowland* from her breaſt ſends *Brock* her to attend,
As ſhe a Forreſt is, ſo likewiſe doth ſhee ſend
Her child, on *Wyreſdales* Flood, the dainty *VVyre* to wayt,
With her aſſiſting Rills, when *VVyre* is once repleat:
Shee in her crooked courſe to Seaward ſoftly ſlides,
Where *Pellins* mighty *Moſſe*, and *Mertons*, on her ſides
Their boggy breaſts out lay, and *Skipton* downe doth crawle,
To entertaine this *VVyer*, attained to her fall:
When whilſt each wandring flood ſeem'd ſetled to admire,
Firſt *Erwell*, *Ribbell* then, and laſt of all this *VVyre*,
That mighty wagers would haue willingly been layd,
(But that theſe matters were with much diſcretion ſtaid)
Some broyles about theſe Brooks had ſurely been begun.
When *Coker* a coy Nymph, that cleerely ſeemes to ſhun
All popular applauſe, who from her Chriſtall head,
In *Wyresdale*, neere where *Wyre* is by her fountaine fed,
That by their naturall birth, they ſeeme (in deed) to twin,
Yet for her ſiſters pride ſhee careth not a pin,
Of none, and being help'd, ſhe likewiſe helpeth none,
But to the *Iriſh* Sea goes gently downe alone
Of any vndiſturbd, till comming to her Sound,
Endangered by the Sands, with many a loftie bound,
Shee leaps againſt the Tydes, and cries to Chriſtall *Lon*,
The Flood that names the Towne, from whence the Shire begun,
Her title firſt to take, and loudly tells the Flood,
That if a little while ſhe thus but trifling ſtood,
Theſe pettie Brooks would bee before her ſtill preferd.
Which the long-wandring *Lon*, with good aduiſement heard,
As ſhee comes ambling on from *Weſtmerland*, where firſt
Ariſing from her head, amongſt the Mountaines nurſt,
By many a pretty ſpring, that howerly getting ſtrength,
Ariuing in her Courſe in *Lancaſhire* at length,
To *Lonſdale* ſhowes her ſelfe, and louingly doth play *Lunesdale.*
With her deare daughter *Dale*, which her frim Cheeke doth lay
To her cleere mothers Breaſt, as minſingly ſhe traces,
And oft imbracing her, ſhe oft againe imbraces,
And on her Darling ſmiles, with euery little gale.
When *Lac* the moſt lou'd child of this delicious *Dale*,
And *Wemming* on the way, preſent their eithers Spring.
Next them ſhe *Henbourne* hath, and *Robourne*, which do bring
Their bounties in one banke, their Miſtris to preferre,
That ſhee with greater ſtate may come to *Lancaſter*,
Of her which takes the name, which likewiſe to the Shire,
The Soueraigne title lends, and eminency, where

To giue to this her Towne, what rightly doth belong,
Of this moſt famous Shire, our *Lun* thus frames her Song.

Lancashire, Faire women.

First, that moſt precious thing, and pleaſing moſt to man,
Who from him (made of earth) imediatly began,
His ſhee ſelfe woman, which the goodlieſt of this Iſle,
This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my ſtile;
Why ſhould thoſe Ancients elſe, which ſo much knowing were,
When they the Blazons gaue to euery ſeuerall Shire,
Fayre women as mine owne, haue titled due to me?

Lancashire Breed of cattel the beſt.

Beſides in all this Iſle, there no ſuch Cattell be,
For largeneſſe, Horne, and Haire, as theſe of *Lancaſhire*;
So that from euery part of *England* farre and neere,
Men haunt her Marts for Store, as from her Race to breed.

Lancashire, Deepe mouthd Hounds.

And for the third, wherein ſhe doth all Shires exceed,
Be thoſe great race of Hounds, the deepeſt mouth'd of all
The other of this kind, which we our Hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats vpon a ſent ſo roare,
That you would ſurely thinke, that the firme earth they tore
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the Clouds in ſunder,
As though by their lowd crie they meant to mocke the thunder.

Lancashire Bowmen.

Beſides, her Natiues haue been anciently eſteem'd,
For Bow-men neere our beſt, and euer haue been deem'd
So loyall, that the Guard of our preceding Kings,
Of them did moſt conſiſt; but yet mongſt all theſe things,
Euen almoſt euer ſince the *Engliſh* Crowne was ſet
Vpon the lawfull head, of our *Plantaginet*,
In Honor, next the firſt, our Dukedome was allow'd,
And alwayes with the greatſt, reuenewes was endow'd:
And after when it hapt, *France*-conquering *Edwards* blood
Diuided in it ſelfe, here for the Garland ſtood;
The right *Lancaſtrian* Line, it from *Yorks* Iſſue bare;

The White and Red Role.

The Red-roſe, our braue Badge, which in their Helmets ware,
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtfull fight,
Againſt the Houſe of *Yorke*, which bare for theirs the White.

See to the ſixt Song.

And for my ſelfe there's not the *Tiuy*, nor the *VVye*,
Nor any of thoſe Nymphs, that to the Southward lye,

Lun, in the *British*, fulneſſe.

For *Salmon* me excels; and for this name of *Lun*,
That I am Chriſtned by, the *Britaines* it begun,
Which Fulneſſe doth import, of waters ſtill encreaſe:
To *Neptune* lowting low, when Chriſtall *Lun* doth ceaſe,
And *Conder* comming in, conducts her by the hand,

A part of *Lancashire* iutting out into the *Irish* Sea.

Till laſtly ſhee ſalute the poynt of **Sunderland*,
And leaues our dainty *Lun* to *Amphitrites* care.

So blyth and bonny now the Lads and Laſſes are,
That euer as anon the Bag-pipe vp doth blow,
Caſt in a gallant Round about the Harth they goe,

And

And at each pauſe they kiſſe, was neuer ſeene ſuch rule
In any place but heere, at Boon-fire, or at Yeule;
And euery village ſmokes at Wakes with luſty cheere,
Then Hey they cry for *Lun*, and Hey for *Lancaſhire*;
That one high Hill was heard to tell it to his brother,
That inſtantly againe to tell it to ſome other:
From Hill againe to Vale, from Vale to Hill it went,
The High-lands they againe, it to the lower ſent,
The mud-exhauſted Meres, and Moſſes deepe among,
With the report thereof, each Road, and Harbor rung;
The Sea-Nymphs with their Song, ſo great a coyle doe keepe,
They ceaſe not to reſound it ouer all the Deepe,
And acted it each day before the Iſle of *Man*,
Who like an Empreſſe ſits in the *Virginian*,
By her that hath the *Calfe*, long *Walney*, and the *Pyle*,
As Hand-mayds to attend on her their Soueraigne Iſle,
To whom, ſo many though the *Hebrides* doe ſhow,
Acknowlege, that to her they due ſubiection owe:
With Corne and Cattell ſtor'd, and what for hers is good,
(That we, nor *Ireland*, need not ſcorne her neighbourhood)
Her midſt with Mountaines ſet, of which, from **Sceafels* height,
A cleere and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
(Be *Neptunes* viſage ne'r ſo terrible and ſterne)
The *Scotch*, the *Iriſh* Shores, and th' *Engliſh* may diſcerne;
And what an Empire can, the ſame this Iſland brings
Her Pedigrees to ſhow, her right ſucceſſiue Kings,
Her Chronicles and can as eaſily rehearce,
And with all forraine parts to haue had free commerce;
Her Municipiall Lawes, and Cuſtomes very old,
Belonging to her State, which ſtrongly ſhee doth hold:
This Iſland, with the Song of *Lun* is taken ſo,
As ſhee hath ſpeciall cauſe before all other, who
For her bituminous Turfe, ſquar'd from her Moſſy ground,
And Trees farre vnder earth, (by daily digging found,
As for the ſtore of Oats, which her blacke Gleabe doth beare,
In euery one of theſe reſembling *Lancaſhire*,
To her ſhee'l ſtoutly ſtick, as to her neereſt kin,
And cries the day is ours, braue *Lancaſhire* doth win.
But yet this *Iſle of Man* more ſeemes not to reioyce
For *Lancaſhires* good luck, nor with a louder voyce
To ſound it to the Shores; then *Furneſſe* whoſe ſterne face,
With Mountaines ſet like Warts, which Nature as a grace
Beſtow'd vpon this Tract, whoſe Browes doe looke ſo ſterne,
That when the Nymphs of Sea did firſt her Front diſcerne,
Amazedly they fled, to *Amphitrite's* Bower.
Her grim aſpect to ſee, which ſeem'd to them ſo ſower,

The *Calfe of Man*, a little Iſland.

A mountaine in the Iſle of *Man*.

As

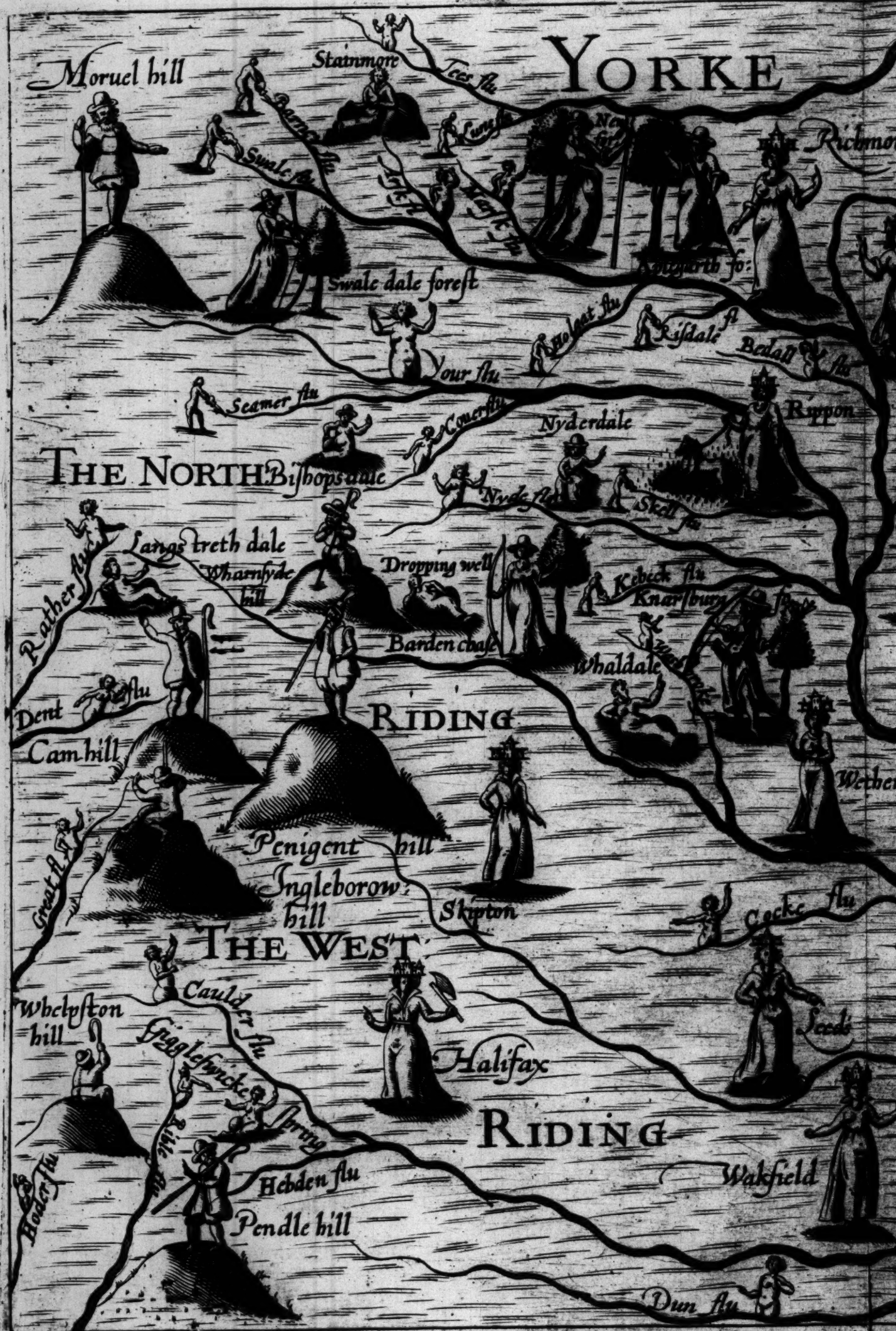
As it malign'd the Rule which mighty *Neptune* bare,
Whoſe *Fells* to that grim god, moſt ſterne and dreadfull are,
With Hills whoſe hanging browes, with Rocks about are bound,
Whoſe weighty feet ſtand fixt in that blacke beachy ground,
VVhereas thoſe ſcattered trees, which naturally pertake,
The fatneſſe of the ſoyle (in many a ſlimy Lake,
Their roots ſo deeply ſok'd) ſend from their ſtocky bough,
A ſoft and tappy Gum, from which thoſe *Tree-geeſe* grow,
Call'd *Barnacles* by vs, which like a Ielly firſt
To the beholder ſeeme, then by the fluxure nurſt,
Still great and greater thriue, vntill you well may ſee
Them turn'd to perfect Fowles, when dropping from the tree
Into the Meery Pond, which vnder them doth lye,
VVaxe ripe, and taking wing, away in flockes doe flye,
VVhich well our Ancients did among our Wonders place:
Beſides by her ſtrong Scite, ſhe doth receaue this grace,
Before her neighbouring Tracts, (which *Fourneſſe* well may vaunt)
That when the *Saxons* here their forces firſt did plant,
And from the Inner-land the ancient *Britains* draue,
To their diſtreſt eſtate it no leſſe ſuccour gaue,
Then the tranſ Seuern'd Hills, which their old ſtocke yet ſtores,
Which now we call the *Welſh*, or the *Cornubian* Shores.
VVhat Countrey lets ye ſee thoſe ſoyles within her Seat,
But ſhee in little hath, what it can ſhew in great?
As firſt without her ſelfe at Sea to make her ſtrong,
(Yet how ſoe'r expos'd, doth ſtill to her belong)
And fence her furtheſt poynt, from that rough *Neptunes* rage,
The Iſle of *Walney* lyes, whoſe longitude doth ſwage
His fury when his waues, on *Furneſſe* ſeeme to warre,
VVhoſe crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged *ſcarre
Againſt his boyſtrous ſhocks, which this defenſiue Iſle
Of *Walney* ſtill aſſayle, that ſhee doth ſcorne the while,
VVhich to aſſiſt her hath the *Pyle of Fouldra* ſet,
And *Fulney* at her backe, a pretty Inſulet,
Which all their forces bend, their *Furneſſe* ſafe to keepe:
But to his inner earth, diuert we from the deepe,
Where thoſe two mightie Meres, out-ſtretcht in length do wander,
The leſſer *Thurſtan* nam'd, the famouſer *Wynander*,
So bounded with her Rocks, as Nature would deſcry,
By her how thoſe great Seas *Mediterranean* lye.
To Sea-ward then ſhee hath her ſundry Sands agen,
As that of *Dudden* firſt, then *Leuin*, laſtly *Ken*,
Of three bright *Naiades* nam'd, as *Dudden* on the Weſt,
That *Camberland* cuts off from this Shire, doth inueſt
Thoſe Sands with her proud Style, when *Leuin* from the *Fells*,
Beſides her naturall ſource, with the abundance ſwells,

Which

Barnacles one of the *Britiſh* Wonders.

A ſcarre is a Rock.

Which thoſe two mighty *Meres*, vpon her either ſide
Contrribute by recourſe, that out of very pride,
Shee leaues her ancient name, and *Foſſe* her ſelfe doth call,
Till comming to the Sands, euen almoſt at her fall,
On them her ancient Style ſhee liberally beſtowes.
Vpon the Eaſt from theſe, cleere *Ken* her beautie ſhowes,
From *Kendale* comming in, which ſhee doth pleaſe to grace,
Firſt with her famous Type, then laſtly in her race,
Her name vpon thoſe Sands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the Muſe awhile may ſit her downe to breath,
And after walke along tow'rds *Yorkſhire* on her way,
On which ſhee ſtrongly hopes to get a noble day.


YORKE
Moruel hill
Stainmore
Tees flu
Richmo
Swale flu
Swale dale foreſt
Knaresborough fo:
Kisdale ſt
Bedall flu
Your flu
Seamer flu
Ripon
Nyderdale
THE NORTH
Bishopsdale
Nyde flu
Skell flu
Langstreth dale
Wharnsyde hill
Rather flu
Dropping well
Kebeck flu
Knaresburg
Barden chase
Whaldale
RIDING
Dent flu
Cam hill
Penigent hill
Ingleborow hill
Great Ayre flu
Skipton
Cocke flu
THE WEST
Cauldar flu
Whelpston hill
Halifax
Seed
Hodder flu
Hebden flu
Pendle hill
RIDING
Wakfield
Dun flu

SHYRE

Richmont

Wiske flu

Northallerton

THE EAST

RIDING

Codbeck flu

Rypon

Willowbeck flu

Burroughbridge

YORKE

Gisburgh

Cleueland

Blacksy more

Foss flu

Riall flu

Hudbeck

Dow flu

Sauen flu

Cos flu

Pickring for:

Yorkswolde

Foss flu

Darwent flu

Beuerley

Hull flu

Holdernes

Wetherby

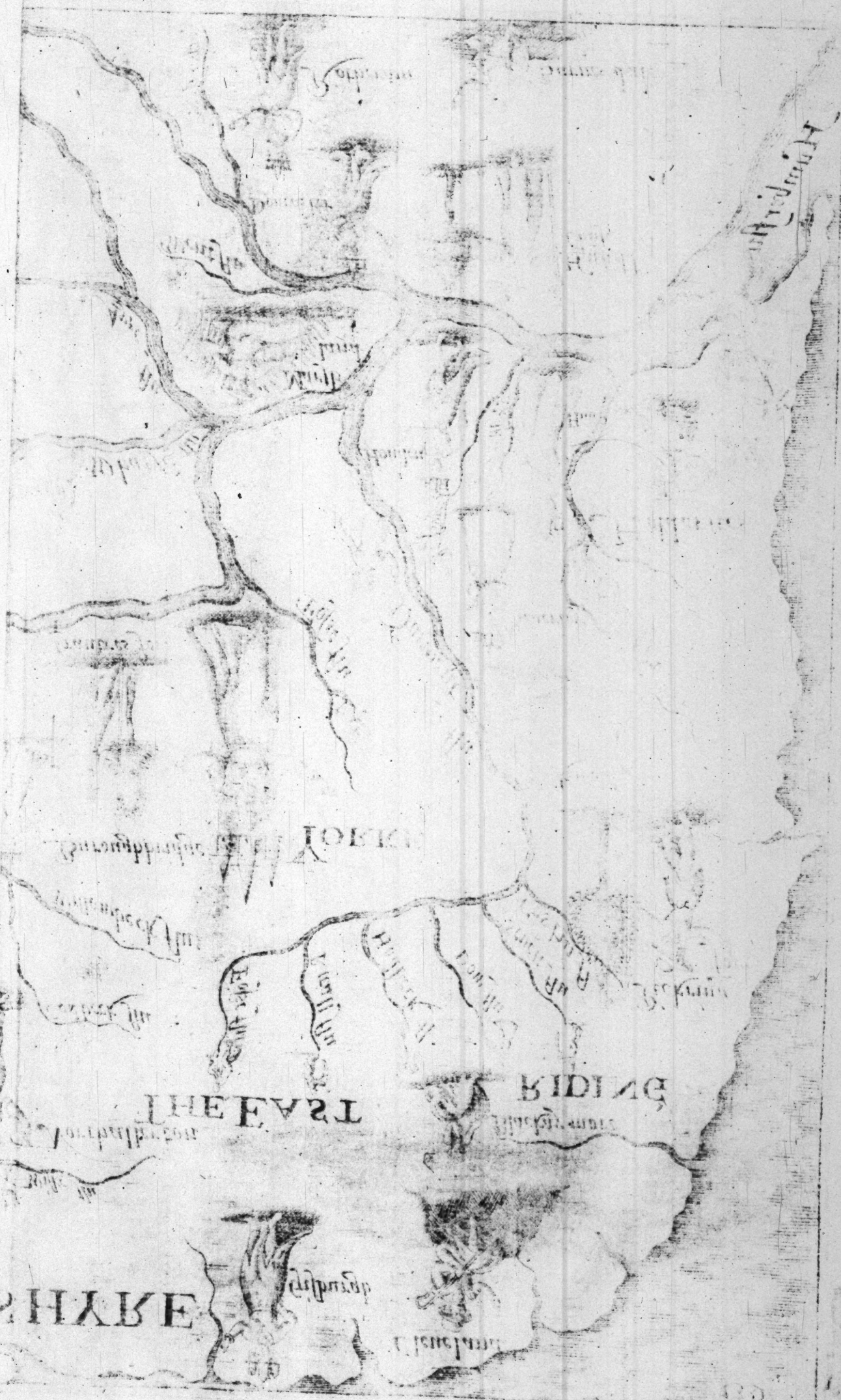
Houden

Hatfield Chase

Doncaster

Rotheram

Barnes dale


THE EAST
RIDING

The eight and twentieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Inuention hence her Compaſſe ſteeres,
Towards Yorke *the moſt renown'd of Shires,*
Makes the three Ridings *in their Stories,*
Each ſeuerally to ſhew their glories.
Ouſe *for her moſt-lou'd Cities ſake,*
Doth her Dukes Title vndertake;
His Floods then Humber *welcomes in,*
And ſhowes how firſt he did begin.

THE Muſe from *Blackſtonedge*, no whit diſmaid at all,
With ſight of the large Shire, on which ſhee was to fall,
(Whoſe Forreſts, Hils, & Floods, they long for her ariue
From *Lancaſhire*, that lookt her Beauties to contriue)
Doth ſet her ſelfe to ſing, of that aboue the reſt
A Kingdome that doth ſeeme, a Prouince at the leaſt,
To them that thinke themſelues no ſimple Shires to be,
But that wherein the world her greatneſſe moſt may ſee,
And that which doth this Shire before the reſt preferre,
Is of ſo many Floods, and great, that riſe from her,
Except ſome ſilly few out of her Verge that flow,
So neere to other Shires, that it is hard to know,
If that their Springs be hers, or others them diuide,
And thoſe are onely found ypon her Setting ſide.
Elſe be it noted well, remarkeable to all,
That thoſe from her that flow, in her together fall.
Nor can ſmall praiſe beſeeme ſo beautious Brooks as theſe,
For from all other Nymphs theſe be the *Nayades*,
In *Amphitrites* Bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the *Orkes* of Sea dare not to be ſo bold,
As rudely once to touch, and whereſoere they come,
The *Tritons* with their Trumps proclaime them publique roome.

A great brauery of *Yorkshire*.

Now whiles the Muſe prepares theſe Floods along to lead,
The wide *VVeſt-riding* firſt, deſires that ſhee may plead
The right that her belongs, which of the Muſe ſhe winnes,
When with the courſe of *Don*, thus ſhe her Tract begins.

The *VVeſt Ridings* oration.

Thou firſt of all my Floods, whoſe Banks doe bound my South,
And offreſt vp thy Streame to mightie *Humbers* mouth,

Much Ewe and Elme vpon the Bank of *Don*.

Of *Ewe*, and climing *Elme*, that crown'd with many a ſpray,
From thy cleare Fountaine firſt through many a Mead doſt play,
Till *Rother*, whence the name of *Rotheram* firſt begun,
At that her chriſtened Towne doth looſe her in my *Don*,
Which proud of her recourſe, tow'rds *Doncaſter* doth driue,
Her greatſt and chiefeſt towne, the name that doth deriue
From *Don's* neere bordering Banks, when holding on her race,
Shee dancing in and out, indenteth *Hatfield Chaſe*,
Whoſe brauery hourely adds, new honors to her Banke:
When *Sherwood* ſends her in ſlow *Iddle*, that made ranke
With her profuſe exceſſe, ſhee largely it beſtowes
On *Marſhland*, whoſe ſwolne wombe with ſuch abundance flowes,
As that her batning breſt, her Fatlings ſooner feeds,
And with more lauiſh waſte, then oft the Graſier needs:
Whoſe ſoyle, as ſome report, that be her Borderers note,
With th'water vnder earth vndoubtedly doth flote:
For when the waters riſe, it riſen doth remaine

A ſtrange opinion held by thoſe of the neighboring Villages.

High whilſt the Floods are high, and when they fall againe,
It falleth: but at laſt, when as my liuely *Don*,
Along by *Marſhlands* ſide, her luſty courſe hath runne,
The little wandring *Went*, wonne by the lowd report
Of the magnifique State, and height of *Humbers* Court,
Drawes on to meet with *Don*, at her approch to *Aire*:
Now ſpeake I of a Flood, who thinks there's none ſhould dare
(Once) to compare with her, ſuppoſd by her diſcent,
The darling daughter borne of loftie *Penigent*,
Who from her fathers foot, by *Skipton* downe doth ſcud,
And leading thence to *Leeds*, that delicateſt Flood,
Takes *Caldor* comming in by *Wakefield*, by whoſe force,
As from a luſty Flood, much ſtrengthened in her courſe;

Beheading, which we call *Halifax* Law.

But *Caldor* as ſhee comes, and greater ſtill doth wax,
And trauelling along by Heading-*Halifax*,
Which *Horton* once was cald, but of a Virgins haire,
(A Martyr that was made, for Chaſtity, that there
was by her Louer ſlaine) being faſtned to a tree:
The people that would needs it ſhould a Relique be,
It *Halifax* ſince nam'd, which in the Northerne tongue,
Is Holy haire: but thence as *Caldor* comes along,

Robin Hoods burying place.

It chanc'd ſhee in her Courſe on *Kirkbey* caſt her eye,
Where merry *Robbin Hood*, that honeſt Thiefe doth lye,

Beholding

Beholding fitly too before how *Wakefield* ſtood,
Shee doth not onely thinke of luſtie *Robin Hood*,
But of his merry man, the Pindar of the Towne
Of *Wakefield*, *George a Greene*, whoſe fames ſo farre are blowne,
For their ſo valiant fight, that euery free mans Song,
Can tell you of the ſame; quoth ſhe be talk'd on long,
For yee were merry Lads, and thoſe were merry dayes;
When *Aire* to *Caldor* calls, and bids her come her wayes,
Who likewiſe to her helpe, brings *Hebden*, a ſmall Rill:
Thus *Aire* holds on her courſe tow'rds *Humber*; till ſhe fill
Her fall with all the wealth that *Don* can her affoord.
Quoth the *VVeſt-riding* thus, with Riuers am I ſtor'd.
Next guide I on my *VVharfe*, the great'ſt in her degree,
And that I well may call the worthieſt of the three,
Who her full fountaine takes from my waſt Weſterne wild,
(VVhence all but Mountaineers, by Nature are exild)
On *Langſtrethdale*, and lights at th'entrance of her race,
VVhen keeping on her courſe, along through *Barden Chaſe*,
Shee watreth *Wharfdales* breaſt, which proudly beares her name;
For by that time ſhees growne a flood of wondrous fame,
VVhen *VVaſhbrooke* with her wealth her Miſtris doth ſupply;
Thus *VVharfe* in her braue courſe imbracing *VVetherby*,
Small *Cock*, a ſullen Brooke comes to her ſuccour then,
Whoſe Banks receau'd the blood of many thouſand men,
On ſad *Palme-Sunday* ſlaine, that *Towton-Field* we call,
Whoſe Channell quite was chok'd with thoſe that there did fall,
That *VVharfe* diſcolored was with gore, that then was ſhed,
The bloodieſt field betwixt the *White Roſe*, and *the Red*,
Of welneere fifteene fought in *England* firſt and laſt:
But whilſt the goodly *Wharfe* doth thus tow'rds *Humber* haſte,
From *Wharnſide* Hill not farre, outflowes the nimble *Nyde*,
Through *Nyderſdale* along, as neatly ſhe doth glide
Tow'rds *Knarsburg* on her way, a pretty little Rill,
Call'd *Kebeck*, ſtowes her ſtreame, her Miſtris Banks to fill,
To intertaine the *VVharfe* where that braue * Forreſt ſtands,
Entitled by the Towne, who with vpreared hands
Makes ſignes to her of ioy, and doth with Garlands crowne
The Riuer paſſing by; but *Wharfe* that haſteth downe
To meet her Miſtris *Ouſe*, her ſpeedy courſe doth hie;
Dent, *Rother*, *Riuell*, *Gret*, ſo on my Set haue I,
Which from their fountaines there all out of me do flow,
Yet from my bounty I on *Lancaſhire* beſtow,
Becauſe my riſing ſoyle doth ſhute them to the Weſt:
But for my Mountaines I, will with the Iſle conteſt,
All other of the North in largeneſſe ſhall exceed,
That ages long before it finally decreed,

See to the 22. Song.

Knaresborough Forreſt.

That

That *Ingleborow* Hill, *Pendle*, and *Penigent*,
Should named be the high'ſt betwixt our *Tweed* and *Trent*.
My Hills, braue *Whelpſton* then, thou *Wharnſide*, and thou *Cam*,
Since I *Weſt-Riding* ſtill your onely mother am;
All that Report can giue, and iuſtly is my due,
I as your naturall Dam, ſhare equally with you;
And let me ſee a Hill that to the North doth ſtand,
The proudeſt of them all, that dare but lift a hand
O'r *Penigent* to peere; not *Skiddo*, that proud Mount,
Although of him ſo much, Rude *Cumberland* account,
Nor *Cheuiot*, of whoſe height *Northumberland* doth boaſt
* *Albania* to ſuruey; nor thoſe from Coaſt to Coaſt
That welneere runne in length, that rew of Mountaines tall,
By th'name of th'*Engliſh Alpes*, that our moſt learned call;
As ſoone ſhall thoſe, or theſe remoue out of their place,
As by their lofty lookes, my *Penigent* out-face:
Yee thus behold my Hills: my Forreſts, Dales, and Chaſes
Vpon my ſpacious breaſt note too how Nature places,
Farre vp into my Weſt, firſt *Langſtrethdale* doth lye,
And on the Banke of *Wharfe*, my pleaſant *Barden* by,
With *Wharfdale* hard by her, as taking hand in hand:
Then lower tow'rds the Sea braue *Knarsborough* doth ſtand,
As higher to my North, my *Niddersdale* by *Nyde*,
And *Biſhopsdale* aboue vpon my Setting ſide,
Marſhland, and *Hatfield Chaſe*, my Eaſterne part doe bound,
And *Barnsdale* there doth butt on *Dons* wel-watred ground:
And to my great diſgrace, if any ſhall obiect
That I no wonder haue that's worthy of reſpect
In all my ſpacious Tract, let them (ſo wiſe) ſuruey
My *Ribbles* riſing Banks, their worſt, and let them ſay;
At *Giggleswick* where I a Fountaine can you ſhow,
That eight times in a day is ſayd to ebbe and flow,
Who ſometime was a Nymph, and in the Mountaines hye
Of *Crauen*, whoſe blew heads for Caps put on the Skye,
Amongſt *th'*Oread's* there, and Syluans made abode,
(It was e'r humane foot vpon thoſe Hills had trod)
Of all the Mountaine kind and ſince ſhe was moſt faire,
It was a Satyrs chance to ſee her ſiluer haire
Flow looſely at her backe, as vp a Cliffe ſhe clame,
Her Beauties noting well, her Features, and her Frame,
And after her he goes; which when ſhe did eſpie,
Before him like the winde, the nimble Nymph doth flie,
They hurry downe the Rocks, o'r Hill and Dale they driue;
To take her he doth ſtraine, t'outſtrip him ſhee doth ſtriue,
Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his Rape,
And to the *Topick gods by praying to eſcape,

They

Pendle Hill is neere vpon the verge of this Tract, but ſtandeth in *Lancashire*.

Scotland.

The Metamorphoſis of that Fountaine. Nymphs of the Mountaines.

The ſuppoſed Genius of the place.

They turn'd her to a Spring, which as ſhe then did pant,
When wearied with her courſe, her breath grew wondrous ſcant:
Euen as the fearefull Nymph, then thicke and ſhort did blow,
Now made by them a Spring, ſo doth ſhee ebbe and flow.
And neere the Streame of *Nyde*, another Spring haue I,
As well as that, which may a wonders place ſupply,
Which of the forme it beares, men *Dropping well* doe call,
Becauſe out of a Rock, it ſtill in drops doth fall,
Neere to the foot whereof it makes a little Pon,
Which in as little ſpace conuerteth Wood to Stone,
Cheuin, and *Kilnſey Crags*, were they not here in me,
In any other place, right well might Wonders be,
For their Gygantick height, that Mountaines doe tranſcend?
But ſuch are frequent here, and thus ſhe makes an end.

When *Your* thus hauing heard the Genius of this Tract,
Her well-deſerued praiſe ſo happily to act,
This Riuer in her ſelfe that was extreamely loth,
The other to deferre, ſince that ſhee was to both
Indifferent, ſtraitly wills *Weſt-riding* there to ceaſe;
And hauing made a ſigne to all the watry preaſe,
For ſilence; which at once, when her commaund had wonne,
The proud *North-Riding* thus for her great ſelfe begunne.

My ſoueraigne Flood, quoth ſhee, in nature thou art bound
T'acknowledge me of three to be the worthieſt ground:
For note of all thoſe Floods, the wild *Weſt-Riding* ſends,
Ther's ſcarcely any one thy greatneſſe that attends,
Till thou haſt paſſed *Yorke*, and draweſt neere thy fall;
And when thou haſt no need of their ſupplies at all,
Then come they flattring in, and will thy followers be;
So as you oftentimes theſe wretched worldlings ſee,
That whilſt a man is poore, although ſome hopes depend
Vpon his future age, yet ther's not one will lend
A farthing to releeue his ſad diſtreſſed ſtate,
Not knowing what may yet befall him; but when Fate
Doth poure vpon his head his long expected good,
Then ſhall you ſee thoſe Slaues, aloofe before that ſtood,
And would haue let him ſtarue, like Spaniels to him crouch,
And with their glauering lips, his very feet to touch:
So doe they by thee *Your*; whereas the Floods in me,
That ſpring and haue their Courſe, (euen) giue thy life to thee:
For till that thou and *Swale*, into one Banke doe take,
Meeting at *Borough-Bridge*, thy greatneſſe there to make:
Till then the name of *Ouſe* thou art not knowne to owe,
A tearme in former times the Ancients did beſtow
On many a full-bankt Flood; but for my greater grace,
Theſe Floods of which I ſpeake, I now intend to trace

From

Your, the chiefeſt Riuer of *Yorkſhire*, who after her long courſe, by the confluence of other floods, gets the name of *Ouſe*.

The *North-Ridings* Oration.

The Simily.

From their firſt ſpringing Founts, beginning with the *Tour*,
From *Meruils* mightie foot which riſing, with the power
That *Bant* from *Sea-mere* brings, her ſomewhat more doth fill,
Neere *Biſhops-dale* at hand, when *Couer* a cleere Rill,
Next commeth into *Tour*, whereas that luſtie Chace
For her lou'd *Couers* ſake, doth louingly embrace
Tour as ſhee yeelds along, amongſt the Parks and Groues,
In *Middlehams* amorous eye, as wandringly ſhee roues,
At *Rippon* meets with *Skell*, which makes to her amaine,
Whom when ſhe hath receau'd into her Nymphiſh traine,
Rippon Fayre. (Neere to that towne ſo fam'd, for Colts there to be bought,
For goodneſſe farre and neere, by Horſemen that are ſought)
Fore-right vpon her way ſhee with a merryer gale,
To *Borough Bridge* makes on, to meet her ſiſter *Swale*,
The reaſon why *Swale* is called Holy. (A wondrous holy Flood (which name ſhe euer hath)
For when the *Saxons* firſt receau'd the Chriſtian Faith,
Paulinus of old *Yorke*, the zealous Biſhop then,
In *Swales* abundant ſtreame Chriſtned ten thouſand men,
With women and their babes, a number more beſide,
Vpon one happy day, whereof ſhee boaſts with pride)
Which ſprings not farre from whence *Tour* hath her ſiluer head;
And in her winding Banks along my boſome led,
As ſhee goes ſwooping by, to *Swaledale* whence ſhee ſprings,
That louely name ſhee leaues, which foorth a Forreſt brings,
The Vallies Style that beares, a brauer Syluan Mayd,
Scarce any Shire can ſhow; when to my Riuers ayd,
Come *Barney*, *Arske*, and *Marske*, their ſoueraigne *Swale* to guide,
From *Applegarths* wide waſte, and from *New Forreſt* ſide.
Whoſe Fountaines by the Fawnes, and Satyrs, many a yeere,
With youthfull Greens were crownd, yet could not ſtay thē there,
But they will ſerue the *Swale*, which in her wandring courſe,
A Nymph nam'd *Holgat* hath, and *Riſdale*, all whoſe force,
Small though (God wot) it be, yet from their Southerne ſhore,
With that ſalute the *Swale*, as others did before,
Richmondshire within *Yorke-shire*. At *Richmond* and ariue, which much doth grace the Flood,
For that her Precinct long amongſt the Shires hath ſtood:
But *Yorkſhire* wills the ſame her glory to reſigne.
When paſſing thence the *Swale*, this mineon Flood of mine
Next takes into her traine, cleere *Wiske*, a wanton Gyrle,
As though her watry path were pau'd with Orient Pearle,
So wondrous ſweet ſhe ſeemes, in many a winding Gyre,
As though ſhee Gambolds made, or as ſhe did deſire,
Her Labyrinth-like turnes, and mad Meandred trace,
With maruell ſhould amaze, and comming doth imbrace
A Countie within *Yorke-Shire*. *North-Alerton*, by whom her honour is increaſt,
VVhoſe Liberties include a County at the leaſt,

To grace the wandring *Wisk*, then well vpon her way,
Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the sway;
When hauing her receau'd, *Swale* bonny *Cowbeck* brings,
And *Willowbeck* with her, two pretty Riuellings,
And *Bedall* bids along, then almost at the *Ouze*,
Who with these Rills enrich'd begins her selfe to rouse.
When that great Forrest-Nymph faire *Gautresse* on her way,
Shee sees to stand prepar'd, with Garlands fresh and gay
To decke vp *Ouze*, before her selfe to *Yorke* she show,
So out of my full wombe the *Nesse* doth likewise flow,
That meeting thee at *Yorke*, vnder the Cities side,
Her glories with thy selfe doth equally diuide,
The East part watring still, as thou dost wash the West,
By whose Imbraces *Yorke* aboundantly is blest.
So many Riuers I continually maintaine,
As all those lesser Floods that into *Darwin* straine,
Their Fountaines find in me, the *Ryedale* naming *Rye*,
Fosse, *Rycall*, *Hodbeck*, *Dow*, with *Semen*, and them by
Cleere *Costwy*, which her selfe from *Blackmore* in doth bring,
And playing as shee slides through shady *Pickering*,
To *Darwent* homage doth; and *Darwent* that diuides
The *East-riding* and me, vpon her either sides,
Although that to vs both, she most indifferent bee,
And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my Diuision yet her Fountaine doth deriue,
And from my *Blackmore* here her Course doth first contriue.
Let my Demensions then be seriously pursude,
And let great *Britaine* see in my braue Latitude,
How in the high'st degree, by nature I am grac'd;
For tow'rds the *Crauen* Hills, vpon my West are plac'd
New-Forrest, *Applegarth*, and *Smaledale*, * *Dryades* all;
And lower towards the *Ouze*, if with my Floods ye fall,
The goodly *Gautresse* keeps chiefe of my Syluan kind,
There stony *Stanmore* view, bleake with the Sleet and Wind,
Vpon this Easterne side, so *Ryedale* darke and deepe,
Amongst whose Groues of yore, some say that Elues did keepe;
Then *Pickering*, whom the Fawnes beyond them all adore,
By whom not farre away lyes large-sprad *Blackmore*,
The *Cleueland* North from these, a State that doth maintaine,
Leaning her lustie side to the great *Germane* Maine,
Which if she were not heere confined thus in me,
A Shire euen of her selfe might well be said to be.
Nor lesse hath *Pickering Leigh*, her libertie then this,
North-Alerton a Shire so likewise reckoned is;
And *Richmond* of the rest, the greatest in estate,
A Countie iustly call'd, that them accommodate;

* Nymphs of the Woods.

So I *North-Riding* am, for ſpaciouſneſſe renown'd,
Our mother *Yorkſhires* eld'ſt, who worthily is crown'd
The Queene of all the Shires, on this ſide *Trent*, for we
The *Ridings* ſeuerall parts of her vaſte greatneſſe be,
In vs, ſo we againe haue ſeuerall ſeats, whoſe bounds
Doe meaſure from their ſides ſo many miles of grounds,
That they are called Shires; like to ſome mightie King,
A Simily of *Yorkshire*. May *Yorkſhire* be compar'd, (the like it of any thing)
Who hath Kings that attend, and to his State retaine,
And yet ſo great, that they haue vnder them againe
Great Princes, that to them be ſubiect; ſo haue we
Shires ſubiect vnto vs, yet wee her ſubiects be;
Although theſe be ynough ſufficiently to ſhow,
That I the other two for braue'ry quite out-goe:
Yet looke yee vp along into my Setting ſide,
The Biſhoprick of *Durham*. Where *Teis* firſt from my bounds, rich † *Dunelme* doth diuide,
And you ſhall ſee thoſe Rills, that with their watry preaſe,
Their moſt beloued *Teis* ſo plenteouſly increaſe,
The cleere yet leſſer *Lune*, the *Bauder*, and the *Gret*,
All out of me doe flow; then turne ye from the Set,
And looke but tow'rds the Riſe, vpon the *German* Maine,
Thoſe Rarities, and ſee, that I in me containe;
My *Scarborough*, which looks as though in heauen it ſtood,
A Catalogue of the wonders of the *North-Riding*. To thoſe that lye below, from th' Bay of *Robin Hood*,
Euen to the fall of *Teis*; let me but ſee the man,
That in one Tract can ſhow the wonders that I can,
Like *Whitbies* ſelfe I thinke, ther's none can ſhew but I,
O'r whoſe attractiue earth there may no Wild-geeſe flie,
But preſently they fall from off their wings to ground:
If this no wonder be, wher's there a wonder found,
And ſtones like Serpents there, yet may yee more behold,
That in their naturall Gyres are vp together rold.
The Rocks by *Moul-grane* too, my glories forth to ſet,
Out of their cranied Cleeues, can giue you perfect Iet,
And vpon *Huntclipnab*, you euery where may find,
(As though nice Nature lou'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a Spherick forme of ſundry Mickles fram'd,
That well they Globes of ſtone, or bullets might be nam'd
For any Ordnance fit: which broke with Hammers blowes,
Doe headleſſe Snakes of ſtone, within their Rounds encloſe.
Marke *Gisboroughs* gay Scite, where Nature ſeemes ſo nice,
As in the ſame ſhee makes a ſecond Paradice,
Whoſe Soyle imbroydered is, with ſo rare ſundry Flowers,
Her large Okes ſo long greene, as Summer there her Bowers,
Had ſet vp all the yeare, her ayre for health refin'd,
Her earth with Allome veines moſt richly intermin'd.

In

In other places theſe might Rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I eſteeme as nought.
Then could I reckon vp my *Ricall*, making on
By *Rydale*, towards her dear-lou'd *Darwent*, who's not gone
Farre from her pearly Springs, but vnder-ground ſhe goes;
As vp towards *Crauen* Hills, I many haue of thoſe,
Amongſt the cranied Cleeues, that through the cauerns creepe,
And dimbles hid from day, into the earth ſo deepe,
That oftentimes their ſight, the ſenſes doth appall,
Which for their horrid courſe, the people *Helbecks* call,
Which may for ought I ſee, be with my Wonders ſet,
And with much maruell ſeene: that I am not in debt
To none that neigboureth me; nor ought can they me lend.
When *Darwent* bad her ſtay, and there her ſpeech to end,
For that *Eaſt-Riding* cald, her proper cauſe to plead:
For *Darwent* a true Nymph, a moſt impartiall Mayd,
And like to both ally'd, doth will the laſt ſhould haue
That priuiledge, which time to both the former gaue,
And wills th'*Eaſt-Riding* then, in her owne cauſe to ſpeake,
Who mildly thus begins; Although I be but weake,
To thoſe two former parts, yet what I ſeeme to want
In largeneſſe, for that I am in my Compaſſe ſcant,
Yet for my Scite I know, that I them both excell;
For marke me how I lye, yea note me very well,
How in the Eaſt I raigne, (of which my name I take)
And my broad ſide doe beare vp to the *German* Lake;
Which brauely I ſuruey; then turne ye and behold
Vpon my pleaſant breaſt, that large and ſpacious *Ould*
Of *Yorke* that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,
When he beholds the Sunne out of the Seas to riſe,
With pleaſure feeds his Flocks, for which he ſcarſe giues place
To *Cotſwold*, and for what becomes a Paſtorall grace,
Doth goe beyond him quite; then note vpon my South,
How all along the Shore, to mighty *Humbers* mouth,
Rich *Holderneſſe* I haue, excelling for her graine,
By whoſe much plentie I, not onely doe maintaine
My ſelfe in good eſtate, but Shires farre off that lye,
Vp *Humber* that to *Hull*, come euery day to buy,
To me beholding are; beſides, the neigbouring Townes,
Vpon the Verge whereof, to part her, and the *Downes*,
Hull downe to *Humber* haſts, and takes into her Banke
Some leſſe but liuely Rills, with waters waxing ranke,
Shee *Beuerley* ſalutes, whoſe beauties ſo delight
The fayre-enamoured Flood, as raniſht with the ſight,
That ſhee could euer ſtay, that gorgeous Phane to view,
But that the Brooks, and Bournes, ſo hotly her purſue,

The East-Riding's oration.

Yorks Ould.

The Church of Beuerley.

To *Kingſton* and conuey, whom *Hull* doth newly name,
Of *Humber*-bordring *Hull*, who hath not heard the fame:
And for great *Humbers* ſelfe, I challenge him for mine:
For whereas *Fowlwy* firſt, and *Sheifleet* doe combine,
By meeting in their courſe, ſo courteouſly to twin,
Gainſt whom on th'other ſide, the goodly *Trent* comes in,
The marks how farre he is called *Humber*. From that eſpeciall place, great *Humber* hath his raigne,
Beyond which hee's mine owne: ſo I my Courſe maintaine,
From *Kilnſeys* pyle-like poynt, along the Eaſterne ſhore,
And laugh at *Neptunes* rage, when lowdl'eſt he doth rore,
The length of the *Eaſt Riding* vpon the Sea. Till *Flamborough* iutt foorth into the *German* Sea.
And as th'*Eaſt-Riding* more yet ready was to ſay,
Ouſe in her owne behalfe doth interrupt her ſpeech,
And of th'Imperious land doth liberty beſeech,
Since ſhe had paſſed *Yorke*, and in her wandring race,
By that faire Cities ſcite, receiued had ſuch grace,
Shee might for it declame, but more to honor *Yorke*,
Shee who ſuppoſd the ſame to bee her onely worke,
Still to renowne thoſe Dukes, who ſtrongly did pretend
A title to the Crowne, as thoſe who did deſcend
From them that had the right, doth this Oration make,
And to vphold their claime, thus to the Floods ſhe ſpake.

Ouzes Oration. They very idly erre, who thinke that blood then ſpilt,
In that long-laſting warre, proceeded from the guilt,
Of the proud *Yorkiſt* part; for let them vnderſtand,
That *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, whoſe braue and martiall hand
The title of the houſe of *Yorke* to the Crowne. The Title vndertooke, by tyranny and might,
Sought not t'attaine the Crowne, but from ſucceſſull right,
Which ſtill vpheld his claime, by which his valiant ſonne,
Great *Edward* Earle of *March*, the Garland after wonne:
For *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, at *Wakefield* Battell ſlaine,
Who firſt that title broach'd, in the ſixt *Henries* raigne,
From *Edmond* a fift ſonne of *Edward* did deſcend,
That iuſtly he thereby no title could pretend,
Before them com'n from *Gaunt*, well knowne of all to be,
The fourth to *Edward* borne, and therefore a degree
Before him to the Crowne; but that which did preferre
His title, was the match with Dame *Anne Mortimer*,
Of *Roger* Earle of *March* the daughter, that his claime,
From *Clarence* the third ſonne of great King *Edward* came,
Which *Anne* deriu'd alone, the right before all other,
Of the delapſed Crowne, from *Philip* her faire mother,
Daughter and onely heire of *Clarence*, and the Bride
To *Edmond* Earle of *March*; this *Anne* her daughter tide
In wedlocke to the Earle of *Cambridge*, whence the right
Of *Richard* as I ſaid, which fell at *Wakefield* fight,

Deſcended

Deſcended to his ſonne, braue *Edward* after King,
(*Henry* the ſixt depos'd) thus did the *Yorkiſts* bring
Their title from a ſtraine, before the line of *Gaunt*,
Whoſe iſſue they by Armes did worthily ſupplant.
By this the *Ouze* perceau'd great *Humber* to looke grim;
(For euermore ſhee hath a ſpeciall eye to him)
As though he much diſdain'd each one ſhould thus be heard,
And he their onely King, vntill the laſt deferd,
At which hee ſeem'd to frowne; wherefore the *Ouze* off breaks,
And to his confluent Floods, thus mighty *Humber* ſpeaks.
Let *Trent* her tribute pay, which from their ſeuerall founts, The Oration of *Humber*.
For thirtie Floods of name, to me her King that counts,
Be much of me belou'd, braue Riuer; and from me,
Receiue thoſe glorious Rites that Fame can giue to thee.
And thou Marſh-drowning *Don*, and all thoſe that repaire
With thee, that bringſt to me thy eaſie ambling *Aire*,
Embodying in one Banke: and *Wharfe*, which by thy fall
Doſt much augment my *Ouze*, let me embrace you all,
My braue *Weſt-Riding* Brooks, your King you need not ſcorne,
Proud *Nyades* neither yee, *North-Riders* that are borne;
My yellow-ſanded *Tour*, and thou my ſiſter *Swale*,
That dauncing come to *Ouze*, through many a daintie Dale,
Doe greatly me inrich, cleare *Derwent* driuing downe
From *Cleeueland*; and thou *Hull*, that highly doſt renowne
Th' *Eaſt-Riding* by thy rife, doe homage to your King,
And let the Sea-Nymphs thus of mighty *Humber* ſing;
That full an hundred Floods my watry Court maintaine,
Which either of themſelues, or in their greaters traine,
Their Tribute pay to me; and for my princely name,
From *Humber* King of *Hunns*, as anciently it came;
So ſtill I ſticke to him: for from that Eaſterne King
Once in me drown'd, as I my Pedigree doe bring:
So his great name receiues no preiudice thereby;
For as he was a King, ſo know ye all that I
Am King of all the Floods, that North of *Trent* doe flow;
Then let the idle world no more ſuch coſt beſtow,
Nor of the muddy *Nyle*, ſo great a Wonder make,
Though with her bellowing fall, ſhee violently take
The neighbouring people deafe; nor *Ganges* ſo much praiſe,
That where he narroweſt is, eight miles in broadneſſe layes
His boſome, nor ſo much hereafter ſhall be ſpoke
Of that (but lately found) *Guyanian Orenoque*,
Whoſe * Cateract a noyſe ſo horrible doth keepe, A fall of water
That it euen *Neptune* frights; what Flood comes to the Deepe,
Then *Humber* that is heard more horribly to rore? The roring of the waters, at the comming in of the Tyde.
For when my **Higre* comes, I make my either ſhore

Euen

Euen tremble with the ſound, that I afarre doe ſend.
No ſooner of this ſpeech had *Humber* made an end,
But the applauding Floods ſent foorth ſo ſhrill a ſhout,
That they were eas'ly heard all *Holderneſſe* about,
Aboue the Beachy Brack, amongſt the Marſhes rude,
When the *Eaſt-Riding* her Oration to conclude,
Goes on; My Siſters boaſt that they haue little Shires
Their ſubiects, I can ſhew the like of mine for theirs;
A Liberty in the *Eaſt-Riding*. My *Howdon* hath as large a Circuit, and as free,
On *Ouſe*, and *Humbers* banks, and as much graceth me,
My Latitude compar'd with thoſe that me oppugne:
Not *Richmond* nor her like, that doth to them belong,
Doth grace them more then this doth me, vpon my coaſt,
And for their wondrous things, whereof ſo much they boaſt,
Vpon my Eaſterne ſide, which iutts vpon the Sea,
Some wonders of the *Eaſt-Riding*. Amongſt the white-ſcalp'd Cleeues, this wonder ſee they may,
The *Mullet*, and the *Awke*, (my Fowlers there doe finde)
Of all great *Britain* brood, Birds of the ſtrangeſt kind,
That building in the Rocks, being taken with the hand,
And caſt beyond the Cliffe, that poynteth to the land,
Fall inſtantly to ground, as though it were a ſtone,
But put out to the Sea, they inſtantly are gone,
And flye a league or two before they doe returne,
As onely by that ayre, they on their wings were borne.
Then my Prophetick Spring at *Veipſey*, I may ſhow,
That ſome yeares is dry'd vp, ſome yeares againe doth flow;
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth,
It tells the following yeare of a penurious dearth.
Here ended ſhee her ſpeech, the *Ridings* all made friends,
And from my tyred hand, my labored *Canto* ends.



Whit Squire hill
Cocklaw hill
Chuiott hill
Blackbrea hill
Kemblespeth hill
NORTHUMBER
Aumond hill
The whele fell
LANDE
Red Squire hill
Rheadsdale
North Tyne R.
Tyndale
The forest of Lowes
Rowal Riu
South Tyne R.
THE P
RICK
Hartle Riu
Kellop law hill
Wellop R.
Kellop R.
Burdop Riu
Barnards Castel
Lune R.
Bander Ri

Floddon hill

Barwick

Warnet

Alnwick

Aine flu

Morpeth

Cocket flu

Font flu

Line fl

Blith flu

Wanſbek flu

PICTS WALL

Neweaſtle

DVRHAM

Warden law hil

Hartlepole

Helkettell

Aukland

Mere flu

Gunles flu

Darlington

ER

E

HE BISHOP

CK OF DURHAM



The nine and twentieth Song.

The Argvment.

The Muſe the Biſhopricke aſſayes,
And to her fall ſings downe the Teis,
Then takes ſhee to the dainty Wer,
And with all braueries fitted her,
Tyne *tells the Victories by vs got,*
In foughten Fields againſt the Scot,
Then through Northumberland *ſhee goes,*
The Flouds and Mountaines doth diſpoſe,
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not ſtaying till ſhee come to Tweed.

THe Muſe this largeſt Shire of *England* hauing ſung,
Yet ſeeing more then this did to her taske belong,
Looks ſtill into the North, the *Biſhopricke* and viewes,
Which with an eager eye, whilſt wiſtly ſhe purſues,
Teis as a bordering Flood, (who thought her ſelfe diuine)
Confining in her Courſe that Countie Palatine,
And *Yorke* the greateſt Shire doth inſtantly begin,
To rouze her ſelfe; quoth ſhee, Doth euery Rillet win
Applauſe for their ſmall worth's, and I that am a Queene,
With thoſe poore Brooks compar'd, ſhall I alone be ſeene
Thus ſilently to paſſe, and not be heard to ſing,
When as two Countries are contending for my Spring:
For *Cumberland*, to which the *Cumri* gaue the name,
Accounts it to be hers, *Northumberland* the ſame,
Will needſly hers ſhould bee, for that my Spring doth riſe,
So equally twixt both, that he were very wiſe,
Could tell which of theſe two, me for her owne may claime.
But as in all theſe Tracts, there's ſcarce a Flood of fame,
But ſhee ſome Vally hath, which her braue name doth beare:
My *Teiſdale*, nam'd of me, ſo likewiſe haue I heare,
At my firſt ſetting foorth, through which I nimbly ſlide;
Then *Yorkſhire* which doth lye vpon my Setting ſide,

The Biſhoprick of *Durham*.

Teis ſpringeth out of *Stanmore*, which lyeth almoſt equally between *Cumberland*, & *Northumberland*.

Me

The Bishopricke of *Durham*.

Me *Lune* and *Bauder* lends, as in the Song before
Th'inda[illegible] *Dunelmensis* shore,
Sends *Ha*[illegible] other Becks,
Which [illegible] neglects,
That they are [illegible] adiew,
To *Bernard* [illegible]
My course to [illegible] Brunne,
The *Skern*, a dainty Nymph, saluting *Darlington*,
Comes in to giue me ayd; and being prowd and ranke,
Shee chanc'd to looke aside, and spieth neere her Banke,
Three blacke and horrid pits, which for their boyling heat,
(That from their lothsome brimms, doe breath a sulpherous sweat)
Hell-kettles rightly cald, that with the very sight,
This Water-Nymph, my *Skern* is put in such affright,
That with vnusuall speed, she on her Course doth hast,
And rashly runnes her selfe into my widened waste.
In pompe I thus approch great *Auckland* state.
But whilst *Teis* vndertooke her Story to relate,
Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should stand
Vpon those loftie tearmes, as though both sea and land
Were tyde to heare her talke: quoth *Wer*, what wouldst thou say,
Vaine-glorious bragging Brooke, hadst thou so cleere a way
T'aduance thee as I haue, hadst thou such meanes and might,
How wouldst thou then exult? O then to what a height
Wouldst thou put vp thy price? hadst thou but such a Trine
Of Rillets as I haue, which naturally combine,
Their Springs thee to beget, as these of mine doe me,
In their consenting sounds, that doe so well agree?
As *Kellop* comming in from *Kellop-Law* her Syre,
A Mountaine much in fame, small *Wellop* doth require,
With her to walke along, which *Burdop* with her brings.
Thus from the full conflux of these three seuerall Springs
My greatnesse is begot, as Nature meant to show
My future strength and state; then forward doe I flow
Through my delicious Dale, with euery pleasure rife,
And *Wyresdale* still may stand, with *Teisdale* for her life:
Comparing of their Scites, then casting on my Course,
So satiate with th'excesse of my first naturall source,
As petty Bournes and Becks, I scorne but once to call,
Wascrop a weariſh Gyrle, of name the first of all,
That I vouchsafe for mine, vntill that I ariue
At *Aukland*, where with force me forward still to driue,
Cleere *Gauntlesse* giues her selfe, when I begin to gad,
And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my posture oft, to many a Snakie Gyre,
To my first fountaine now, as seeming to retyre:

Then

Then ſuddenly againe I turne my watry trayle,
Now I endent the earth, and then lit engrayle
With many a turne and trace, thus wanding vp and downe,
Braue *Durham* I behold, that ſtately ſeated Towne,
That *Dunholme* hight of yore (euen) from a Deſart wonne,
Whoſe firſt foundation Zeale, and Piety begun,
By them who thither firſt Saint *Cuthert's* body brought,
To ſaue it from the *Danes*, by fire and ſword that ſought
Subuerſion of thoſe things, that good and holy were,
With which beloued place, I ſeeme ſo pleaſed here,
As that I clip it cloſe, and ſweetly hug it in
My cleare and amorous armes, as iealous time ſhould win
Me further off from it, as our diuorce to be.
Hence like a luſtie Flood moſt abſolutely free,
None mixing then with me, as I doe mix with none,
But ſcorning a Colleague, nor neere me any one,
To *Neptunes* Court I come; for note along the Strond,
From *Hartlepoole* (euen) to the poynt of *Sunderland*,
As farre as * *Wardenlaws* can poſſibly ſurney;
There's not a Flood of note hath entrance to the ſea.
Here ended ſhee her Speech, when as the goodly *Tyne*,
(*Northumberland* that parts from this Shire Palatine)
Which patiently had heard, looke as before the *Wer*
Had taken vp the *Teis*, ſo *Tyne* now takes vp her,
For her ſo tedious talke, Good Lord (quoth ſhe) had I
No other thing wherein my labor to imply,
But to ſet out my ſelfe, how much (well) could I ſay,
In mine owne proper praiſe, in this kind euery way
As skilfull as the beſt, I could if I did pleaſe,
Of my two Fountaines tell, which of their ſundry wayes,
The *South* and *North* are nam'd, entitled both of *Tyne*,
As how the proſperous Springs of theſe two Floods of mine
Are diſtant thirty miles, how that the *South-Tyne* nam'd,
From *Stanmore* takes her Spring, for Mines of Braſſe that's fam'd,
How that nam'd of the *North*, is out of *Wheel-fell* ſprung,
Amongſt theſe *Engliſh Alpes*, which as they runne along,
England, and *Scotland* here impartially diuide.
How *South-Tyne* ſetting out from *Cumberland* is plide,
With *Hartley* which her haſts, and *Tippall* that doth ſtriue,
By her more ſturdy Streame, the *Tyne* along to driue,
How th' *Allans*, th' *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, their bounties to her bring,
Two faire and full-brim'd Floods, how alſo from her Spring,
My other North-nam'd *Tyne*, through *Tyndale* maketh in,
Which *Shele* her Hand-mayd hath, and as ſhe haſts to twin
With th' other from the South, her ſiſter, how cleere *Rhead*,
With *Perop* comes prepar'd, and *Cherlop*, me to lead,

* A Mountaine on that part of the Shire.

Through *Ridſdale* on my way, as farre as *Exham*, then
Dowell me Homage doth, with blood of *Engliſhmen*;
VVhoſe Streame was deeply dy'd in that moſt cruell warre
Of *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*. Now hauing gone ſo farre,
Their ſtrengths me their deare *Tyne*, doe wondrously enrich,
As how cleere *Darwent* drawes downe to *Newcaſtle*, which
The honour hath alone to entertaine me there,
As of thoſe mighty ſhips, that in my mouth I beare,
Fraught with my country Coale, of this * *Newcaſtle* nam'd,
For which both farre and neere, that place no leſſe is fam'd,
Then *India* for her Mynes; ſhould I at large declare
My glories, in which Time commands me to bee ſpare,
And I but ſlightly touch, which ſtood I to report,
As freely as I might, yee both would fall too ſhort
Of me; but know that *Tyne* hath greater things in hand:
For, to tricke vp our ſelues, whilſt trifling thus we ſtand,
Bewitch'd with our owne praiſe, at all we neuer note,
How the *Albanian* Floods now lately ſet afloat,
With th'honour to them done, take heart, and lowdly crie
Defiance to vs all, on this ſide *Tweed* that lye;
And hearke the high-brow'd Hills alowd begin to ring,
With ſound of things that *Forth* prepared is to ſing:
When once the *Muſe* ariues on the *Albanian* ſhore,
And therefore to make vp our forces here before
The on-ſet they begin, the Battels wee haue got,
Both on our earth and theirs, againſt the valiant *Scot*,
I vndertake to tell; then *Muſes* I intreat
Your ayd, whilſt I theſe Fights in order ſhall repeat.

When mighty *Malcolme* here had with a violent hand,
(As he had oft before) deſtroy'd *Northumberland*,
In *Rufus* troubled Raigne, the warlike *Mowbray* then,
This Earledome that poſſeſt, with halfe the power of men,
For conqueſt which that King from *Scotland* hither drew,
At *Anwick* in the field their Armies ouerthrew;
Where *Malcolme* and his ſonne, braue *Edward* both were found,
Slaine on that bloody field: So on the *Engliſh* ground,
When *Dauid* King of *Scots*, and *Henry* his ſterne ſonne,
Entitled by thoſe times, the Earle of *Huntingdon*,
Had forradg'd all the North, beyond the Riuer *Teis*,
In *Stephens* troubled raigne, in as tumultuous dayes
As *England* euer knew, the Archbiſhop of *Yorke*,
Stout *Thurſtan*, and with him ioynd in that warlike work,
Ralfe, (both for wit and Armes) of *Durham* Biſhop then
Renownd, that called were the valiant Clergy men,
With th'Earle of *Aubemarle*, *Eſpeck*, and *Pewerell*, Knights,
And of the *Lacies* two, oft try'd in bloody fights,

Twixt

Nevvcaſtle Coale.

The Battell of Anvvicke.

See to the 18. Song.

Twixt *Aluerton* and *Yorke*, the doubtfull battell got,
On *Dauid* and his ſonne, whilſt of th'inuading *Scot*,
Ten thouſand ſtrew'd the earth, and whilſt they lay to bleed,
Ours followed them that fled, beyond our ſiſter *Tweed*.
And when * *Fitz-Empreſſe* next in *Normandy*, and here,
And his rebellious ſonnes in high combuſtions were,
William the *Scottiſh* King, taking aduantage then,
And entring with an Hoſt of eighty thouſand men,
As farre as *Kendall* came, where Captaines then of ours,
Which ayd in *Yorkſhire* raiſd, with the *Northumbrian* powers,
His forces ouerthrew, and him a priſoner led.
So *Longſhanks*, *Scolands* ſcourge, him to that Country ſped,
Prouoked by the *Scots*, that *England* did inuade,
And on the Borders here ſuch ſpoyle and hauock made,
That all the land lay waſte betwixt the *Tweed* and me.
This moſt coragious King, from them his owne to free,
Before proud *Berwick* ſet his puiſant army downe,
And tooke it by ſtrong ſiege, ſince when that warlike towne,
As Cautionary long the *Engliſh* after held.
But tell me all you Floods, when was there ſuch a Field
By any Nation yet, as by the *Engliſh* wonne,
Vpon the *Scottiſh* power, as that of *Halidon*,
Seauen Earles, nine hundred Horſe, and of Foot-ſouldiers more,
Neere twenty thouſand ſlaine, ſo that the *Scottiſh* gore
Ranne downe the Hill in ſtreames (euen) in *Albania's* ſight.
By our third *Edwards* proweſſe, that moſt renowned Knight,
As famous was that Fight of his againſt the *Scot*,
As that againſt the *French*, which he at *Creſſy* got.
And when that conquering King did afterward aduance
His Title, and had paſt his warlike powers to *France*,
And *Dauid* King of *Scots* heere entred to inuade,
To which the King of *France* did that falſe Lord perſwade,
Againſt his giuen Faith, from *France* to draw his Bands,
To keepe his owne at home, or to fill both his hands
With warre in both the Realmes: was euer ſuch a loſſe,
To *Scotland* yet befell, as that at *Neuills Croſſe*,
Where fifteene thouſand *Scots* their ſoules at once forſooke,
Where ſtout *Iohn Copland* then, King *Dauid* priſoner tooke,
I'th head of all his troups, that brauely there was ſeene.
VVhen *Engliſh Philip*, that braue *Amazonian* Queene,
Encouraging her men, from troupe to troupe did ride,
And where our Cleargy had their ancient Valour tride:
Thus often comming in, they haue gone out too ſhort.
And next to this the fight of *Nesbit* I report,
VVhen *Hebborn* that ſtout *Scot*, and his had all their hire,
VVhich in t'our *Marches* came, and with inuaſiue fire,

The Battell of *Aluerton*.

Henry the ſecond.

The ſecond Battell at *Antwicke*.

The Battell at *Halidon*.

The Battell at *Neuils Croſſe*.

The Battell of *Nesbit*.

Our Villages laid waſte, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty *Douglaſſe* came with the *Albanian* powers.
At *Holmdon* doe but ſee, the blow our *Hotſpurre* gaue
To that bold daring *Scot*, before him how he draue
His Armie, and with ſhot of our braue *Engliſh* Bowes,
Did wound them on the backs, whoſe breſts were hurt with blows,
Ten thouſand put to ſword, with many a Lord and Knight,
Some priſoners, wounded ſome, ſome others ſlaine outright,
And entring *Scotland* then, all *Tiuidale* o'r-ran.

The Battell of *Flodden*.

Or who a brauer field then th'Earle of *Surrey* wan,
Where their King *Iames* the fourth himſelfe ſo brauely bore,
That ſince that age wherein he liu'd, nor thoſe before,
Yet neuer ſuch a King in ſuch a Battell ſaw,
Amongſt his fighting friends, where whilſt he breath could draw,
Hee brauely fought on foot, where *Flodden* Hill was ſtrew'd
With bodies of his men, welneere to mammocks hew'd,
That on the Mountaines ſide, they couered neere a mile,
Where thoſe two valiant Earles of *Lenox* and *Argyle*,
Were with their Soueraigne ſlaine, Abbots, and Biſhops there,
Which had put Armor on, in hope away to beare
The Victory with them, before the Engliſh fell.

A Road into Scotland by the Duke of Norfolke.

But now of other Fields, it fits the Muſe to tell,
As when the Noble Duke of *Norfolke* made a Road
To *Scotland*, and therein his hoſtile fire beſtow'd
On welneere thirtie Townes, and ſtaying there ſo long,
Till victuall waxed weake, the Winter waxing ſtrong,
Returning ouer *Tweed*, his Booties home to bring,
Which to the very heart did vex the *Scottiſh* King,
The fortune of the Duke extreamely that did grutch,
Remaining there ſo long, and doing there ſo much,
Thinking to ſpoyle and waſte, in *England* as before,
The *Engliſh* men had done on the *Albanian* ſhore,
And gathering vp his force, before the *Engliſh* fled
To *Scotlands* vtmoſt bounds, thence into *England* ſped,
When that braue Baſtard ſonne of *Dacres*, and his friend,
Iohn Muſgraue, which had charge the *Marches* to attend,
With *Wharton*, a proud Knight, with ſcarce foure hundred Horſe,
Encountring on the Plaine with all the *Scottiſh* force,
Thence from the Field with them, ſo many priſoners brought,
Which in that furious fight were by the *Engliſh* caught,
That there was ſcarce a Page or Lackey but had ſtore,
Earles, Barrons, Knights, Eſquires, two hundred there and more,
Of ordinary men, ſeuen hundred made to yeeld,
There ſcarcely hath been heard, of ſuch a foughten field,
That *Iames* the fifth to thinke, that but ſo very few,
His vniuerſall power ſo ſtrangely ſhould ſubdue,

So tooke the ſame to heart, that it abridg'd his life.
Such foyles by th'*Engliſh* giuen, amongſt the *Scots* were rife.
These on the *Engliſh* earth, the *Engliſh* men did gaine;
But when their breach of faith did many times conſtraine
Our Nation to inuade, and carry conqueſts in
To *Scotland*; then behold, what our ſucceſſe hath bin,
Euen in the latter end of our eight *Henries* dayes,
Who *Seymor* ſent by Land, and *Dudley* ſent by Seas,
With his full forces then, O *Forth*, then didſt thou beare,
That Nauy on thy Streame, whoſe Bulke was fraught with feare,
When *Edenbrough* and *Leeth*, into the ayre were blowne
With Powders ſulphurous ſmoke, & twenty townes were throwne
Vpon the trampled earth, and into aſhes trod;
As int' *Albania* when we made a ſecond Road,
In our ſixt *Edwards* dayes, when thoſe two Martiall men,
Which conquered there before, were thither ſent agen:
But for their high deſarts, with greater Titles grac'd,
The firſt created Duke of *Somerſet*, the laſt
The Earle of *Warwicke* made, at *Muſcleborough* Field,
Where many a doughty *Scot* that did diſdaine to yeeld,
VVas on the earth layd dead, where as for fiue miles ſpace
In length, and foure in bredth, the *Engliſh* in the chaſe,
With carkeiſes of *Scots*, ſtrew'd all their naturall ground,
The number of the ſlaine were fourteene thouſand found,
And fifteene hundred more ta'n Priſoners by our men.
So th'Earle of *Suſſex* next to *Scotland* ſent agen,
To puniſh them by warre, which on the Borders here,
Not onely rob'd and ſpoyl'd, but that aſſiſtants were
To thoſe two puiſant Earles, *Northumberland*, who roſe
With *Weſtmerland* his Peere, ſuggeſted by the foes
To great *Eliza's* raigne, and peacefull gouernment;
Wherefore that puiſant Queene him to *Albania* ſent,
Who fiftie Rock-reard Pyles and Caſtles hauing caſt
Farre lower then their Scites, and with ſtrong fires defac'd
Three hundred townes, their wealth, with him worth carrying
To *England* ouer *Tweed*, when now the floods beſought (brought
The *Tyne* to hold her tongue, when preſently began
A rumour which each where through all the Country ran,
Of this proud Riuers ſpeech, the Hills and Floods among,
And *Lowes*, a Forreſt-Nymph, the ſame ſo lowdly ſung,
That it through *Tindale* ſtraight, and quite through *Ridſdale* ran,
And ſounded ſhriller there, then when it firſt began,
That thoſe high *Alpine* Hills, as in a row they ſtand,
Receiu'd the ſounds, which thus went on from hand to hand.
The high-rear'd *Red-Squire* firſt, to *Aumond* Hill it told,
When *Aumond* great therewith, nor for his life could hold,

The Siege of *Leeth*.

The Road into *Scotland* by the Earle of *Suſſex*.

A repetition of the Hils parting *Northumberland* and *Scotlād*, as they lye from South to North.

To

To *Kembelſpeth* againe, the buſineſſe but relate,
To *Black-Brea* he againe, a Mountaine holding ſtate
With any of them all, to *Cocklaw* he it gaue;
And *Cocklaw* it againe, to *Cheuiot*, who did raue
With the report thereof, hee from his mighty ſtand,
Reſounded it againe through all *Northumberland*,
That *White-Squire* laſtly caught, and it to *Berwick* ſent,
That braue and warlike Towne, from thence incontinent,
The ſound from out the South, into *Albania* came,
And many a luſtie Flood, did with her praiſe inflame,
Affrighting much the *Forth*, who from her trance awooke,
And to her natiue ſtrength her preſently betooke,
Againſt the Muſe ſhould come to the *Albanian* Coaſt.

Pictswall. But *Pictſwall* all this while, as though he had been loſt,
Not mention'd by the *Muſe*, began to fret and fume,
That euery petty Brooke thus proudly ſhould preſume
To talke; and he whom firſt the *Romans* did inuent,
And of their greatneſſe yet, the longſt-liu'd monument,
Should this be ouer-trod; wherefore his wrong to wreake,
In their proud preſence thus, doth aged *Pictſwall* ſpeake.
Me thinks that *Offa's ditch* in *Cambria* ſhould not dare
To thinke himſelfe my match, who with ſuch coſt and care
The *Romans* did erect, and for my ſafeguard ſet
Their Legions, from my ſpoyle the proling *Pict* to let,
That often In-roads made, our earth from them to win,
By *Adrian* beaten back, ſo he to keepe them in,
To Sea from Eaſt to Weſt, begun me firſt a wall
Of eightie myles in length, twixt *Tyne* and *Edens* fall:
Long making mee they were, and long did me maintaine.
Nor yet that Trench which tracts the Weſterne *Wiltſhire* Plaine,
Of *Woden*, *Wanſdyke* cal'd, ſhould paralell with me,
Comparing our deſcents, which ſhall appeare to be
Mere vpſtarts, baſely borne; for when I was in hand,
The *Saxon* had not then ſet foot vpon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a yeare,
Of whoſe poore petty Kings, thoſe the ſmall labors were.
See to the 21. Song. That on *Newmarket-Heath*, made vp as though but now,
Who for the Deuils worke the vulgar dare auow,
Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reuerent Booke can tell you of my Man,
And when I firſt decayd, *Seuerus* going on,
What *Adrian* built of turfe, he builded new of ſtone,
And after many a time, the *Britans* me repayr'd,
To keepe me ſtill in plight, nor coſt they euer ſpar'd.
Townes ſtood vpon my length, where Garriſons were laid,
Their limits to defend; and for my greater ayd,

VVith

VVith Turrets I was built, where Sentinels were plac'd,
To watch vpon the *Pict*, to me my Makers grac'd,
With hollow Pipes of Braſſe, along me ſtill that went,
By which they in one Fort ſtill to another ſent,
By ſpeaking in the ſame, to tell them what to doe,
And ſo from Sea to Sea could I be whiſpered through:
Vpon my thickneſſe, three march'd eas'ly breaſt to breaſt,
Twelue foot was I in height, ſuch glory I poſſeſt.
Old *Pictswall* with much pride thus finiſhing his plea,
Had in his vtmoſt courſe attain'd the Eaſterne Sea,
Yet there was Hill nor Flood once heard to clap a hand,
For the *Northumbrian* Nymphs had come to vnderſtand,
That *Tyne* exulting late o'r *Scotland* in her Song,
(Which ouer all that Realme report had loudly rung)
The *Calidonian* Forth* ſo highly had diſpleas'd,
And many an other Flood, (which could not be appeas'd)
That they had vow'd reuenge, and Proclamation made,
That in a learned warre the foe they would inuade,
And like ſtout Floods ſtand free from this ſupputed ſhame,
Or conquered giue themſelues vp to the *Engliſh* name:
Which theſe *Northumbrian* Nymphs, with doubt & terror ſtrook,
Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were to looke,
But what by skill they got, and with much care ſhould keepe,
And therefore they conſult by meeting in the Deepe,
To be deliuered from the ancient enemies rage,
That they would all vpon a ſolemne Pilgrimage
Vnto the *Holy-Iſle*, the vertue of which place,
They knew could very much auaile them in this caſe:
For many a bleſſed Saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to Abſtinence and Prayer,
Had giuen vp themſelues, which in the *German* Maine,
And from the ſhore not farre, did in it ſelfe conteine
Sufficient things for food, which from thoſe holy men,
That to deuotion liu'd, and ſanctimony then,
It *Holy-Iſle* was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I ſhall tell you how, and what their number are.
With thoſe the fartheſt off, the firſt I will begin,
As *Pont* a pearleſſe Brook, brings *Blyth* which putteth in
With her, then *Wansbeck* next in wading to the Maine,
Neere *Morpet* meets with *Font*, which followeth in her traine;
Next them the little *Lyne* alone doth goe along,
When *Cocket* commeth downe, and with her ſuch a throng,
As that they ſeeme to threat the Ocean; for with her
Comes *Ridley*, *Ridland* next, with *Vſway*; which preferre
Their Fountaines to her Flood, who for her greater fame,
Hath at her fall an Iſle, call'd *Cocket*, of her name,

* The great Riuer on which *Edenborough* ſtandeth.

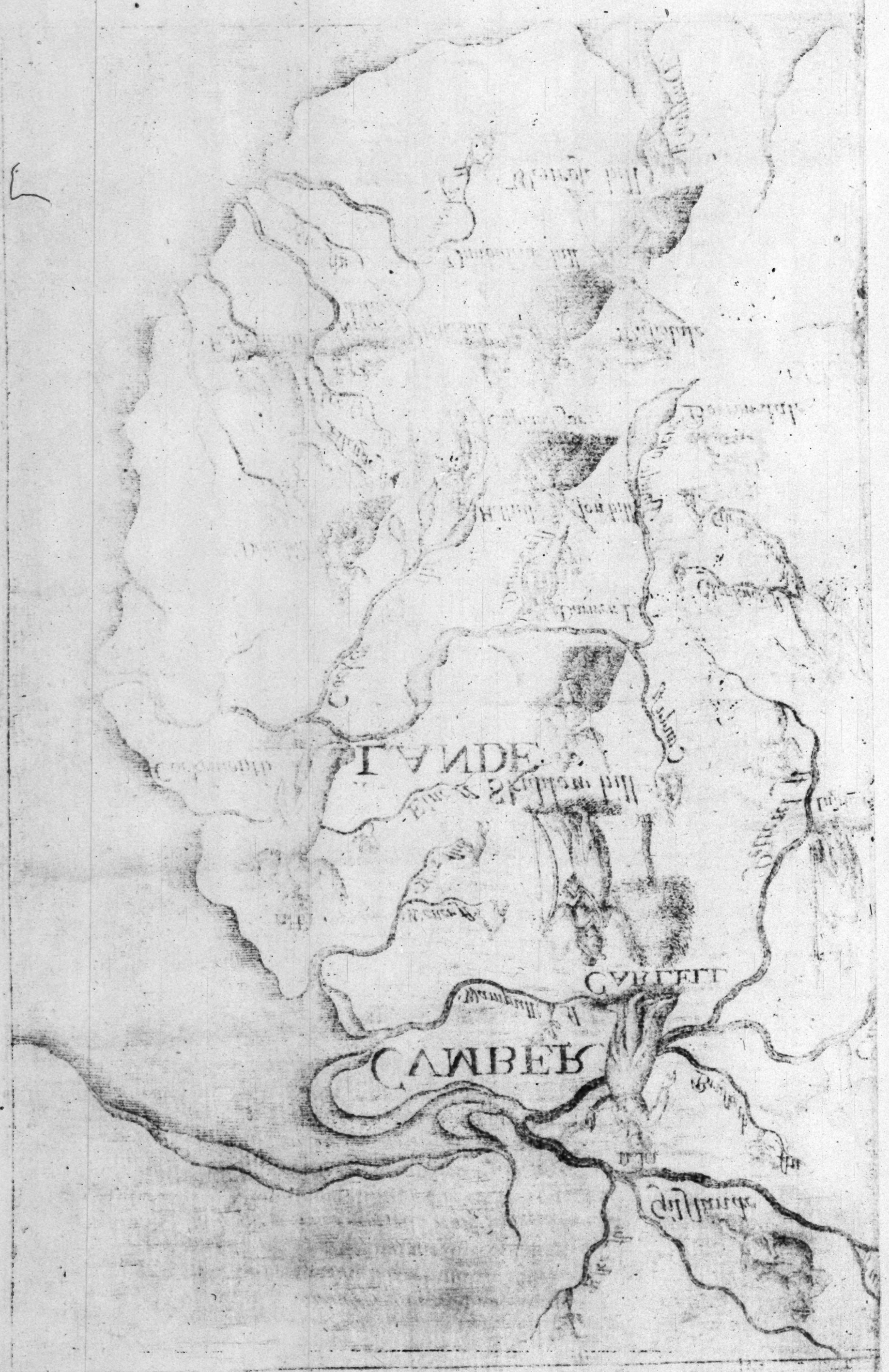
The *Holy Iſland*

A Catalogue of the Riuers of *Northumberland*, as they run into the *German* ſea, vpon the Eaſt part of the countrey betwixt the Fals of *Tyne* and *Tweed*.

As

As that great *Neptune* ſhould take notice of her ſtate;
Then *Alne* by *Alnwicke* comes, and with as proud a gate,
As *Cocket* came before, for whom at her faire fall,
(In brauery as to ſhow, that ſhe ſurpaſt them all)
The famous Iſle of *Ferne*, and *Staples* aptly ſtand,
And at her comming forth, doe kiſſe her Chriſtall hand.
Whilſt theſe reſolu'd vpon their Pilgrimage, proceed,
Till for the loue ſhee beares to her deare Miſtris *Tweed*,
Of *Bramiſh* leaues the name, by which ſhee hath her birth;
And though ſhee keepe her courſe vpon the *Engliſh* earth,
Yet *Bowbent*, a bright Nymph, from *Scotland* comming in,
To goe with her to *Tweed*, the wanton Flood doth winne.
Though at this headſtrong Stream, proud *Flodden* from his height,
Doth daily ſeeme to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her louelineſſe to view, as on to *Tweed* ſhe ſtraines,
Where whilſt this Mountaine much for her ſweet ſake ſuſtaines,
This Canto we conclude, and freſh about muſt caſt,
Of all the *Engliſh* Tracts, to conſummate the laſt.

The


LANDE
CAMBER

CVMBER

CARDELL

LANDE

Cockemouth

Gilsland

Brayton

Skiddaw hill

Derwent L.

Glaramara

Dent hill

Hellvellin

Bowscale Fell

Copland Forest

Borrowdale

Eskdale

Wasedale

Dunbalrase hill

Wetrose hill

Cambeck

Gelt flu

Polrose R

Inglewood for:

Sakelds stones

Whinfeeld for:

Rowtbeck flu

Applcby

Soder stons

WESTMORLANDE

Burbeck flu

Below flu

Barrow R

Kendall

Sput flu

Maller stons

Morvell hill

Launsdale



The thirtieth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Of Westmerland *the Muse now sings,*
And fetching Eden *from her Springs,*
Sets her along, and Kendall *then*
Surueying, beareth backe agen;
And climing Skidows *loftie Hill,*
By many a Riuer, many a Rill,
To Cumberland, *where in her way,*
Shee Copland *calls, and doth display*
Her Beauties, backe to Eden *goes,*
Whose Floods, and Fall shee aptly showes.

YEt cheerely on my *Muse*, no whit at all dismay'd, (ayd;
But look aloft tow'rds heauen, to him whose powerfull
Hath led thee on thus long, & through so sundry soiles,
Steep Mountains, Forrests rough, deepe Riuers, that thy
Most sweet refreshings seeme, and still thee comfort sent, (toyles
Against the Bestiall Rout, and Booriſh rabblement
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose braines are onely Slime,
Borne to the doting world, in this last yron Time,
So stony, and so dull, that *Orpheus* which (men say)
By the inticing Straines of his melodious Lay,
Drew Rocks and aged Trees, to whether he would please;
He might as well haue moou'd the Vniuerse as these;
But leaue this Frie of Hell in their owne filth defilde,
And seriously pursue the sterne *Westmerian* Wilde,
First ceazing in our Song, the South part of the Shire,
Where *Westmerland* to West, by wide *Wynander* Mere,
The *Eboracean* fields her to the Rising bound,
Where *Can* first creeping forth, her feet hath scarcely found,
But giues that Dale her name, where *Kendale* towne doth stand,
For making of our Cloth scarce match'd in all the land.
Then keeping on her course, though hauing in her traine,
But *Sput*, a little Brooke, then *Winster* doth retaine,
Tow'rds the *Virginian* Sea, by her two mighty Falls,
(Which the braue *Roman* tongue, her *Catadupa* calls)
This eager Riuer seemes outragiously to rore,
And counterfetting *Nyle*, to deafe the neighboring shore,

See to the latter end of the 27. Song.

To which ſhe by the ſound apparantly doth ſhow,
The ſeaſon foule or faire, as then the wind doth blow:
For when they to the North, the noyſe doe cafflieſt heare,
They conſtantly affirme the weather will be cleere;
And when they to the South, againe they boldly ſay,
It will be clouds or raine the next approaching day.
To the *Hibernick* Gulfe, when ſoone the Riuer haſts,
And to thoſe queachy Sands, from whence her ſelfe ſhe caſts,
She likewiſe leaues her name as euery place where ſhe,
In her cleare courſe doth come, by her ſhould honored be.
But backe into the North from hence our courſe doth lye,
As from this fall of *Can*, ſtill keeping in our eye,
The ſource of long liu'd *Lun*, Hong-liu'd doe her call;
For of the *Britiſh* Floods, ſcarce one amongſt them all,
Such ſtate as to her ſelfe, the Deſtinies aſſigne,
By chriſtning in her Courſe a Countie Palatine,
For *Luncaſter* ſo nam'd, the Fort vpon the *Lun*,
And *Lancaſhire* the name from *Lancaſter* begun:
Yet though ſhee be a Flood, ſuch glory that doth gaine,
In that the *Britiſh* Crowne doth to her ſtate pertaine,
Yet *Weſtmerland* alone, not onely boaſts her birth,
But for her greater good the kind *Weſtmerian* earth,
Cleere *Burbeck* her bequeaths, and *Barrow* to attend
Her grace, till ſhee her name to *Lancaſter* doe lend.
With all the ſpeed we can, to *Cumberland* we hye,
(Still longing to ſalute the vtmoſt *Albany*)
By *Eden*, iſſuing out of *Huſſeat-Morvill* Hill,
And pointing to the North, as then a little Rill,
There ſimply takes her leaue of her ſweet ſiſter *Swale*,
Borne to the ſelfe ſame Sire, but with a ſtronger gale,
Tow'rds *Humber* hyes her courſe, but *Eden* making on,
Through *Malerſtrang* hard by, a Forreſt woe begone
In loue with *Edens* eyes, of the cleere *Naiades* kind,
Whom thus the Wood-Nymph greets: What paſſage ſhalt thou (find,
My moſt beloued Brook, in making to thy Bay,
That wandring art to wend through many a crooked way,
Farre vnder hanging Hills, through many a cragged ſtrait,
And few the watry kind, vpon thee to await,
Oppoſed in thy courſe with many a rugged Cliffe,
Beſides the Northern winds againſt thy ſtreame ſo ſtiffe,
As by maine ſtrength they meant to ſtop thee in thy courſe,
And ſend thee eaſly back to *Morvill* to thy ſource.
O my bright louely Brooke, whoſe name doth beare the ſound
Of Gods firſt Garden-plot, th'imparadized ground,
Wherein he placed Man, from whence by ſinne he fell.
O little bleſſed Brooke, how doth my boſome ſwell,

With

See to the 27. Song.

The firſt place of note which ſhee runnes through.

VVith loue I beare to thee, the day cannot ſuffice
For *Malerſtang* to gaze vpon thy beautious eyes.
This ſayd, the Forreſt rubd her rugged front the while,
Cleere *Eden* looking back, regreets her with a ſmile,
And ſimply takes her leaue, to get into the Maine;
When *Below* a bright Nymph, from *Stanmore* downe doth ſtraine
To *Eden*, as along to *Appleby* ſhee makes,
Which paſſing, to her traine, next *Troutbeck* in ſhee takes,
And *Leuenant*, then theſe, a ſomewhat leſſer Rill,
VVhen *Glenkwin* greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant Banks, from *Vlls*, a mightie Mere
On *Cumberlands* confines, comes *Eymot* neat and cleere,
And *Loder* doth allure, with whom ſhe haps to meet,
VVhich at her comming in, doth thus her Miſtris greet.
Quoth ſhee, thus for my ſelfe I ſay, that where I ſwell
Vp from my Fountaine firſt, there is a Tyding-well,
That daily ebbs and flowes, (as Writers doe report)
The old *Euripus* doth, or in the ſelfe ſame ſort,
The * *Venedocian* Fount, or the * *Demetian* Spring,
Or that which the cold *Peake* doth with her wonders bring,
Why ſhould not *Loder* then, her Miſtris *Eden* pleaſe,
With this, as other Floods delighted are with theſe.
When *Eden*, though ſhee ſeem'd to make vnuſuall haſte,
About cleere *Loders* neck, yet louingly doth caſt
Her oft infolding Armes, as *Weſtmerland* ſhee leaues,
VVhere *Cumberland* againe as kindly her receiues.
Yet vp her watry hands, to *Winfield* Forreſt holds
In her rough wooddy armes, which amorouſly infolds
Cleere *Eden* comming by, with all her watry ſtore,
In her darke ſhades, and ſeemes her parting to deplore.
But Southward ſallying hence, to thoſe Sea-bordring ſands,
VVhere *Duadden* driuing downe to the *Lancaſtrian* lands,
This *Cumberland* cuts out, and ſtrongly doth confine,
This meeting there with that, both meerly Maratine,
Where many a daintie Rill out of her natiue Dale,
To the *Virgiuian* makes, with many a pleaſant gale;
As *Eske* her farth'ſt, ſo firſt, a coy bred *Cumbrian* Laſſe,
Who commeth to her Road, renowned *Rauenglaſſe*,
By *Denock* driuen along, (which from a large-brim'd Lake,
To hye her to the Sea, with greater haſte doth make)
Meets *Nyte*, a nimble Brooke, their Rendeuous that keepe
In *Rauenglaſſe*, when ſoone into the blewiſh Deepe
Comes *Irt*, of all the reſt, though ſmall, the richeſt Girle,
Her coſtly boſome ſtrew'd with precious Orient Pearle,
Bred in her ſhining Shels, which to the deaw doth yawne,
VVhich deaw they ſucking in, conceaue that luſty Spawne,

Two fountains the one in the South, th'other in *Northovales*. See to the 5. 10. and 27. Song.

Of which when they grow great, and to their fulneſſe ſwell,
They caſt, which thoſe at hand there gathering, dearly ſell.
This cleare pearle-paued *Irt*, *Bleng* to her harbor brings,
From *Copland* comming downe, a Forreſt-Nymph, which ſings
Her owne praiſe, and thoſe Floods, their Fountains that deriue
From her, which to extoll, the Forreſt thus doth ſtriue.

Nymphes of the Forreſt.

Yee Northerne * *Dryades* all adorn'd with Mountaines ſteepe,
Vpon whoſe hoary heads cold Winter long doth keepe,
Where often riſing Hils, deepe Dales and many make,
Where many a pleaſant Spring, and many a large-ſpread Lake,
Their cleere beginnings keepe, and doe their names beſtow
Vpon thoſe humble Vales, through which they eas'ly flow;
Whereas the Mountaine Nymphs, and thoſe that doe frequent
The Fountaines, Fields, and Groues, with wondrous meriment,
By Moone-ſhine many a night, doe giue each other chaſe,
At *Hood-winke*, *Barley-breake*, at *Tick*, or *Priſon-baſe*,
With tricks, and antique toyes, that one another mocke,
That skip from Crag to Crag, and leape from Rocke to Rocke.
Then *Copland*, of this Tract a corner, I would know,
What place can there be found in *Britan*, that doth ſhow
A Surface more auſtere, more ſteme from euery way,
That who doth it behold, he cannot chuſe but ſay,
Th'aſpect of theſe grim Hills, theſe darke and miſtie Dales,
From clouds ſcarce euer cleer'd, with the ſtrongſt Northern gales,
Tell in their mighty Roots, ſome Mincrall there doth lye,
The Iſlands generall want, whoſe plenty might ſupply:
Wherefore as ſome ſuppoſe of Copper Mynes in me,
I *Copper-land* was cald, but ſome will haue't to be
From the old *Britans* brought, for *Cop* they vſe to call
The tops of many Hils, which I am ſtor'd withall.
Then *Eskdale* mine Ally, and *Niterdale* ſo nam'd,
Of Floods from you that flow, as *Borowdale* moſt fam'd,
With *Waſdale* walled in, with Hills on euery ſide,
Howſeuer ye extend within your waſts ſo wide,
For th' ſurface of a ſoyle, a *Copland*, *Copland* cry,
Till to your ſhouts the Hills with Ecchoes all reply.

Which *Copland* ſcarce had ſpoke, but quickly euery hill,
Vpon her Verge that ſtands, the neigbouring Vallies fill;
Heluillon from his height, it through the Mountaines threw,
From whom as ſoone againe, the ſound *Dunbalraſe* drew,
From whoſe ſtone-trophied head, it on to *Wendroſſe* went,
Which tow'rds the Sea againe, reſounded it to *Dent*,
That *Brodwater* therewith within her Banks aſtound,
In ſayling to the Sea, told it in *Egremound*,
VVhoſe Buildings, walks, and ſtreets, with Ecchoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old *Copland* for her Song.

Whence

VVhence ſoone the Muſe proceeds, to find out freſher Springs,
Where *Darwent* her cleere Fount from *Borowdale* that brings,
Doth quickly caſt her ſelfe into an ample Lake,
And with *Thurls* mighty Mere, betweene them two doe make
An *Iſland, which the name from *Darwent* doth deriue, — The Iſle of *Darwent.*
VVithin whoſe ſecret breaſt nice Nature doth contriue,
That mighty Copper Myne, which not without its Vaines,
Of Gold and Siluer found, it happily obtaines
Of Royaltie the name, the richeſt of them all
That *Britan* bringeth forth, which Royall ſhe doth call. — The Mynes Royall.
Of *Borowdale* her Dam, of her owne named Iſle,
As of her Royall Mynes, this Riuer proud the while,
Keepes on her Courſe to Sea, and in her way doth win
Cleere *Coker* her compeere, which at her comming in,
Giues *Coker-mouth* the name, by ſtanding at her fall,
Into faire *Darwents* Banks, when *Darwent* therewithall,
Runnes ón her watry Race, and for her greater fame,
Of *Neptune* doth obtaine a Hauen of her name,
When of the *Cambrian* Hills, proud *Skiddo* that doth ſhow
The high'ſt, reſpecting whom, the other be but low,
Perceiuing with the Floods, and Forreſts, how it far'd,
And all their ſeuerall tales ſubſtantially had heard,
And of the Mountaine kind, as of all other he,
Moſt like *Pernaſſus* ſelfe that is ſuppos'd to be,
Hauing a double head, as hath that ſacred Mount,
Which thoſe nine ſacred Nymphs held in ſo hie account,
Bethinketh of himſelfe what he might iuſtly ſay,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth diſplay.
The rough *Hibernian* ſea, I proudly ouerlooke,
Amongſt the ſcattered Rocks, and there is not a nooke,
But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great Hills farre vnder me, but as my Pages lye;
And when my Helme of Clouds vpon my head I take,
At very ſight thereof, immediatly I make
Th'Inhabitants about, tempeſtuous ſtormes to feare,
And for faire weather looke, when as my top is cleere;
Great *Fourneſſe* mighty *Fells*, I on my South ſuruay:
So likewiſe on the North, *Albania* makes me way,
Her Countries to behold, when *Scurfell* from the skie, — A Hill in *Scotland.*
That *Anadale* doth crowne, with a moſt amorous eye,
Salutes me euery day, or at my pride lookes grim,
Oft threatning me with Clouds, as I oft threatning him:
So likewiſe to the Eaſt, that rew of Mountaines tall,
Which we our *Engliſh Alpes* may very aptly call,
That *Scotland* here with vs, and *England* doe diuide,
As thoſe, whence we them name vpon the other ſide,

Doe

Doe *Italy*, and *France*, theſe Mountaines heere of ours,
That looke farre off like clouds, ſhap't with embattelled towers,
Much enuy my eſtate, and ſomewhat higher be,
By lifting vp their heads, to ſtare and gaze at me.
Cleere *Darwent* dancing on, I looke at from aboue,
As ſome enamoured Youth, being deeply ſtruck in loue,
His Miſtris doth behold, and euery beauty notes;
Who as ſhee to her fall, through Fells and Vallies flotes,
Oft lifts her limber ſelfe aboue her Banks to view,
How my braue by-clift top, doth ſtill her Courſe purſue.
O all yee Topick Gods, that doe inhabite here,
To whom the *Romans* did, thoſe ancient Altars reare,
Oft found vpon thoſe Hills, now ſunke into the Soyles,
Which they for Trophies left of their victorious ſpoyles,
Ye *Genij* of theſe Floods, theſe Mountaines, and theſe Dales,
That with poore Shepheards Pipes, & harmleſſe Heardſmans tales
Haue often pleaſed been, ſtill guard me day and night,
And hold me *Skidow* ſtill, the place of your delight.
This Speech by *Skidow* ſpoke, the Muſe makes forth againe,
Tow'rds where the in-borne Floods, cleere *Eden* intertaine,
To *Cumberland* com'n in, from the *Weſtmerian* waſts,
Whereas the readyeſt way to *Carlill*, as ſhee caſts,
Shee with two Wood-Nymphs meets, the firſt is great and wilde,
And *Weſtward Forreſt* hight: the other but a childe,
Compared with her Phere, and *Ingleswood* is cald,
Both in their pleaſant Scites, moſt happily inſtald.
What Syluan is there ſeene, and be ſhe nere ſo coy,
Whoſe pleaſures to the full, theſe Nymphs doe not enioy,
And like *Dianas* ſelfe, ſo truly liuing chaſt:
For ſeldome any Tract, doth croſſe their wayleſſe waſte,
With many a luſtie leape, the ſhagged Satyrs ſhow
Them paſtime euery day, both from the Meres below,
And Hils on euery ſide, that neatly hemme them in;
The bluſhing morne to breake, but hardly doth begin,
But that the ramping Goats, ſwift Deere, and harmleſſe Sheepe,
Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keepe,
The Dales doe ouer-ſpread, by them like Motley made;
But *Weſtward* of the two, by her more widened Slade,
Of more abundance boaſts, as of thoſe mighty Mynes,
Which in her Verge ſhe hath: but that whereby ſhe ſhines,
Is her two daintie Floods, which from two Hils doe flow,
Which in her ſelfe ſhe hath, whoſe Banks doe bound her ſo
Vpon the North and South, as that ſhe ſeemes to be
Much pleaſed with their courſe, and takes delight to ſee
How *Elne* vpon the South, in ſallying to the Sea
Confines her: on the North how *Wampull* on her way,

Her

Her purlews wondrous large, yet limitteth againe,
Both falling from her earth into the *Iriſh* Maine.
No leſſe is *Weſtward* proud of *VVaner*, nor doth win
Leſſe praiſe by her cleere Spring, which in her courſe doth twin
VVith *VViz*, a neater Nymph ſcarce of the watry kind;
And though ſhee be but ſmall, ſo pleaſing *VVaners* mind,
That they entirely mix'd, the *Iriſh* Seas imbrace,
But earneſtly proceed in our intended Race.
At *Eden* now arriu'd, whom we haue left too long,
Which being com'n at length, the *Cumbrian* hils among,
As ſhee for *Carlill* coaſts, the Floods from euery where,
Prepare each in their courſe, to entertaine her there,
From *Skidow* her tall Sire, firſt *Cauda* cleerely brings
In *Eden* all her wealth; ſo *Petterell* from her Springs,
(Not farre from *Skidows* foot, whence dainty *Cauda* creeps)
Along to ouertake her Soueraigne *Eden* ſweeps,
To meet that great concourſe, which ſeriouſly attend
That dainty *Cumbrian* Queene; when *Gilſland* downe doth ſend
Her Riuerets to receiue Queene *Eden* in her courſe,
As *Irthing* comming in from her moſt plenteous ſource,
Through many a cruell Crag, though ſhe be forc'd to crawle,
Yet working forth her way to grace her ſelfe with all,
Firſt *Pultroſſe* is her Page, then *Gelt* ſhee gets her guide,
Which ſpringeth on her South, on her Septentrion ſide,
Shee crooked *Cambeck* calls, to wait on her along,
And *Eden* ouertakes amongſt the watry throng.
To *Carlill* being come, cleere *Bruſcath* beareth in,
To greet her with the reſt, when *Eden* as to win
Her grace in *Carlils* ſight, the Court of all her ſtate,
And *Cumberlands* chiefe towne, loe thus ſhee doth dilate:
What giueth more delight, (braue Citie) to thy Seat,
Then my ſweet louely ſelfe? a Riuer ſo compleat,
With all that Nature can a dainty Flood endow,
That all the Northerne Nymphs me worthily allow,
Of all their *Nyades* kind the neateſt, and ſo farre
Tranſcending, that oft times they in their amorous warre,
Haue offered by my courſe, and Beauties to decide
The maſtery, with her moſt vaunting in her pride,
That mighty *Roman* Fort, which of the *Picts* we call,
But by them neere thoſe times was fil'd *Seuerus* wall,
Of that great Emperour nam'd, which firſt that worke began,
Betwixt the *Iriſh* Sea, and *German* Ocean,
Doth cut me in his courſe neere *Carlill*, and doth end
At *Boulneſſe*, where my ſelfe I on the Ocean ſpend.
And for my Country here, (of which I am the chiefe
Of all her watry kind) know that ſhee lent reliefe,

See to the 29. Song.

The Weſt end of the *Picts* wall.

To those old *Britains* once, when from the *Saxons* they,
For succour hither fled, as farre out of their way,
Amongst her mighty Wylds, and Mountains freed from feare,
And from the *British* race, residing long time here,
Why *Cumberland* so called. Which in their Genuine tongue, themselues did *Kimbri* name,
Of *Kimbri-land*, the name of *Cumberland* first came;
And in her praise bee't spoke, this soyle whose best is mine,
That Fountaine bringeth forth, from which the Southern *Tyne*.
(So nam'd for that of *North*, another hath that stile)
This to the Easterne Sea, that makes forth many a mile,
Her first beginning takes, and *Vent*, and *Alne* doth lend,
To wait vpon her foorth; but further to transcend
To these great things of note, which many Countries call
Their wonders, there is not a Tract amongst them all,
Can shew the like to mine, at the lesse *Sakeld*, neere
To *Edens* Bank, the like is scarcely any where;
Stones seuentie seuen stand, in manner of a Ring,
Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest thing,
Their equall distance is, the circle that compose,
Within which other stones lye flat, which doe inclose,
The bones of men long dead, (as there the people say,)
So neere to *Loders* Spring, from thence not farre away,
Be others nine foot high, a myle in length that runne,
The victories for which these Trophies were begun,
From darke obliuion thou, O Time shouldst haue protected,
For mighty were their minds, them thus that first erected:
And neere to this againe, there is a piece of ground,
A little rising Bank, which of the Table round,
Men in remembrence keepe, and *Arthurs* Table name.
But whilst these more and more, with glory her inflame,
Supposing of her selfe in these, her wonders great,
All her attending Floods, faire *Eden* doe entreat,
To lead them downe to Sea, when *Leuen* comes along,
And by her double Spring, being mightie them among,
There ouertaketh *Eske*, from *Scotland* that doth hye,
Faire *Eden* to behold, who meeting by and by,
Downe from these Westerne Sands into the Sea doe fall,
Where I this *Canto* end, as also therewithall
My *England* doe conclude, for which I vndertooke,
This strange *Herculean* toyle, to this my thirtieth Booke.

FINIS.